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ALICE JAMES
HER BROTHERS
HER JOURNAL

ALICE JAMES

ALICE JAMES

HER BROTHERS ~ HER JOURNAL

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY ANNA ROBESON BURR

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

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In Memoriam:

G. W. J.

R. J.

A. J.

PREFACE

Like many invalids, Alice James was apt to cut from the newspapers items that interested her and which she inserted in her Journal with or without comment. These it has been thought best to omit; not only because they concern events long past, relating often to minor Parliamentary debates and English local politics, but also because they dilute the rich flow of her own observation and feeling. With such exceptions, the Journal is printed herein as written, since many apparently trivial matters give rise to her most characteristic reactions and remarks.

As the quotations in the Introduction are so largely taken from unpublished family letters, the reader has not been cumbered with notes which he would be unable to verify. Where reference has been made to other books, they are named in the text. A few citations have been taken from the Collected Letters of William James and of Henry James and thanks is made to Mr. Henry James 3d. for his permission to use them and to reprint the page of praise which prefaces the Journal.

The Editor, indeed, has much gratitude to express for many kindnesses in connection with the work. To Miss Katherine Loring, first and foremost, by whose piety the Journal was originally preserved, she owes warm thanks, for personal interest as well as for the picture of Alice James' last years of life. To Mr. Edward Holton James, thanks are due for letters and material. Thanks also to Mr. Garth Pierpont James for permission to use his grandfather's letters from Florida.

To Mary James Vaux, daughter of Robertson James and owner of the Journal and family correspondence, the writer

feels warmly beholden, for without her zeal, interest and patient assistance, this book could never have seen the light. Through her aid the Past has become once more present and these vanished figures have again arisen into life.

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HER BROTHERS
(INTRODUCTION)

HER BROTHERS

I

On a day during the summer of 1859, the stagecoach running from Boston to the famous village of Concord, Massachusetts, conveyed three passengers who doubtless excited no little interest in their fellow travellers. A gentleman, brisk of movement and full of energy notwithstanding his artificial leg, was accompanied by two handsome boys of thirteen and fourteen, wearing pea-jackets of a foreign cut and hats and peg-top trousers unlike those seen on other boys in New England. The relations of the three were plainly of the happiest. The father beamed on his sons in full content, encouraging them to talk and laughter in a manner which was novel, startling even, to the other Puritans in the stage. They observed that he had a shrewd, strong, heavy face, set in its customary frame of whiskers, and an expression of wit and geniality, yet with a touch of other-worldliness, not perhaps so rare in the New England of 1859 as it is today. The Concord stagecoach was accustomed to carry strange pilgrims—but not American boys wearing the hats and pea-jackets of foreign lands; so the trio must have roused curiosity, especially when they halted the stage and alighted from it at the corner near to the dwelling of Concord's most distinguished citizen, Dr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Here, for an instant, they clustered in a puzzled sort of way, as if a trifle uncertain about what to do next; but Mrs. Emerson had seen them from the study and was soon waving from the door, the tall figure of her husband behind her. The lame gentleman doubtless waved back and then, with a plump rosy boy clinging to one arm and a lively little thin boy clinging to the other,

crossed the road under the bending trees and entered the Emerson mansion.

After this fashion, according to the legend inscribed in family memory, did Mr. Henry James of Albany, New York and Newport, arrive in Concord for the purpose of placing his younger sons at the school started a few years before by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn and sponsored by Emerson himself. The legend says further that the Emerson young people, Edward and Ellen, took hospitable possession of Wilky and Bob James, while their father limped off to investigate the Academy and decide regarding this final one of many educational experiments. We are safe in assuming that it had more interest for the father than for the sons. Wilky and Bob had been to so many schools—their brother mentions twelve schools in twelve years!—and to so many countries, that another change, more or less, probably made little difference to them. They were decidedly clever, they were used to adaptation, and if this school were not satisfactory, something else was certain to turn up later. No voice warned them that *this* change was to mark the end of childhood, the end of that warm, sheltered existence which was all they had hitherto known. 1859 knew little more of 1861 than 1912 knew of 1914.

Legend has not crystallized for us the conversation between Mr. James and Mr. Sanborn, who was also genial—a tall, picturesque personage with longish hair; and the blank is regrettable, for it must have been a rich one. Mr. Sanborn was something of a theorist but he was no more of a theorist than Mr. James. That matters were arranged, we know, for we have a letter from the father describing the final outcome, which we judge by his words to have taken place at the most glorious week of the New England autumn:

"I buried two of my children yesterday at Concord, Mass., and feel so heartbroken this morning that I shall need to adopt two more to supply their place. . . . Mary and I trotted forth

last Wednesday bearing Wilky and Bob in our arms to surrender them to the famous Mr. Sanborn. The yellowest sunshine and atmosphere of balm were all over the land, while the maple, the oak, the dogwood, showered such splendours upon the eye as made the Champs Elysées and the Bois appear parvenue and comical."

"The Academy," the writer says, "is the last word of what is accounted undauntedly modern." It was co-educational and the first institution of that kind; both sexes being received as boarders. This arrangement seemed desperately radical, even to Mr. James. "How it is going to be possible," the father writes, "for my two boys to pursue their studies in the midst of that bewilderment, I don't clearly see!"

II

The portrait of Henry James, the elder, has been attempted by more than one hand, but chiefly in connection with his voluminous theological and metaphysical writings. His work does not concern the present study, which has another aim, yet it is pertinent to state that he was a man of means and therefore able to give himself up to the intellectual occupations he loved. When, in New York, his boys were asked by schoolmates "what was their father's profession?" they were puzzled to answer; nor was it made easier for them to say, as he suggested, "A Seeker after the Truth." It is also important to mention that this search had been long and stormy, but that after much mental anguish, he had found peace in the doctrines of Swedenborg, to which, being what he was, his intellect had not failed to add certain interpretations of its own. With Mr. James' philosophical speculations and religious theories we have at the moment nothing to do, being chiefly concerned with that aspect of his character shown in the letter just quoted. A man of deep and intense affections, he had mar-

ried more happily than is usual with such a nature. His wife, born Miss Mary Walsh, was religious as himself and courageous enough, when she became engaged, to break off all her sectarian ties and accept with the trust of affection her future husband's private version of the sacred truths. Her children were as devoted to her as she to them, although her letters testify that she never gave up the right to maternal criticism and counsel. Gentle, steadfast and with saving humor, she was from the first a tower of strength to her husband, whose family became the overwhelming preoccupation of his life. From that day in 1842, when he proudly conducted Emerson up the stairs of a New York hotel to see his first-born son, just entered upon life, Henry James Senior gave his wife and children a devotion as touching as it was intense.

His four sons and daughter, who were all born in a space of eight years,* bear constant witness to his "passionate tenderness." He himself alludes to his "parental sentiment" as "fiendish" in an apologetic note to James T. Fields of the *Atlantic*, who, having refused a story by Henry James Junior had received a blast of indignation from the boy's father. Much of this sensitive sympathy was doubtless the result of his dreadful childish experience of suffering, when as the result of a burn on the foot, he was forced to undergo more than one amputation and without anesthetics. Recovery had been long and weary; though he was able to stump about on his cork leg, yet his nerves felt the effect for the rest of his life.

We find him writing to his youngest son when ill, "I bleed at every pore of my soul, (and body too, I might almost say,) my darling boy, for your suffering." This sensitive affection made separation a tragedy. Alice James, in her Journal, gives a quaint picture of "Father's sudden return at the end of thirty-six hours—having left to be gone a fortnight—with

*William, 1842; Henry, 1843; Garth Wilkinson, 1845; Robertson, 1846 and Alice, 1848.

Mother beside him holding his hand and we five children pressing close 'round him, as if he had just been saved from drowning and he pouring out as he alone could the agonies of desolation through which he had come!"

Yet it must not be supposed that this devotion made undue demands upon the children, that they were cramped by it or that their daily existence was pitched in a key of sentiment. On the contrary, their individualities were accorded a degree of self-determination savoring almost of the twentieth century. We find these boys constantly changing their plans of training for the future without restraint or discouragement from the head of the family. Thus the elder son, William, brilliant and quick, decides on a career of art; makes a voyage with Agassiz in the interests of zoology, studies medicine, and eventually becomes a psychologist. Henry, the second boy, a slower mind yet equally creative, travels, studies law, entertains for a moment the idea of a consular position, settles upon a career of letters and all without question or hindrance. As mere schoolboys the young Jameses were encouraged to express their wishes and their ideas, and were constantly, of course, under the example of a father whose own power of self-expression was as unlimited as it was picturesque. His speech was vivid, humorous and full of homely power; his nature, while deeply religious, was as deeply unconventional; and no ideas were presented to his children wearing the garb of tradition. He encouraged family discussion on all topics and often these must have seemed, for that period, shockingly irreverent.

Glimpses of these round-table debates are given us by various friends. "Meal-times in that pleasant house were exciting. 'The adipose and affectionate Wilky' as his father called him, would say something and be instantly corrected or disputed by the little cock-sparrow Bob, and then Henry Junior would emerge from his silence in defence of Wilky. The voice of the Moderator would be drowned by the combatants." William's

letters tell how they stimulated one another with good talk and joyous chaff "with the serene Harry dealing his snubs around" while "the quiet little sister smiled over her dinner" the while. At times the argument rose to a vehemence which terrified visitors and Mrs. James laid a gentle hand on the guest's arm and reassured him soothingly, saying: "Don't be afraid—he won't knife them!"

There were struggles over what they termed "Father's Ideas" and his total disregard of commonly accepted opinion; and as the boys grew older, there were contests over his incessant effort to supply religion with what he felt it lacked. When we remember Mr. James's vitality and eloquence, we realize what a tremendously forcing influence these family talks must have had upon his children and we understand the cry of Alice in her Journal, "that one who had lived with Father and William" should be reduced to the companionship of a trained nurse. After "the strong meat of the Word" the mental sustenance provided by the outside world must have seemed fairly insipid to the young Jameses; and in addition to the special stimulus of being their father's sons, there was the excitement of constant travel and change. They were in New York, or in Albany, or in Newport; they were in Bonn, or in Geneva or in Paris; they had roots in no society.

Their father had no business nor profession; he despised politics; he adored religion, and despised religious organizations. He was far too intellectual to be properly worldly; yet he was too worldly to be content with whatever intellectual society was available. There are evidences that he had been spoiled for a career of pure reason by his constitutional turn for paradox. His children with their European educations were at home only when they were literally at home. Early they realized that "the vast outside world of careers" was not for them and looked out upon a world beyond the family circle peopled by "the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster," as the

younger Henry names it. Totally disconnected from average American life by a schooling which, though "wonderfully irregular," was all European, their dreams and plans became naturally European also. In this household, education was pursued in defiance of the American ideal; not conformity, but individuality, was the aim. Mr. James held that cultivation of taste and intellect—what he termed "the sensuous education" was the only goal and that schools should aid, but not control, the talents of the student. His sons must not be influenced or moulded by any single academic system, and began in fact very early to follow their personal inclinations. Above all they were taught that a mere money success was "vulgar" and that they must never let themselves be "gobbled up" by business or a profession. These ideals had to be abandoned later and must have embittered the conditions which had caused their abandonment.

We have mentioned the literary gift, it was the father's main legacy to his children. Words, spoken and written words, were their heritage. All shared it, though not equally; but to the extent of being able to say on paper exactly what they desired to say. This is no surprise when we turn to the little known writings of Henry James Senior. Above the limp and dry utterance of the theologians of the period, with their formulae and formlessness, his sentences ring like a gong. His irony, his freshness, the quaint turns of his wit, still soar for us on the wings of apt and vivid phrase. Who can forget his words on Carlyle? "He compassionates all his friends . . . 'poor John Sterling,' he used always to say, 'Poor little Browning' . . . as if the temple of his friendship were a hospital and all its inmates scrofulous or paralytic. . . . He enjoyed an inward power and beatitude so redundant as naturally to seek relief in these copious outward showers of compassionate benediction." At times, Mr. James's independence of judgment makes him blunt, as when he termed Emerson "a vestal vir-

gin," or says "He was to my senses a literal divine presence in the house. . . . It turned out that any average old dame in a horse-car would have satisfied my intellectual rapacity just as well as Emerson!"

But James was more than a maker of caustic phrases. There are paragraphs where his prose has a seventeenth century quality. "My days," he writes, "bowled themselves out one after another, like waves upon the shore, and as a general thing deafened me by their clamor to any inward voice; but the dark, silent night usually led in the spectral eye of God and set me to wondering and pondering evermore how I should effectually baffle its gaze."

We need no more than this to show from what a reservoir flowed that stream of literary power, so manifest in the two elder sons of Henry James; so present in all his children. The world has a way of assuming that genius, being exceptional, must profit by all exceptional circumstances. The rare gifts and qualities of this father must have had a tremendous influence upon the lives of his children. It is interesting to see if the world's assumption be right and in tracing the pathway of the three younger and unknown Jameses—also vessels of this inheritance, to mark the effect of their most exceptional surroundings and education.

The European period in the life of these boys came to an end on the steps of the Emerson house, the day when it was decided that Wilky and Bob should be placed at the Sanborn School. The foregoing ten years had been spent almost entirely on the Continent, with, however, certain summer interludes at Newport. There, Mr. James read Turgenev and Thackeray, sought a solution to his religious problems and brought many friends into contact with the high spirits and active minds of his engaging family. Between 1855 and 1860, much time was spent in France, of which his second boy became the chronicler, recalling "the softly-crusty cres-

cent rolls" and the walks "in a state of the direst propriety with little high black hats and inveterate gloves, to buy water colors and brushes with which to daub eternal drawing blocks." By this date the circle had been completed by a small brother, dubbed by his governess "l'ingénieux petit Robertson," and a beloved little sister, the baby of the family. The two younger boys, still mere children, spent certain school-years at the Pension Maquelin, Geneva, while Harry remained at the Institut Rochette and William was tasting the full flavor of his first art studies. By this time, however, even Mr. James had come to doubt the wisdom of this wholly foreign upbringing and in 1860, when the Sanborn School experiment was definitely underway, he decided to make a home in New England.

Because of their association with the Cambridge and Concord groups, and their house in Boston, the family is usually spoken of as if it had sprung from Massachusetts. As a matter-of-fact Mr. James never set foot in New England until his middle thirties and retained many characteristics of an Irish descent in a New York setting. It is noticeable that while in New York he had seemed rather Bostonian, yet once settled in Ashburton Place, he seemed too much of a New Yorker to find in Boston his spiritual home. He had many warm personal friends in the place, notably Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose sense of humor delighted him. When Mr. James wrote from Manchester-by-the-Sea, the Autocrat wrote gaily back from Beverly-by-the-Dêpot! But as a whole, Mr. James criticized the inhabitants as caustically as if his name had been Adams, saying "they kept simmering in their own fat and putting a nice brown on each other!" The migration therefore was due largely to longing for the nearness of his children, and Newport continued for some years to be the family's summer home.

This is to glance ahead. At the moment, William was still studying art and Harry not yet returned from his studies in Europe and quite helplessly vague as to his future plans. The

two little boys being settled in Concord, which their father had previously visited and where he had made friends, that little town began to play a large part in all their lives for the future.

III

This retired and dignified village on its suave, silver river and the community which, headed by Emerson, still stood for much if not all of American letters, was thus familiar to the elder James. "Concord is a little town, yet has its honors," wrote Emerson in 1843; he might have added that if it was a little body, yet it had a great heart. Contact with its thoughtful and sometimes brilliant citizens was simpler and easier than when one listened to them, awe-stricken, from platforms in Boston; hence the stagecoach brought eager pilgrims and often carried away large ideas. In 1859 it was a settlement as yet unaffected by the coming of the railroad; old-fashioned, rural, self-sufficient; and still, on evenings when the moon shone, Concord thriftily turned off its street lamps. No town in France or Germany was more persistently individual or dogmatically provincial. Nowhere was Mr. James likely to find more of the discussion his soul loved; yet, undeniably, the atmosphere was not always congenial to his whimsical, irreverent spirit. His passion for paradox savored, on occasion, more of discord than Concord.

There had been one famous evening indeed when he had crossed swords with no less a power than Aunt Mary Moody Emerson herself. It came about after a monologue by Alcott, to whom those present had listened with a patience Mr. James held very unnecessary. He himself disliked Alcott, whom he dismissed with the remark that "his moral sense was wholly dead and the aesthetic had never been born." James saw no reason why he should listen unprotesting to Alcott's "bleatings

about the Infinite," maintaining that he had no opinion of a man who picked the potato-bugs off his own plants and then threw them over the wall on to his neighbor's! With the glee that came from high spirits and a sense of humor quite foreign to the Emersonian circle, he loved to "stir up" Alcott, the way he stirred up argument at his own dinner table.

Mr. Sanborn thus describes the incident, which illustrates how far Mr. James was ahead of his time:

"I was present in December, 1858, at a talk in Mr. Emerson's parlor between Alcott and James. Not understanding the law of Alcottian conversation, he continued to show his own wit by perplexing the subject with questions and witty paradoxes. Alcott fell into polite silence, but when James spoke scornfully of Moral Law, Miss Mary Moody Emerson became very much agitated."

She rose to her full height of four feet three inches, evidently feeling her stature to be that of an archangel and denounced the critic and his doctrine of Satan in the most racy terms. He must have enjoyed it, for he complimented her, smiling.

Thoreau, who was present, was a good deal shocked; and thought Mr. James's theories were "very crude," adding, however, "He is a hearty man enough with whom you can differ very satisfactorily, both on account of his doctrines and his good temper." It is amusing to find that Mr. Grattan in his book *The Three Jameses* gives Miss Emerson's assault on the enemy as a physical one! In view of the incident, however, we are not surprised to hear that when a course of Thursday morning conversations was planned to take place between Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne and James, only one ever occurred: "The rest is silence."

All Concord knew Miss Emerson, whose character and eccentricities partook of the eighteenth century, when she was born. Strangers had to be warned that she rode horseback clad in her shroud, with a red shawl thrown over it, until it

wore out, when she had another made, so as to be quite ready. Her nephew terms her "Our Delphian" and the "Angel of Death" because of her interest in that topic. So often did she talk of her end that her friends used to say "I wish you joy of the worm!" Yet her personality was instinct with life.

"She was the youngest person in Concord at over eighty, wore amazing headdresses, (above the shroud), was sharp, witty, satirical, had an insatiable passion for metaphysics, was most stimulating society, and afraid of nothing." There is a famous story of the call made upon her by Thoreau's mother, who, in honor of the occasion, had adorned her best cap with bright pink ribbons. Miss Emerson came forward to greet her guest and then sat down, shut her eyes, and kept them shut. After a short call, the visitor rose to take leave. "You noticed I closed my eyes?" Miss Emerson said. "Yes, Madam, I noticed it." "It is because I did not wish to look upon those ribbons—so unsuitable at your time of life and to a person of your serious character!"

The same dauntlessness, as we have seen in the attack upon Mr. James in defence of the Moral Law, caused Miss Emerson to play a less passive part in the gatherings of Concord philosophers than was generally thought becoming to her sex. She frequently set her famous nephew right and never hesitated, when the discussion grew too abstruse, to bring it down to earth again with an arrow of her irony or wit. Surely, it was she, she and no other, who had been heard to remark during a pause in an Alcott lecture, "Are we to understand you to say, Mr. Alcott, that *omnipotence abnegates attribute?*" And what depth of irony lay in her remark; "what a poet Byron would have been if only he had been born and bred a Calvinist!"

Her nephew's sketch of her, which he calls "a portrait from real life," pays full tribute to her literary gift and to a sense of style that greatly influenced his own. As a neighbor she was friendly, (where she felt a liking), and rightly described her-

self as "the puny pilgrim, whose sole talent is sympathy." Conformity was her bugbear; as Emerson writes, "She could keep step with no human being" and her natural impatience was never toned down by age. She could not bear to be questioned and was quick during a neighborly chat to riposte in her fashion: "How's your cat, Mrs. Tenner?" Such a personality gives us a perception of the distance we have travelled since the middle of the nineteenth century.

The other members of the Emerson family are better known to us than this strange old figure. They appear again and again in the James' letters: gentle Mrs. Emerson, who in later years dressed always in her black skirt with the velvet bodice, a snowy cap with pale blue ribbons on her white hair; grave little Waldo, whose death had been such a grief to his father; Edward, the friend of the two James boys at the Sanborn School; Ellen, whose nobly individual charm endured the acid test of the century's end. With all his love for the picturesque, the elder James found deep interest in many of these personalities, though he never joined the chorus of praise so continually raised around them. Warm-hearted as he was, he was too independent to join willingly in uncritical admiration and prided himself on keeping his judgment untouched by his affections. Emerson he loved, for beauty, innocency and elevation of spirit, calling him "an eminently sacred person"; yet insisted that the philosopher was cold and unsatisfying, even naming him "Pan," in a letter, by way of expressing a certain inhuman quality. As for other prominent persons and members of the Concord group, Mr. James cannot speak of them without blowing away the rosy haze in which their figures are usually veiled. "Hawthorne," he reports, after a meeting of the "Saturday Club," "isn't a handsome man, nor an engaging one personally. He has a look, to one who doesn't know him, of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in the company of detectives." Later, the

unfortunate manner is found to be due "merely to the fact that Hawthorne was exceptionally shy."

Other figures are not spared. Charles Norton is "attenuated and absurd," Longfellow damned with faint praise as "good, inoffensive and comforting," and only Ellery Channing welcomed for being "sweet as sunshine." In fact, with Emerson, Mr. James might have affirmed "I like best those strong and worthy persons who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving." His dislike of Alcott we already know. He was sorry for the Alcotts, for everyone was sorry for them and had a high opinion of the energy and courage of the Mother, the talent and persistency of Louisa, and her sister May, the artist. In no other community in the world could a Sage's family have lived as this one did, in the steadfast assurance of help—of food, clothing, everything—. Nobody in Concord gave a party, no famed hostess served a dish that the Alcott family did not have a share.

Touching and comical is the story of the "teas" to which Mrs. Alcott invited her neighbors, who would arrive to find the family gathered in readiness of welcome over the table set out with cups and plates, tea-pot and sugar-bowl, all empty and waiting for the bountiful supplies to come out of those big baskets the guests had left in the kitchen before entering. No one for an instant, however, felt that "Marmee" took advantage of her situation: she was loved in life as she has been loved long after in the pages of her daughter's book. Loyal as she ever was to her unpractical philosopher, she was never deceived as to his qualities. When some lady came to call on Mrs. Alcott and raved about her husband, saying that "his mind soared into the clouds," she snapped, "Sometimes I wish his feet had gone too!"

The changes wrought by the last hundred years have been so fundamental that one almost despairs of reconstructing the village where the two younger James boys spent the last years

of childhood and their father came to visit them by stagecoach or by chaise. The family friendship with the Emersons had now extended to the second generation, as the following letter shows:

"Concord
7 April 1862

Dear James,

Thanks the most affectionate for your over-estimate of my bean-vine boy, who owes, I doubt, much of the good repute he holds with you to the loving kindness of your boys. I count it one of his chief felicities, as I know he does, his association with them in these blooming years, when youths delight not less than their seniors in good hearts, good breeding, and good sense. But what to do with these encroaching fellows when they have come up thus far. This boy of mine persists in a dyspeptic habit, believes that, if he goes to college, he shall pine away as before, unless he be first put through some more searching gradual training of stomach and muscular system than any I can offer him at home, and he harps on California, and the overland route, until he is now in correspondence with Dr. Andersen of Minneapolis, a naturalist and a physician who means to go thither about the 1 May. Now, Edward talks California to all the boys, and last night Wilkie James declared himself ready to go. Well, it was supremely delightful, and I hope the cold night and the cold breezes of this day have not chilled his heroic purpose. But he asked me, in the heat, if I would not write you about it, and hence this note. I dare not second any such proposition involving such a multitude of contingencies, otherwise than by sending you, which I will do with the greatest pleasure, if you wish it, all the few facts which we have yet collected.

Edward shall send you Dr. Andersen's letters—I lean to the project as a good piece of American education. Edward has never signified any wish to go to Europe, and, I doubt not, he will on this journey be put on his self-reliance, invention, the use of his eyes, ears, hands, head, and heart, more than in many trips of Cunarders to Liverpool, or trains to Naples. It is much cheaper too than other travelling, with a promise of teaching him more that he ought to know. It looks to me as if I could easily say much to commend it to your favorable opinion

if you have the smallest disposition to be convinced. But Edward's delight that Wilkie wished to go is not yet quite sufficient ground to stand upon. Tell Mrs. James, with my gratitude, that Edward came back happy and confirmed in his year old belief that there was one house in which hospitality had not only every grace, but also perfect goodness.

Ever yours,

R. W. EMERSON

Henry James.

Come here and see me next week and bring Mrs. James and Alice."

During these visits, Mr. James generally spent the night at the Emerson's house, or maybe as a guest in one or another of the large, square hospitable mansions which line the elm-shaded streets. Their interiors were warm and hospitable, if with a touch of Puritan austerity, and the kindly ladies who reigned therein were never oblivious of the two small strangers. Among these friends, the Ripleys were chief. In those days and communities, there was always a lady who read Greek, and in Concord it was Mrs. Ripley who had this distinction. Her husband was a family connection and intimate friend of Emerson's, while a life of unaffected goodness commended him to the warm-hearted Mr. James. The Ripleys had always been prominent in Concord since the days of the Rev. Ezra of that ilk, of whom Emerson has left us a delightful sketch. That old minister was famous for his meteorological petitions to the Almighty and had a vehement faith in this type of prayer. On one occasion a neighboring minister, being in Boston for the Thursday Lecture, heard the officiating clergyman pray for rain with some disapproval. Afterwards, he protested, saying, "You Boston ministers, as soon as a tulip wilts under your windows, go to church and pray for rain till all Concord and Sudbury are under water!"

Dr. Ripley had died before the James family ever set foot in Concord, but their descendants were intimates and through

them Wilky and Bob must have heard stories of Concord hostesses and their celebrated visitors from the wild world beyond the Mill Dam. They retained, as children retain, both names and characteristics attached to them, as that of Margaret Fuller, who was rather overwhelming, people thought, and Mrs. Keyes, the Judge's first wife, who openly disliked all "Pilgrims." They doubtless heard too with awe of the "Social Circle" where Father and other Titans read papers before an audience of the distinguished. The Emersons, of course, were friends and therefore not so awe-inspiring.

All these things, of course, were halted by the approach of the Civil War, and by the time that storm had passed a great many trees had fallen and the landscape was never the same again. The Alcott girls, Louisa and May, grew up and went out into the world to write and paint. Hawthorne, who had been Consul in Liverpool for six years, came back again, and his daughter figures in one of our last glimpses of Concord, through a letter from William James to his younger brother.

"June 4, '74

Dear Bob:

I write this after breakfast in Mr. Emerson's parlor, a southerly rainstorm washing the grass, the apple and chestnut trees outside, a big wood fire in the grate, with Edith Forbes, née Emerson, Ida Higginson, née Agassiz, and Miss Una Hawthorne sitting around me and gossiping with each other. . . . The Emerson house has been rebuilt, a facsimile of its earlier shape, and they saved all their furniture, so there is no change there. . . .

The hill is unbuilt upon and I spent a magnificent afternoon there the day before yesterday, sprawling on the grass with Edward and a book. Yesterday afternoon we went upon the river and had a nice picnic tea. Ellen has developed into a perfect brick; such rectitude combined with such humor and amiability were never before witnessed.

Mr. E. is courtesy itself, but he shows the tooth of age in his almost absolute oblivion of proper names and his increasingly

groping way of talk. . . . Yesterday morning I went to the Alcott's (the most lovely rural house and grounds) and saw a lot of copies of Turner in oil and water that Miss May Alcott had gone to England and spent a year in making. . . . I suppose there are a good many small German towns where you would get the same combination of primitive simplicity with the highest intelligence, but I don't think there are many American, Ellen E.'s talk and Edward's being fit for royal tables."

Reference above to the "tooth of age" having fastened upon Emerson, is supported by another incident about the same period, which gives the picture of the Sage, looking at photographs with a friend, when a bird alighted on the sill and pecked the pane. Ellen opened the window and waved it away, whereat her father said, confidingly, to his guest, "Don't mind her; only one of the neighbors passing!"

By 1874, Ellen Emerson had developed into the remarkable personality, still vivid in many memories. Her face had much of her father's noble serenity and some of his beauty; she inherited, if on more conventional lines, the deep religious feeling of the whole family, which she conveyed with all her own strength and loveliness. One is not surprised to hear—though it could not have been the case anywhere else—that the Bible Class she instituted and led held in Concord life a peculiar place, not only as a religious function, but as a part of community existence. One attended not only for one's soul's health but as a social duty. This sense of communal life was very strong in Emerson's daughter. Later in her life, she started a series of "Sociables"—gatherings in the Town Hall where the townsfolk met for dancing. A note in her exquisite script tells Robertson James' daughter that "friends from neighboring towns mustn't be asked to come over to the dances . . . the hall is hardly large enough for Concord people."

Full as was the tide of life in her, who might well have repeated that "the joy of a spirit is the measure of its force,"

Ellen Emerson shared to the full the family attitude toward death. The belief was as much a part of her as her eternal youth. Like her great aunt Mary Moody Emerson, she held death not as an ending, but as a beginning, not as a discharge, but as a promotion. For her indeed it was swallowed up in victory, and the following letter to Mrs. Robertson James breathes the air of another world.

"Concord 12 December, 1892.

Dear Mrs. James,

You are very good to write to me as soon as you heard of my mother's death. It has been a very interesting and beautiful month to me since she died, as was the month when Father died ten years and a half ago. Her death was quieter and more painless than his, for he was sick for a week, but she had no sickness. She was to me a very beautiful object all the time after her death till her burial. We always loved to dress her and dressing her for her coffin was very interesting to us and we thought she looked young and fair and sweet and the snow-white California flannel trimmed with lightest blue looked most appropriate for the November grave. . . . She had a little bed-jacket of it over her nightgown and was wrapped in a pretty blanket of it that had been her birthday present. . . .

Affectionately,

Ellen T. Emerson"

A late incident in the life of the James brothers occurred in Concord, when Miss Ellen Emerson, then a stately lady, gave a supper party in honor of Henry's return to America. They were middle-aged men at the time and from all accounts found the return upon youth more than a little embarrassing. This applied especially to the novelist, who had by this time become the "crustacean" in respect of formality, that his brother later termed him. To Miss Emerson however, age was forgotten and he was still the rather shy Harry of Civil War Days. She reminded her guests that as children they had often sung for her a ditty called "Rumpty-Ho!" and asked that the perform-

ance be repeated. Henry refused in horror, while William and Bob did their best. After the performance was over and "Rumpty-Ho!" had resounded through the house, the novelist evidently desired to make amends. And this he did, telling a long, halting and often suspended story about some cats on a fence, which would not desist from their interruptions, even when he sent his butler to "chase" them away,—"so that finally I went—brandishing my staff!" The tale never appeared in *Notes of a Son and Brother*, although, in a letter, the writer indignantly refers to Miss Ellen's entertainment as "weird." It was one of the incidents which he preferred to forget, as marking the distance he had travelled from such naïve days. He was never in tune with the place and had no such stirring memories to look back upon as had his younger brothers of those years. Fate chanced to place them in Concord at one of the most thrilling moments in its history.

IV

The effect of their exceedingly irregular and desultory education upon Wilky and Bob James had been to whet the appetite for novelty which is strong in all active minds and artistic temperaments. This was doubtless not what their father had intended, but parents seldom reap the reward of their theories. Lately, he had apparently begun to fear that too many European Seminaries tended to interest his boys in too many things, to foster a dilettantism which might prove a handicap. Was not William turning from art to science, and wasn't Harry rather lukewarm about the Law, or indeed about any study that kept him from dreaming and scribbling? Might not a certain restlessness be feared for these beloved and brilliant children? Mr. James girded up his loins and set his face toward New England, with the idea that the whole question for Wilky and Bob was

how far an inherited seriousness of purpose could be relied upon to counterbalance their perpetual distractions.

Although differing in temperament from the two elder sons, he knew that his two younger boys also manifested great natural ability, as well as the same loyal family feeling and inherent sweetness of disposition. They charmed everyone they met, disarming all criticism and melting all discipline with their gayety and youth. The "sportive wiles" of the youngest made it the hardest thing in the world to be severe with him; while the picture of Wilky's "preference for ingenuous talk, his drollery, his candour, his successful sociability, his genius for making friends," gave his novelist brother "endlessly much to think of." This is confirmed in an amusing picture by Thomas Perry, an intimate visitor at the James house.

"I remember walking with Wilky hanging on my arm, talking to me as if he found an old friend after a long absence; meanwhile Harry sat on the window seat reading with a certain air of remoteness"—which remoteness seems thus to have manifested itself even in childhood, as it does in those natures where shyness hangs a protective curtain before a powerful imagination.

Wilkinson James was a tall, vigorous, rosy boy, accustomed to be teased as "plump and corpusculous," to be loved for his own affectionate nature. All testify to his high spirits, but also to the fact that, of all the five "the act of reading was inhuman and repugnant to him." This does not mean, however, that he altogether escaped the literary heritage; his letters and the tradition of his conversation bear witness to the contrary. To be in his company was a delight and a dissipation, as William writes on one of Wilky's visits:

"The light, fantastic and ever sociable, wrought little but disaster during his stay with me, breaking down my good resolutions about food, keeping me from all intellectual exercise, working havoc on my best hat by wearing it while dressing,

while in his nightgown, while washing his face and all but going to bed in it!"

For the decade preceding the Concord period, Wilky had been chiefly Harry's yokemate and playmate and his scene had been the Pension Roediger, at Châtelaine near Geneva; or the Institut Maquelin, or the Institut Rochette, varied by sudden holidays in Italy and in the Alps. He and Bob had been so long in Europe that they knew nothing of their own country and must therefore have also experienced something of the mental bewilderment which Harry felt so intensely. To them also America consisted of their own warm, jolly, animated circle, and beyond it was only "a confused rumble and rumor that referred to business, to politics, to the West, to mountains and woods, to vague villages and towns with Indian names." Even in Concord, under the drooping elms, where austere houses gazed severely through their windows on the passer-by as though bidding him to "tread softly—here is holy ground," there must have lain a wilderness of strange new sensations for these small aliens. To them, all around must have seemed as unknown as a deep, primeval forest—a wilderness, even a jungle, of strange growth, with strange inhabitants and distant shadowy vistas where strange things lurked and plotted—and where, in 1859, one was conscious, now and again, of the mutter of distant war drums.

Meanwhile, there was education, just as there had been in Geneva; and there was co-education, which was far more upsetting to their Father than to themselves. They were exuberant in youthful spirits, which took many original turns, as we see by an anecdote of the "ingenious little Robertson." On one occasion Bob accompanied his aunt to an hotel, where his brother Harry was to join them. When the letter arrived he was puzzled to find no mention of "Miss Catherine Walsh" on the register. Investigation revealed the following entry: "R. James and Lady!"

Of this youngest son, the lively, little boy with a French twist to his tongue, many pictures have come down to us and all of them more set and serious than he could ever have been. Little of the humor and spirit shows in the small boy face under the soldier-cap; or even in William's admirable crayon drawing, of a youth with a lock falling over the brow, a mimetic, over-sensitive mouth and seeking eyes. He says of himself in a fragment of autobiography:

"I was born in the year 1846, in Albany, N. Y. I never remember being told anything extraordinary about my babyhood but I often like to contemplate myself as a baby and wonder if I was really as little appreciated as I fully remember feeling at that time. I never see infants now without discerning in their usually solemn countenance a conviction that they are on their guard and in more or less hostile surroundings. However that may be, in my own case, at a very early age the problems of life began to press upon me in such an unnatural way and I developed such an ability for feeling hurt and wounded that I became quite convinced by the time I was twelve years old that I was a foundling."

"High-strung, artistic, claimed by many talents, subject to many moods, my youngest brother's 'ingenuity,' " Henry explains, "was to know as little rest during much of his life as his strong faculty of agitation." The same pen recalls "the vivacity of his intelligence, the variety of his gifts, his admirable talk, charged with natural life, perception, humour and colour." Nor must there be forgotten that clinging quality, which, as we shall see later when adult problems arose, caused an outpouring from parents and brothers of letters—letters of advice, sympathy, praise, encouragement, warning and affection. It must have been this quality which led Harry to speak of Bob as "an extraordinary instance of a man's nature constituting his profession" and to realize his junior's definite literary talent. The boy was not more than twelve when he wrote his "Beloved Brother William" a lively account of an Alpine journey.

Even more had Bob a passion for drawing and painting and Italy was to him a dream and a revelation. The most peaceful moments of his life were when he studied architecture or gave himself up to palette and brush.

How much this precocious being may have suffered in nervous development from the companionship of quick and brilliant elders with whom he must compete—is a question for the child specialist. Certainly, the same strain was observed by Henry in his own relations to his eldest brother. "I never for all the time of childhood and youth in the least caught up with or overtook him. He was always round the corner out of sight." The family pride in Bob's quickness and quaintness, encouraging him to take part in those animated discussions round the dinner table, doubtless, caused the strain upon the child to be overlooked. The Sanborn School, therefore, was all to the good for small Bob; or rather might have been so had those four years been any other years than they were. As it was, the one strain was to be superseded by another and a series of excitement and emotions was to hurry the brothers from childhood to manhood, with a speed that changed the course of their lives.

V

It was a particular quality of Emerson to value and aid persons entirely different from himself. No one could have been a greater antithesis to his own calm, uplifted and even virginal personality than Frank B. Sanborn. This latter was a vigorous personage, in appearance a picturesque combination of d'Artagnan and Daniel Webster, with a dash of the cowboy. Needless to say, he appealed at sight to every child that came under his influence. Concord still recalls his figure—laden with books and usually deep in one on his way from the Library—and he was known as a man who hated slavery, red tape,

"dough-faces" and General Butler. Independent, energetic, genial, he was generally liked and his previous career admired. In early youth, he had become engaged to a girl in frail health and married her only a week before she died. After two years at Harvard, he went to live with the Emerson family in the capacity of tutor to the children and in 1855 started a school with the help of Emerson's money and prestige. By this time the philosopher's distinction "had raised the self-esteem of the town" to absurd heights, and the Sanborn School profited by this circumstance and also by its then new and startling experiment of co-education. Henry James Junior, who visited it in 1862 to see his younger brothers, called this experiment "supreme and artless" and declares that he beheld with amazement "the possibilities of perfect good-comradeship between unsuspected and unalarmed youths and maidens." The "unalarmed" here is very characteristic, for this particular member of the James family was all his life very easily "alarmed" in that respect.

The success of the school brought many pupils from outside and added to the young life of the town. It was not an austere institution; for the times, indeed, it was considered exceedingly "modern" in that the children had a particularly good time. Every Friday evening there was dancing or charades or theatricals. A yearly nutting excursion was a great festival and wound up with a bonfire. There were special holidays—May Day on Fairhaven Bay, a skating Carnival at Walden Pond; and picnics, boating-parties, and dramatic entertainments gotten up by the pupils themselves, were encouraged. At intervals Thoreau took the scholars for a walk in woods and fields, which he seems to have enjoyed as much as they did. As Emerson writes, it must have been a pleasure and a privilege to follow one who knew by every track on the snow or the ground what creature had taken the path before him.

As for Wilky and Bob, no greater contrast could possibly be

imagined between all these activities and the formalized atmosphere of the Pension Maquelin or the Institut Rochette. Under Concord influence America ceased to be an unknown jungle but became instead a beloved woodland, filled with enchanted and enticing paths. That is—these new paths would have been tempting and enchanting, but for the fact that along each and every one of them there began to throb from a distance that sound, exciting, disturbing, that mutter of hidden war drums. Each one of these forest paths seemed to end in that sound and in something dark and wicked, that called for redress and made one's heart beat. And when one went home and talked it over with Father—as one did everything—his eyes grew fiery and he cried out: "What a world! But once we get rid of Slavery the new heavens and the new earth will swim into reality!"

The new heavens and the new earth! And this was the winter of 1860. When we read of New England during those months we realize what waves of emotion beat upon the impressionable children at the Sanborn School. Had not Mr. Sanborn been John Brown's intimate friend? Did not everybody know that Sanborn had spent the summers of 1856 and 1857 travelling in the South and studying the conditions at first hand? He had returned the open advocate of the Underground Railway, which assisted runaway slaves to escape to what they thought was going to be freedom. For many months New England had resisted the voice of the Abolitionist, but it was listening now. Under such a wave of feeling, children are not told of Government policy and caution and compromise, they are told of injustice and cruelty and the word of God. In the eyes of Wilky and Bob, there could have been no greater hero than John Brown and no doubt they listened with hunger to the accounts of his visit to Concord before their own arrival, on May 8, 1859—John Brown, tall and lean and withered, with big, scornful eyes and the fanatic's lipless mouth.

He spoke at the Concord Town Hall, "with surpassing simplicity," writes Bronson Alcott, "impressing us all deeply by his courage and religious earnestness. Our best people listened, Emerson, Thoreau, Hoar, etc. He is Sanborn's guest. He is of imposing appearance, tall, with square shoulders, eyes of deep grey and couchant, as if ready to spring at the least rustling, nose trenchant and Romanesque, voice suppressed yet metallic—the countenance and frame charged with power. They go armed I am told and will defend themselves if necessary."

This meeting, with the forewarning it brought of what was deliberately intended, caused a tremendous excitement all through Massachusetts, the deeper because it was a good deal suppressed. While the pupils of the school had not been permitted to attend, yet they must have heard a good deal and Wilky and Bob could listen to Julian Hawthorne and Edward Emerson; while others, boarders in the Sanborn House, must surely have caught some glimpse of the grim mountaineer who had beaten his war drum at their very gates. During all that summer there were comings and goings, meetings held in secrecy and not to be mentioned, even though one was the blindest of partizans. Mr. Sanborn states that at this time he collected from persons in the neighborhood nearly six thousand dollars, which he sent to John Brown. The influence of all these things upon the minds and hearts of sensitive, romantic children may be imagined, especially as, though efforts were made to shield them from such dangerous knowledge, there existed a strong wish that they too should be enkindled. For a year before the War broke, there is evidence that the two James boys had become "saturated with something," which their brother Harry thought was "the great thing."

On October 16th came the Raid. At once Mr. Sanborn's situation became extremely critical. "The news," he writes, "reached me in my quiet schoolroom." It chanced to be the

day for the annual nutting expedition, so he dismissed the school to its holiday and spent the rest of the day in destroying such letters and incriminating papers as might lead others into trouble. A carriage and pair was got in readiness and by evening the schoolmaster was on his way to Quebec.

Previous to his flight, Judge Hoar had been consulted—a man regarded in the town with reverence second to none—and certain Massachusetts State laws had been cited in Mr. Sanborn's favor, making it difficult, in Judge Hoar's opinion, for him to be legally arrested. Maybe for this reason, maybe from a question of temperament merely, it appears that Emerson disapproved of the precipitate retreat and maintained that Mr. Sanborn would be wise to return as soon as possible. Meanwhile the school work was to proceed as usual, the classes of the Principal to be divided among the remaining teachers, so that all the scholars could be kept fully at work. It is not to be supposed however that such an event could take place without exciting the school, nor that Wilky and Bob James could escape the contagion of such excitement.

A peremptory note from Emerson brought Mr. Sanborn back before many weeks, whereat various discussions followed as to the advisability of attempting to rescue John Brown before his trial, but the idea was abandoned as impracticable. On the day of his execution, December 2, a "Martyr Service" was held in Concord which the whole community attended, in a state of the deepest, most shaking emotion; all the more tremendous among persons commonly so stoical and controlled. A visitor, the Rev. E. H. Sears of Wayland, wrote on the cover of his prayer-book during the service, this stanza which echoes the famous war-song:

"Not any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee;
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From Blue Ridge to the sea."

One effort had already been made to arrest Mr. Sanborn and the neighborhood knew when the United States Marshal stopped his black horse before the door and searched the house. He came out unsuccessful, since, as the story tells, Mr. Sanborn was cleverly hidden in his sister's closet, under a hoop-skirt! A second attempt was made on the evening of April 3, 1860 when four men seized the schoolmaster under an order of the United States Senate. They handcuffed him and struggled to drag him to a waiting hack, he resisting the while, as well as he could. Judge Hoar, who lived near-by, was roused by the ringing of the churchbells as for fire and came out to find the townspeople and all the pupils of the school in the street. The crowd wore so sinister an aspect that the kidnappers faltered, and when Sanborn's sister seized one of them by his long, black beard, and pulled it till the victim lost hold on the prisoner, the spectators laughed and jeered in a very disconcerting manner. At the same moment, old Colonel Whiting used his cane on the horses' backs to such good effect that the empty hack disappeared down the road. Meanwhile Judge Hoar had filled in a blank for the writ of personal replevin and the abductors had no choice but to hand over their prisoner to the Deputy Sheriff. The incident was one more reminder, were any needed, of the temper of the State of Massachusetts, and the law being upheld by the Supreme Court in an imposing array at Boston the next day, the schoolmaster was released. No doubt the incident acted as yet another wedge upon the growing break between the North and South and indicates how deep was the excitement that was rousing all New England. It has been detailed here to show how inevitably the two James boys, high-strung, imaginative adolescents, mentally developed beyond their years, present at these scenes, witnesses and sharers of these emotions, were affected by them for life. Thousands of such ardent youths were roused on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. "For this was the fire and these were the brands for the burning."

VI

The summers of 1860, 1861 and 1862 were spent by the James family at Newport and by the younger boys largely in and about the wharves and on the water. Tales of the sea and of naval matters conspired with much they beheld to keep their minds upon the War, in one way or another. They saw the frigate San Jacinto steam into harbor; and they gathered to cheer with the rest of the inhabitants when Commodore Wilkes came ashore. Meanwhile, in many other ways, change was rife. By 1861, their very brilliant eldest brother had entered the new Lawrence Scientific School, and from that time, although hampered by frequent bouts of ill-health, he moved steadily onward toward a distinguished career. On account of his physical delicacy and some eye-trouble, there was no question of the Army in his case. Meanwhile Harry, less facile and still hesitant, was left much to his own resources and "quickly so far abstracted himself as to be unable to tell . . . what, if anything, his brothers and parents were doing or saying or thinking," as William, somewhat indignantly, described it. This state of mind had been heightened by an injury Harry had undergone and which he mentions as taking place about the same time as the firing upon Sumter. All his references to his ill-health at this time are both portentous and obscure; while the two and a half pages of the *Notes of a Son and Brother* which he dedicates to his inability for war service, vibrate between two moods. The mood of honest regret that he could not accompany Wilky and Bob does not altogether cloud over a mood of relief that the sacrifice of his artistic leisure was not to be required of him. Owing to his mental habit, when threatened by any demand for plain facts, to take refuge immediately behind a smoke-screen of verbiage, we cannot learn from Henry James either the extent or nature of his boyish

injury, or the honest sentiments which inability to join the Army roused in him. Already, he was beginning to suffer from a timidity about facts which he was later to develop most adroitly into a literary manner, but which remains a stumbling-block for his biographers.

We know little, therefore, but we mark the necessary changes which were caused by these conditions. William and Harry became, by the mere fact of their different work and different circumstances, removed from the world of their juniors and a little set apart from it. The two younger lads were no longer scheduled to follow their elders on the path of some intellectual or artistic career, but had definitely turned away, and were facing the very different future of Dedication to a Cause. From this moment, they gazed upon William and Harry with a difference; always with affection, and, doubtless from their point-of-view, with a certain pity and apology that neither brother could become "one of us." This meant also the abandonment of that characteristic family ideal, in which they had been reared "just to *be* something, free and uncommitted." Under the power that urged them on, "free and uncommitted" was just what Wilky and Bob were *not*.

Those years, filled with cries and trumpetings, marched on. In 1863, the Sanborn School had to be closed and the two James boys, straining at the leash, could be held back no longer. They were offered commissions in the newly-forming Negro regiments, Bob as lieutenant in the 55th Massachusetts, and Wilky as Adjutant in the 54th Massachusetts, under Robert Gould Shaw. The day came when Henry James Senior, standing on an iron balcony in Beacon Street, watched with tears the departure into the Valley of the Shadow of these cherished children—seventeen and eighteen years old.

The Massachusetts regiments marched out of Boston "to great reverberations of music, of fluttering banners and launched benedictions" but Henry, the writer of this description, was ab-

sent on that day. He seems, in truth, to have been spiritually absent from the Civil War generally, and able to bear what it brought only by maintaining such an absence. The period heightened his constitutional fear of life and increased the deep longing for security, privacy, ceremony. He becomes, however, vaguely, the family historian at this point and tells how they visited Wilky, in Camp at Readville, and found that "to become first a happy soldier and then an easy officer was for G. W. J. an exercise in sociability." Wilky's father, too, writes that his son "is vastly attached to the Negro-soldier cause, believes, I think, that the world has existed for it and is sure that enormous results to civilization are coming out of it." As for "our differently compacted and more variously endowed Bob . . . who had strained much at every tether," he seemed to his elder brother "so absurdly young and absurdly strenuous" as to have brought them all near to tears.

"Poor little Bob is before Charleston," William writes some months later; "he made an excellent officer in camp here and was promoted."

Robertson James served in Seymour's Raid on Florida, where he suffered a severe sunstroke with congestive chills and was invalided for months. When he returned to service it was first on General Ames' staff, then in the 60th Army Corps before Petersburg. After nearly a year, he rejoined his regiment, the 55th Massachusetts, before Charleston, which he entered with the first troops. In an assault of James Island, he was promoted for bravery to a captaincy. From an address which he made many years after, we take the following picture as a token of his narrative power, which was too seldom used.

"The whole of Morris Island was now in our possession, but between it and Charleston lay James Island strongly fortified. There were some intermediate islands, mere strips of land, but covered with a dense tropical growth. On these our advanced pickets settled down to enjoy the Southern winter.

From them we could see the enemy but not molest him. It was not an unpleasant duty, this of standing picket while Cape Jessamine freighted the air with its delicate fragrance and when one could watch the modulations of color over the expanse of amber marsh which stretched like a sea around our little outposts. In the neighboring creeks the men went oystering or followed the cry of the curlew, until a shot from a rebel outpost warned them that they were on rebel ground. At night around the blaze of the resinous pine knots, the cold was just sufficient to remind one that the summer had made the blood a trifle thin. Now and again a ragged deserter would find his perilous way across the plain of mud bringing a tale, real or mythical, of confederate decay. . . . So near were our lines and those of the Confederacy that we followed their coming and going there with interest. There was a white horse which punctually at noon of every day appeared along the enemy's picket line so that we used to set our watches by him.

"Rebel deserters told us that it was the one ridden by a certain Major Manigault who commanded the outposts in our front, and who visited the line punctually every day at noon and so when, some months later, after an assault upon these works in front of us, we found the old white horse among the slain with the Major buried under him, we felt a sort of contrition for the deed as of an unkindness to an old acquaintance."

Letters, of course, were many during this time. A series from Wilky to his parents appear in his brother's book, but it is surely not amiss to include here an unpublished one so vivid as that of December 31, 1864, if only for its amusing final message.

"Hd. Qrs. 2nd Brig. Co. D.
In the field of Tilapenny River
Dec. 31st, 1864

Darling parents,

This is the last day of the year and I feel upon the whole a good deal more satisfied in passing it here than anywhere else. The army with all its disagreeable associations has a wonderful way with it of making men respect themselves and each other and in those two paths lie the highest good. For after all when a man feels he is doing his best for an idea, he feels a

great deal more satisfaction than if he is doing it for some more material cause. I never saw an army in better condition as far as morale than this. With all their hard work and want of comfort, I scarcely have heard a word of grumbling, of reproach, but our sacrifices in this October have been so great of late that a man could hardly grumble even if the spirit moved him.

We are still here lying on our oars, waiting for the redoubtable Hardee who doesn't seem to be about so much as he was first before Savannah was taken. We are strengthening our lines in the meantime and sending out occasional reconnoissances to feel the enemy's lines, but they generally don't amount to much as the Cavalry outposts won't stand fight and immediately fall back to their reserves, some two miles toward Pocotaligo. On the 29th a large reconnoissance was sent out on the other side of the Tilapenny. We had a brisk skirmish and were obliged to fall back. Our loss not more than 20. Their master had told them the night before that they must pack up all and move next morning "up de country" but they took it into their heads to move "de oder way" and came into our lines with the dogs close on to them. We did not get the dogs however as they have been very wonderfully instructed to keep clear of Yankee pickets.

I received Mother's letter on the 29th and one from Father and Miss Jackson yesterday. Father enclosed Express Bill of ..... for which much obliged. I am pretty sleepy and tired, but first rate as to my foot, and it truly astonishes me.

The 54th are all well. They are an awful looking set of men. Armed to the teeth with spirit and pluck they prowl along the road in their ragged uniforms, and verily frighten northern birds who have not yet got into the mts. again. Here is a great difference 'twixt them and the other Cvl. troops. They have a fiendish swing about them entirely foreign to the contraband.

Tell Harry that I am waiting anxiously for his "next." I can find a large sale for any blood and thunder tale among the darks.

Love to all——

Very affectionately,

G. W. James"

By this we see that Wilky had returned to service after being severely wounded in the assault of Fort Wagner, the year before. The event occupied the family's minds and pens for many anxious weeks. William writes from Cambridge: "He is excessively weak, unable to do anything but lie passive, even to turn himself on his pillow. He will probably have a slow and tedious recovery—the doctors say of a year at least; but he knows nothing of this and speaks of going back in the Fall." Later, we find William consulted as to his brother's medical treatment and saying proudly of the wounded boy, "He bears it like a man. He is the best Abolitionist you ever saw!" while the writer devotedly takes his share of the nursing and the long hours by Wilky's bed. The father, always cheerful, tells of improvement; and of Bob's capital spirits when on Morris Island.

The effect of war service on these two young men did not vanish with the coming of peace. The elder suffered a general lowering of physical health from his wound and was never after a really well person for more than a few months at a time. The sunstroke and nervous strain on the eighteen-year old Bob undoubtedly intensified his tendency to restlessness and moody depression. He poured out much of this misery in his letters, vividly, as his way was, and the father as vividly answers, filled with understanding tenderness and realization of the temptations of a camp to the boy's youth. William takes part in the discussion of Bob's "protean" nervous symptoms and at moments in no very cheerful vein.

"Death sits at the heart of each one of us, some she takes all at once, some she takes possession of step by step," writes this young Sir Thomas Browne.

From this time onward the letters make frequent allusions to Bob's ailments, to his poor eyes and aching back; and both parents and elder brother advise, exhort and uphold him during his moods of depression. In this connection it is not amiss to

note certain psychological manifestations in this family, which must have played a large part in their inheritance and development.

The *Autobiography of Henry James the Elder* describes his sudden attack of "perfectly insane and abject terror" during which he pictured "a damned shape squatting near," which though invisible to the eye, was only too horribly present to his inner senses. This hideous vision "rayed out a fetid influence" so dreadful that he was obliged to hasten from the room, calling on his wife for aid. The hallucination lasted, although more or less under control, for nearly two years, during which various treatments were undergone for nervous breakdown; but not until he came under the influence of Swedenborg's books was the sufferer entirely released. It is interesting to find that his son William underwent almost exactly the same experience, only that in his case the tormenting vision resembled "an epileptic idiot" he had seen in an asylum. William James quotes his own case at length in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, page 160, and mentions his father's as "another case of fear equally sudden" in footnote, page 61. In Bob, the nervous collapse followed his war service, though some years delayed, and was precipitated by reckless living. The father rushed to his aid with every persuasion and exhortation that he could wield, using his high personal vitality and fiery style. Here also in time, Swedenborgianism appears to have brought a measure of peace and amendment.

The sister, Alice, became, as we shall see, a nervous invalid in girlhood, after a severe hysterical breakdown before she was eighteen. For weeks she was a prey to suicidal impulses and yet emerged from this attack into a condition of mental strength and sanity, all the more remarkable when we realize that physically she never recovered her health. Regarding Harry and Wilky we have little data, except that the novelist was always subject to depressions, more or less severe, from overwork.

All five presented the customary indications of high-strung nerves in childhood and adolescence, disliking the dark, being highly sensitive to pity and keen to all emotions. That this was an inherited susceptibility is readily seen when their father in his *Autobiography* describes his own emotional tendencies. He mentions some schoolgirl, by him loved in early boyhood, "who used to make the blood course through my veins like a race-horse and whose footsteps I used to pursue with actual adoring kisses." Such intensities of feeling take their toll of nervous resistance and thus the writer's gifted children strove for self-protection according to their several natures. Therefore, Alice, as her brother tells, "jeered" at sympathy and refused to accept the horizon of invalidism. William met the foe with the weapons of science, dragging him from the recesses of self-consciousness into the light of study, by the means of a book as penetrating as it is human. Bob's inner turmoil demanded incessant change and the novelist brother found in the slower rhythm of his English life a protection from nervous fatigue and a means of avoiding those demands on his sympathies which he felt interfered with his art.

VII

The War passed. To the four young men it had resembled a journey; when it was over they found themselves in a strange country. Like hundreds more, they watched the new heavens and the new earth swim into reality and thought it a disillusioning spectacle. All were now men, with the problems of men. Since 1864, the parents and sister had settled first in Boston, then in Cambridge; but from this date, only William found his work in New England. In 1868 the young psychologist received an appointment to an instructorship at Harvard, and from then onward became a prominent figure of that university.

Various pictures of him are shown us, in the father's and brothers' letters of this period. "He gets on greatly with his teaching," writes the former, "his students are elated with their luck in having him"; and then described the "great effusion" which his success caused the young man. Henry refers also to "this vision of my brother, agitated by the growth of his genius, moving in his burst of confidence, of bright earnestness, about the room I knew." Despite interruptions from poor health, notably an illness following on his voyage to South America with Agassiz, William was now to move steadily forward in his brilliantly successful career.

Meanwhile the second brother had returned home from one of many journeys, looking, as his Mother wrote delightedly, "like a robust young Briton," and with many literary projects. In 1865 he had first attained "the incredibility of print" to the total value, he adds, surprised into unwonted concreteness of statement, "of twelve dollars in greenbacks." This caused great family triumph. "Harry has a story in the current number (March) of the Atlantic. Considered good. . . . *The Story of a Year* by H. J. Jr." Mr. James writes Wilky and adds he will send it on "so you can see his name in print." Others followed; but it was plain that the young writer was still dominated by an impression that America had become "dark and sinister; a place where genius was subject to all of inscrutable catastrophes and the tide of life was ugly and graceless." His father was far too affectionate and devoted to deny anything to his artistic development, so he departed, not many months afterwards, again for the Continent. Although he returned home at intervals, yet henceforward unquestionably, he was to figure largely to the younger generation of Jameses —so soon to occupy the stage, in the light of the romantic uncle who had run away to literature. Years were to pass before Henry James could actually support himself with his pen, and there is a letter from William which shows appreciation

of what was so ungrudgingly, so unselfishly done for his brothers and himself.

"Amsterdam—Tuesday July 13 (A.M.)

Beloved parents and sister,

I left British soil 36 hours ago and feel as if it were a good occasion to send you a line telling of my successful four weeks and of Harry, etc. All the while I was there, in the vicinity of Clarges Street, 1/2 Moon str., and Green Park, Piccadilly, I found myself thinking in a manner unexampled in my previous life, of Father and Mother in their youth coming to live there as a blushing bridal pair, with most of us children still unborn, and all the works unwritten; and my heart flowed over with a new kind of sympathy, especially for the beautiful, sylph-like and inexperienced mother. Then when I went into St. John's Wood and its monotony, and contrasted the life you led there with that which Harry is now leading in Bolton St., it made me feel how few things you laid claim to, and how entirely at that time your lives were given up to us. There is a strange inability on the part of children to project themselves out of their egoistic standpoint, so far as their parents are concerned. Perhaps my own parental condition makes me now more able to do so than before—at any rate, I have been almost shedding tears every day in London to think of you, my beloved old Father and Mother, standing in your youth before the great roaring foreign tide, often perplexed in the extreme, and wondering how you might best provide for us. Better late than never. But I wish that this new feeling might enable me to be more of a comfort to you in your old age than I have been of late years, with my afflictions and my pragmaticalness of disposition.

St. John's Wood seemed terribly dreary to me, and I made no attempt to look up the Wilkinson's—having too much social activity anyhow and feeling no inward relation towards them. England is oppressive socially, there is no mistake about it. Since getting away I have realized the full amount of it. Harry seems to bestride the British lion but it takes a good deal of time to get into that position, and a visit which consists in seeing a number of people once, as I did, hardly pays. But I have been mightily impressed by the superb homogeneous race of the

English, so solid, so resolute, so spirited, with all the terrible uniformity of their arranged lives. Mr. Morse told me he thought the Dutch were as fine looking a race. I can't imagine what he means by it, judging by this City. The women it is true, have a beautiful lovable set of faces like Mrs. Edward Hooper. But the Edwin P. Whipple type is the prevalent one among the men. Last night I saw a fair representation of the population at an open air concert in the delicious zoological garden. I got 20 days of Cook's hotel Coupons for economy, with some doubts as to the treatment. Before arriving at the station here I looked on the list to see which hotel it was I must come to, and found it to be the "Old Bible Hotel." I imagined an ancient Jewish Hostelry but find a very clean new establishment with an excellent table d'hote. I wonder some American hotel keeper don't make a bid for Uncle Robertson's friends by copying the title. But to return to Harry.

I think he is so thoroughly at home in England that he will always prefer to make it his headquarters. That Club is a tremendous material bribe to a man; such solid comfort, with no effort of any sort. Then I think as he grows older that he is better suited by a superficial contact with things at a great many points than by a deeper one at a few points. The way he worked at paying visits and going to dinners and parties was surprising to me, especially as he was all the time cursing them for so frustrating his work. It shows the perfect fascination of the whirlpool of a capital when once you are in it. You detest it and yet you can't bear to let go your hold. However it will all suddenly stop on a certain day. He was very affectionate to me and his affection to you can be best measured by his assiduity in home letter writing, which, considering how his time goes, is surely something to thank him for; altho' he has taken passage in the Gallia for the 21st of August, I feel now quite convinced that he will throw it up when the time comes and spend another London winter in order to finish a job of which he told me he had rather write to you himself. Sunday I went with him to Lady Rose's delightful old pre-Elizabethan mansion, of which she gave me photogs. for you, Alice. She was a match for the robustness of the place—which, as a single specimen, I'm glad to have seen. Through all my experiences, the one impression I bear away is, tis not democracy, but simple

youth, that lies at the bottom of what inferiorities our dear old U. S. may exhibit. You never saw such a pair of patriots as Lowell and Henry Adams and his little cockatrice of a wife—I use this term most affectionately for she was delightful. I'm so glad to hear of Alice's successful visit to Lake Winni. . . . Hope it ended as well as it began—though the heat about that time must have been terrible. I've not had a hot moment since I left. With oceans of love,

W. J."

Meanwhile, the two younger boys had made a decision equally in line with their characters and experience. They decided to obtain a plantation in the South, which should be run by Negro labor, and where the laborers should be aided and uplifted to take part in the new heaven and the new earth. Although their father was by no means rich according to present standards, yet he would no more have refused to back this enterprise than to try a new treatment for his invalid daughter. A plantation was purchased in Florida and the two youthful owners were at once overwhelmed with the difficulties attending the inexperienced, which are described in the following letters of Wilky to his parents:

"Near Waldo, Florida
March 2nd, 1866

Dear Father,

I have just come in from the barn where I have been shelling 5 bushels of corn, and I feel rather tired and dirty; but as the wagon is going to Waldo and is going to take letters with it, I shall have a small chance to drop a line.

Everything progresses splendidly. The men are working admirably, and never were they happier than they are now. They have already ploughed 40 acres of cotton land, and 8 or 10 acres of vegetable land. It would do your heart good to see our barnyard with its horses, mules, cows, chickens, guinea hens, dogs, geese and everything else.

I drove over to Newnansville yesterday to make our first payment to Col. Dell. We pay $5000 cash, and $5000 in one year with interest and the remaining $5000 in two years

one year with interest and the remaining $5000 in two years with interest. We are trying very hard to buy the mill on the place. Dell owns it with Mr. Cooker. They want $5000 for it but we think they are exorbitant and offer them a cash payment of $1500 if they will throw in the mill. It would take us $1200 or $1500 more to put the mill in marching order, but it would be a great advantage to us to get it.

It is astonishing what good luck we are having. In everything we do we are helped by the elements and the people. The latter are very peaceable and hospitable and treat us with great respect. I can't help feeling great satisfaction in everything we have undertaken.

I am going to Port Royal on Monday next to buy cotton seed. We have already got enough, but we have reason to anticipate a failure with it. All this Florida is of 1862's crop and the old planters fear that it is too old. It will cost us a great deal to bring on here Port Royal cotton seed, but we think it is better to undergo the expense than to risk anything whatever.

Goodnight: the team is about to leave. I love you all dearly, and never felt happier or more sincerely grateful to anyone in my life than I am to you, my dear father, for your many kindly and loving offices. Best love to Mother, Willy, Harry and Alice.

Ever affectionately,

G. W. James

P. S. I am working very hard now, and positively have very little time for letter writing. I come in at night very tired, and it is nearly impossible for me to write a good long letter. Direct your letters to:

Waldo
Florida.

Send my watch and gun by Adams Express, Care of C. L. Robinson Esq., Jacksonville, Fla."

"Jacksonville, Florida
April 7th, 1866

My dear Father,

I came down here today to buy the Fort George Plantation for Mr. Forbes and Mr. Griswold. I find there is no steamer until Monday and Col. Sprague has kindly offered to take me down on his private steamer the day after tomorrow. I re-

ceived Harry's and Alice's letters this morning on my arrival here and was delighted of course to get them. I will answer them when I have sufficient time to do them the justice they deserve.

Things still look promising down here. There is a rumor here today that our troops are to be removed. If so, so be it, I don't think that we shall suffer, but I doubt whether the poor Negro will get much good from it. We can hold our own, I am certain of this. We have made some friends among the best men in our country, and although I don't think it would be safe for one or two of us to be there alone, I think that six of us together will be able to make out. Sometimes I feel blue and feel as if we were going to fail, but after sober reflection a good angel generally comes to the rescue and sets me all right again. The difficulties after all we encounter are simply those that all men who having responsibilities weighing upon them are always doomed to encounter. They exist less in probabilities than in possibilities and after all we ought not to complain. We came down and settled in a region where many of the inhabitants had never seen a Yankee, where the population though sparse was ignorant, rude and lawless. None of them had faith in Negro labor, all of them in fact jeered at the thought of any man being able to keep them one week together. We started our farm, got together our hands, got all our supplies and stock and have yet to see the time when a cross or unsympathetic word reaches us from an inhabitant. Our hands began to work, and in two months got through an immense deal of labor. We have a great impetus to labor immediately for in less than a month most of the planters about us were hiring Negroes themselves and starting their own farms again. Our seed has all been planted, our corn came up a week ago and our cotton made its appearance yesterday and is doing well. We are at the mercy of the elements, frost and fire and secession may injure us, but we have fully vindicated the principle we started on, that the freed Negro under decent and just treatment can be worked to profit to employer and employee.

Good-bye—It is getting late.

Love to all,

Affectionately,

GARTH W. JAMES"

"Gordon, Fla.
March 24th, 1867

My dearest Father,

Your letter of March 11th was received today on my return from Jacksonville after one of the most perilous trips I ever had. I started last Monday and not making any connection at Baldwin took the train for Fernandina with a view to taking the steamer then to Jacksonville. The train smashed up within 8 miles of Fernandina and all the passengers were obliged to walk and crawl into town.

Tuesday the steamer had not yet arrived from Savannah, owing to the equinoctial storm and on Wednesday, after it had arrived, the storm had increased with such violence that there was no possibility of our crossing the bar at the mouth of the Saint Johns River. Wednesday noon, while I was walking over to Col. Gouraud's mill, I slipped through the bridge which was made of two planks, and Captain Kent, whose arm I had, was pulled over with me, and down we went a distance of some 5 or 6 feet below.

This however did not injure our bones, but did injure my appearance decidedly. The swamp consisted of about two feet of the blackest mud I ever saw, and as I acted in the capacity of flooring for Kent who fell on top of me, of course no particle of my face nor clothing was without a smear of mud. Thursday came, and the steamer sailed and toward night we reached Jacksonville. I transacted my business that night and started for the train on Friday morning but alas no train was to go, and I was obliged to wait till Saturday. Saturday morning bright and early I started off again and found the train just about to start. I got aboard and we reached Baldwin just too late for the connection. At Baldwin my courage failed me and I came near sitting down to die. I never felt so utterly heartbroken in my life. The superintendent however telegraphed for a freight train to come down and get us, and after 12 hours' stay at Baldwin we started for home in a box-car, arriving at Waldo about 2 o'clk. in the morning. Thatcher who had driven down to the depot to meet me had waited until a short time before the train arrived, and had gone off disgusted and I was left to the mercy again of my wits, wherewith to make my couch. I got Col. Bryan's mule however to carry me home,

and here at last I am, having made a solemn vow not to leave Gordon again for the rest of this year. . . . They are all working well, and we are having very little trouble with them. If we can keep them well interested in the crop and get them happy we shall then be happy ourselves. I know, my darling Father, that I am of an exceedingly hopeful temperament. I feel it morning, noon and night but I do also sincerely feel that in the long run those temperaments come out right. I don't think they do in the short run however, and I am constantly restraining mine. I have the greatest respect for Bob's temperament full as it is with distrust for himself and consequent unhappiness. I have had some long interesting talks with him in which we have thoroughly discussed our dangers. He is sometimes exceedingly happy and much more hopeful than me, but as a general thing he has a distrust in his own morality. By that I mean, he has a distrust in his own power of controlling his impulses. He is the most thoroughly manly fellow I ever knew. He has a discussion with a man and hurts his feelings and is so disgusted and despondent with his temperament that he groans for hours under it. I have a discussion with a man and hurt his feelings and I am so anxious to rid my mind of its troubles that I feel perfectly satisfied in my conscience when I have told that man what I thought. I was wrong, at the same time feeling that I was not wholly to blame. He will very seldom when he knows that he was not wholly to blame rid his mind or cease to deplore the fact that in him was the evil sentiment at first. I do sincerely feel though that he and I were born of the same good flesh and blood and that in common we can find the tenderest love and sympathy from the source of it. I never felt a greater love for you and Mother and the children than I do now, and constantly I feel that I am living only to earn more and more of it. . . .

Affectionately,

GARTH W. JAMES"

"Sevenola, Fla.,
Alachua Co., Fla.
November 15th, 1868

My dear Father,

I have been rebaptized in the faith of my father of late, and it has come about through trouble and anguish. The fact is,

affairs here have assumed such a change that I no longer feel that safety which I once felt, and to tell the plain truth I feel that any moment I may be called upon to give up my life for the faith of the principle I professed when I was a soldier in the open field. I was insulted grossly in Gainesville the other day, and if the man who insulted me had not been a crippled drunkard, I should have knocked him down. It is well perhaps I did not. Dennis wrote me from Gordon the other day that he could hardly hold out any longer; that a body of armed men five in number were prowling nightly around the plantation to take his life, that these threats were openly made and that any moment he might be killed. Today one of the best friends I thought I had in the whole country called upon me and informed me that hereafter I was his enemy. He had recently learned that I was an officer of the 54th Mass. and that hereafter all our intercourse must cease. If this man who represents the intelligence, the culture and the refinement of the South, as he certainly does, and one who has one of the warmest hearts I ever knew, feels that it is a matter of principle to wake up old issues, we had thought were settled by the war, then all I can say is, that it becomes me to stand as firmly as I did in 1863 and to give up everything else in so doing.

Do not understand me as backing out of the enterprise. On the contrary, I say I have been rebaptized in my faith, and that if all goes with me, my example if it is a worthy one remains behind to attest the strength of my convictions. I am still hopeful though that good sense will eventually prevail. My political opinions which have been growing more conservative of late upon the subject of these detestable and mistakable Carpetbag governments, are not budged one iota by such occurrences as these. On the contrary these are the effect of just such causes.

There is not much virtue compatible with a government administered by greedy office-seekers, who have already taxed the state beyond its material power of reproduction. I may be North in a week or two on business. If I come it will be for a few days only.

I am more determined than ever to stick to this, and this I consider my duty, clearly laid out and defined to me. Do not read this letter to a soul. Remember this request I make most religiously of you. So few people who are not on the spot can

appreciate my position, that I do not wish to have it even thought over, by curious outsiders, who rant and rage about matters they cannot even be made to think of with coolness and moderation.

Yours most affectionately,

GARTH W. JAMES

Henry James Esqre.,
Cambridge, Mass."

The writer's father is touchingly anxious and interested as to the educational part of the enterprise, to which he contributed by subscribing to an English temperance paper called "The Banner of Hope," "The Atlantic Monthly," "Littell's Living Age," and "London Society" with pictures! We wonder if this last appropriate periodical had been added at Henry's suggestion? The warm-hearted loyal mother sends creature comforts and begs her darling boys "not to worry" while a cheque from both for five thousand dollars goes to "Wilkums on his twenty-first birthday" with a letter full of affection.

As we see, the difficulties were heartbreaking and insurmountable, but the brothers struggled gallantly against the tide of prejudice and industrial depression. "Wilky and Bob are still the working ones of the family"—writes William, after a break from illness, adding hastily, "Harry too, though!" Bob seems, despite his youth, to have risen amazingly to meet the circumstances, so that his companions have nothing for him but praise. "He is really very much of a man and upon my word, I believe he is the coming one of the family," Wilky declares. "I feel more sympathy with Bob and Wilk than ever," says William, in a letter which ends, characteristically, "Kiss Alice to death. I think Father is the wisest man I know."

The 1870's brought to a definite conclusion that easy and liberal period when such costly philanthropic experiments were possible to the James family. In the era of industrial storms that followed, the plantation had to be abandoned and disposed of, with ensuing financial complications which caused annoy-

ance and confusion, lasting several years. The two young men decided to make trial of life in the Northwest and eventually found positions with hard work and small pay at Milwaukee, where they settled. The talk in their letters of depression, of unemployment, or of toil for a pittance, reads like an echo of our own time.

VIII

From this time onward the picture is no longer that of a family group, but of five individuals, widely separated by distance and circumstance. A Harvard professor; an English novelist; two business men in the Northwest, struggling with the slump of the seventies; an invalid girl, watching the sands of her youth slide away, month after month, in the losing fight for health—these are the figures the family correspondence presents to us.

To three of them the next decade brought marriage, with its new interests and ties. The youngest, Bob, was the first to become engaged. He married Miss Holton in 1872. A year later his brother, Wilky, followed his example. In 1878 William James married and the family letters are soon full of the new generation, which was also watched over, through long, complicated and plaintive effusions, by the "Uncle Harry" of London and Lamb House. These letters seemed distant when compared to those exchanged between Cambridge and Milwaukee or Prairie du Chien. At the last-named place, Robertson James undertook a farming project, which led only to disappointment and exhaustion, and is the subject of many letters. The father and elder brother threw themselves into his problems, the first concerning himself chiefly with their spiritual, the second with their temporal aspects. "Father's religious optimism," William writes, "has, I think, a tendency to make him think too lightly of anyone's temporal troubles, even to neg-

lecting to look into them at all," and, again, "I wish you could get over your oscillations and settle down on a steady plane neither so high or so low!" These alternations of Bob's mood rushing from exaltation to misery, much worried the parents and brothers, who perpetually express their uneasiness in winged words. His mother hastens to tell him "our hearts are filled with tenderness for your hours of conflict." "Don't let your periodical mania for change, which is simply a temptation of the Devil, get the better of you!" urges the second Henry, echoing the first. Most interested, most anxious, are the letters from the eldest brother, filled with medical and moral counsel, with prescriptions and massage and porous plasters and rest, while, of course "if possible," urging that trip to Europe, which seems to have been the family panacea for all ills.

As to Mr. James himself, he seemed to re-live his own *Stürm und Drang* in the depression of his boy's spiritual state. Unhappily for his own peace of mind, although he urged self-discipline upon his children, yet he could not bear to see them suffer, so that in the same breath he would urge them manfully to shoulder some cross and himself arrange to lift it from their shoulders. We see in the following letter that he could hardly be restrained from rushing off to the West, cork leg and all, in obedience to the summons of his devoted affection. A moving figure is this brave old father, battling during the last ten years of life for the physical and spiritual health of his three younger children.

"10 December.

My darling Bobbins,

I telegraphed you this morning, to know what the best winter route to the West was, because it seems to me that unless you could come to me, I must go to you. Of course it would be a somewhat trying journey to undertake at my years, and especially in my state of health, but I don't see that having the motive I have before me that I may not accomplish it with comparative comfort. My idea was to have you come on for

a few days to Milwaukee (as you intimated to Willy you were about to take that step towards Xmas) and to go that far to meet you, and talk over your troubles at leisure. My conviction is perfectly fixed that it was wretched policy in you to settle down in that dreary P. du C. and that you must continue at whatever cost to get away from it and come into a more living world. And I should go out to Milwaukee intending to institute a change of that sort. I suppose you have a feeling of obligation to Mr. Holton for his influence (if he exerted any) in getting you your present position, and would naturally like to please him by enduring it as long as you can. But there is no need of sacrificing oneself to a sentiment; and as you cannot possibly continue to live where you do much longer with justice either to mind or body, the sooner the change is made and you can take root in another and better soil, the easier it will all be for all parties. It is simply indispensable in my opinion that you fix yourself within the bounds of civilized and cultivated life, where you can have intercourse with home once a year at all events, and oftener if need be. This thing is necessary to my happiness. I can't stand this tremendous separation from you, and must urge a closing of it upon my own account and mother's as well as yours. Your courage and good will are to be sure proof; but there is such a thing as driving a willing horse to death, and I for my part have no desire to take part in that folly.

You can find with a little loss of time (which is of no account, since you and Mary and baby would be our most welcome guests in the meanwhile) some activity nearer the East, where we might go to you, and you and Mary might come to us frequently, and this wretched *literary* intercourse be exchanged for a more living word. At all events we must move heaven and earth till we get the change effected. . . .

You say in your letter to Willy: 'I have curious experiences inwardly and I would like to understand them. I burn one day with lust and vengeance and conceit; and then all strength seems to leave me and I have nothing but peace and beauty springing up all around.' Then again you say 'I have unutterable longings, etc., but no attainments apparently. But I cling to you and father and the good everywhere. Don't think I forget you when I forget to write; at these times I am in the sub-

urbs of hell, but not in the town.' . . . I, like you apparently, feel both influences very strongly. I feel at one moment as if all hell were let loose in me, envy, hatred, contempt of others, ill-will, lasciviousness, memories, unchaste nay unclean desires; and then again such humility, such tenderness, such burning love to all mankind, and such ineffable delight in the marriage sentiment, that it would seem that the very heaven of heavens had come down into my bosom. I used in old times to identify myself with these states; that is, feel a great horror of myself when the infernal stage prevailed, and great joy in myself when the heavenly influx was uppermost. But I gradually abandoned the habit. I learned to separate *myself*, as an entirely disinterested party, from the great conflict waging in my bosom, and leave it to God's perfect providence to settle it as it may for the welfare of all mankind. What satisfies me and fills my thought is this universal end of His, this new Jerusalem purpose of a heaven out of *the race itself;* and I am content to postpone my private destiny, my spiritual possibilities upon the issue of that great design. I let angel and devil chase each other about the empty chambers of my mind as they will; and remain myself a looker on, knowing very well that the drama is of world wide concern, and will be played out to the glory of God and the welfare of man without my pretending to join in. . . .

I should be however sometimes terribly tossed and wrenched between the combatants, if I were not a married man; that is if I were not able when the celestial powers were in *force* to lavish my infinite and exquisite interior tenderness and peace upon my wife and children, and when they were in *flight* to run to the bosom of your mother, the home of all truth and purity, and deafen my ears to everything but her spotless worth till the pitiless inflowing infamy had spent itself.

Such is the explanation of your troubles of mind. Your bosom like mine is the arena of a hot conflict between heaven and hell engineered principally with a view to universal issues, that is, the establishment of everlasting Divine peace and order upon the earth, and only incidentally to our private advantage. That is, if we spiritually sympathize with the Divine purpose, and aspire actively to the oncoming of a perfect society among men, instinct with His justice, we shall become spiritually forms of love and wisdom fit to enjoy His presence forever. But

don't pretend to intervene in this fight between angel and devil; only bear patiently with it, for one helps the great end along as much as the other. They both alike belong to the New Jerusalem only in regenerate unitary or social form, and both alike demand hands off from you and me. They can do us no harm but only good, and let us thank God that he humours us with permitting us to live in and know a world in which such divine issues are impending."

"My dear Bob,

Your letter just come to hand is interesting to the last degree, and I lose no time in saying that you must be on your guard. Your sense of power is very likely illusory. I do not say that is so necessarily; but it is very likely to be so, because it is a judgment about oneself, and there is nothing we are so liable to be mistaken about as ourselves. We are incapable of judging impartially about ourselves whether in a good sense or bad one. Our judgments are always dictated by feeling—a feeling of undue elation or undue depression, and the verdict we come to is apt to be preposterous in either case alike. There is no safety for men but in leaving themselves to the draft of God's providence, as that providence actually determines them to some field of self-denying activity. For only in this way do they become wrenched from their superabundant natural egotism, and gradually led to interest themselves in other people, as their families, or the race. This is the great redemption meaning of the moral law, to make our selfish consciousness a social one, by teaching us whenever we are tempted to do evil, to postpone our will to that of others who would be incommoded by it. And this general redemption purpose of the law is becoming now diffused in our daily life, prompting us to think first of our obligations to others, and second of our obligation to self. But I only wanted to say a word. I know you are all right, and feel the superior divinity that is in wife and child. Alice is much better.

Yours,

H. J.

P. S. Write always so frankly. It was delightful to get such a letter."

In 1880, the mother was still living, still writing almost daily to her sons and their wives. She welcomed these daughters-in-law with affection, (yet not without criticism on occasion;) she rejoiced over her grandchildren, congratulated or condoled as good or evil fortune demanded, while many of her letters bear the burden of "Come to us for a long visit and bring the children." She tells proudly of William's honors and his large classes, of Harry's growing fame with *Daisy Miller*.

In January 1882, she died and her husband writes of the loss in words which remain a noble epitaph: "It is really astonishing," he says, "how my life was wrapped up in her modest little person. It seems to me the divinest reality that I have ever known." The following letter from Bob James shows the effect her death made upon her children.

"Saturday,
Cambridge

Dear Mary,

Dear Mother's funeral occurred on Wednesday. We four boys took her coffin to the grave and kissed her quiet face for the last time. Dr. James Freeman Clarke read a simple burial service, at the house—some scriptures and at our request omitted any reference to her personally—a thing no one could have done for us and have spoken our thoughts. I sometimes think Father's loneliness must be appalling but he gives no sign of it save in physical weakness. His union with her was a perfect one both in heart and mind. No marriage could have been more perfect. It is often that people love each other, perhaps not always that they understand each other. The secret of their union was a religious one. It had its inception during their engagement, when Mother relinquished all the narrow sectarian habit in which she had been bred, to his and her own everlasting peace. There have been no mutations on that score between them.

We have been all educated by Father to feel that death was the only reality and that life was simply an experimental thing and for this reason it may be that it is we have taken Mother's going as such an orderly transition. None of us would recall

her for we feel that we are more near to her now than ever before, simply because she is already at the goal for which we all cheerfully bend our steps. An hour after we laid her out, I do not think that either father, Alice or myself have shed a tear. But the boys coming later were very much shocked, Harry especially who had a passionate childlike devotion to her.

I feel as if I had not much else in life to live for now but keep very close to father and dissipate as much as possible the loneliness in which he must remain. I sleep beside him in mother's empty bed and we have quiet happy talks at night about mother's nearness and about our pride in her. The last two weeks of my life have been the happiest I have known. . . ."

It became evident almost at once that her husband would not long survive. Physically he showed increasing weakness, although his mind retained its vivacity and even toward the last his daughter notes: "He said the most picturesque and humorous things. . . . He was perfectly indifferent to the hope of heaven or fear of hell and always felt he would as soon go to hell as heaven." Indeed, the old man's desire to repudiate all heavenly rewards is amusingly in character. "Don't think you're going to meet me there!" he warns the family.

At the end he faded away. His daughter Alice, again showed her courage and self-control, while her Journal tells us how desperately, with her frail strength, she clung to the succor of his memory. Her father apparently left very definite expressions of his personal beliefs. "Mr. James doesn't want any prayer; he has nothing to ask of God," he instructs the clergyman as to his burial.

The occasion was marked by a most extraordinary letter from William, who was in Europe when the word came that his father's end was near. It is nothing more or less than a letter of congratulation, at once tender and rough.

"You are old enough, you have given your message to the world—if you go it will not be an inharmonious thing. . . .

I scribble this line to tell you how full of tenderest memories my heart has been filled . . . all my intellectual life I derive from you. Good night my sacred old father . . . your W."

When it is remembered that the dying man could not read this epistle, its composition can only be explained as the result of a sudden outpouring of the pure literary instinct or impulse, with which this family was so generously endowed. William James wrote a similar congratulatory epistle to his sister Alice on receiving news that she was mortally stricken, and it is another manifestation of the special unlikeness of this family to any other.

With the father's death there came an end to the long sheltering of their youth. Especially to the pair in the West, a certain isolation followed. There was William, of course, *in loco parentis*, encouraging, condoling, advising—but it was William at a distance—a little dazzling and indistinct in his Harvard glory—sometimes whimsical, unfamiliar, impatient—not like the sturdy, tender old man whose parental sentiment had been so "fiendish." Affection, loyalty remained always; but intimacy was definitely lessened, save in the case of the two elder brothers. The friendship between William and Henry partook of the family warmth and the family color; it was to the end quaint and touching, loyal yet independent—almost as if its terms had been dictated by Emerson's Essay itself. From their very childhood their intimacy had expressed both personalities and readers of their published letters and of the *Notes of a Son and Brother* do not need to be told once more how masterfully the elder led, how devotedly the younger followed.

There exists a photograph of the two Henry Jameses, which depicts the elder seated, solid, cheerful, vigorous, sustaining, with broad, benevolent countenance; while beside him, clutching his shoulder in an agony of shyness, stands the puzzled figure of his second son, a child whose anguished eyes seem even then to be seeking—seeking perhaps, who knows? for some

way to avoid calling a spade a spade. He appears to demand protection and in that solid shoulder under his hand to be finding it, and we can speculate to the end, as to what his career might have been if it had not been there. Deep-seated shyness, twinborn with as deep an egotism, sensitiveness, dread of responsibility and the stumbling-block of a slight impediment of speech, made up an equipment the antithesis of his elder brother's. During boyhood, William's elfish humor must have played upon such an instrument with delight; many anecdotes remain to show how skilled was the performer's hand. "You can't come with me," he was heard to say—small boy to still smaller brother,—"I play with boys who curse and swear!"

At ten years old, the small author had already produced a novel, in which he stated "the thunder roared and the lightning followed"; and for this "meteorological blunder" was so tormented and jeered at that he had to be rescued by his mother. Yet later on, William was ever his champion, the trumpet of his success, and being, as he was, somewhat worried by Henry's expatriation, ever his apologist, constantly insisting that he was really more American than he appeared. He called him a "crustacean, covered with acquired seaweeds and barnacles and lives hidden in the midst of his strange, heavy, alien manners and customs, under which the same dear old, good, innocent and at bottom very powerless-feeling Harry remains, caring for little but his writing and full of dutifulness and affection. . . ."

It is an accurate description and yet one which strangely omits to take the ruling facts into account; and we are by no means convinced that the psychologist understood the mainspring of his brother's nature. Fear, fear for the talent he adored, for the privacy that fostered it, for his independence threatened by responsibility—these seem the motives which took this sensitive, easily-upset person as far as possible from the America that he regarded as the seat of all disturbance. His elder brother was hurt, at times, when Henry found the New

England country-side "vulgar, poverty-stricken, thin, shabby, pathetic"—and perhaps even more annoyed when it was acknowledged to have a "cold, prudish charm." At moments William actually rebelled—arrived at Southampton in a fury; called England "cramped and inferior" and, crying out: "you'll have to come to America if you want to see the family," hurried off, leaving his brother in horrified bewilderment. Yet to the end he held his influence over the other's more hesitant nature, even to the period when his junior had become a London legend and the pillar of dinner parties.

Only once did they approach a quarrel and that was when the psychologist disapproved of the novelist's apocalyptic undertaking to revise his novels in accordance with his later style. William summoned all his own imaginative phraseology to dispose of the matter, saying that "for gleams and innuendoes and felicitous verbal insinuations you are unapproachable . . . but the *core* of literature is solid!" He did not hesitate moreover in 1895, to declare that Henry's failure as a playwright was due to "your being weaned for fifteen years at least from the vital facts of human character," which criticism his brother did not openly reply to, nor inwardly resent. The two clung together with deep affection, through bad illnesses for both, until the dreadful summer of 1910, when Henry recovered only to return home, with the dying elder brother to "this strange, sad, rude spot, Chocorua," from whence he sends out a cry of grief at the end.

"Chocorua, N. H.
August 26th, 1910.

My dear Mary,

All thanks for your good letter, which finds me, alas, under the darkest of clouds here, your Uncle William being much worse and his condition so grave that one's tension or anxiety are as much as we can bear. Harry met us at Quebec on the 18th (we came by the Canadian Pacific Line—a wonderful voyage of just 6 quiet bright days) after which we made our way

straight here in one long fatiguing dreary day, which bore hard on your Uncle W. However, he had been getting worse at sea, in spite of our good conditions and excellent accommodations, and his aggravation for 3 or 4 weeks previous had given your Aunt Alice and me the greatest distress and the present is but the climax of a process of increasing weakness and distress in breathing that we have been for some time watching with the last anxiety. It has become more rapid these last few days and we have wired for poor Harry, who, very worn and overworked and carrying many burdens, left us in Canada for a greatly needed holiday of 3 weeks or so in the New Brunswick Woods with a friend to return to us immediately. We have, fortunately, not far off, as distances go here, a very competent doctor; and his son, also a very intelligent young physician, is staying with us as nurse and aid. We are expecting moreover a woman trained-nurse, in addition, today, for the relief of your Aunt Alice, well nigh spent and broken down with her long and unspeakably devoted strain. Last night came up from Boston (motor-cars and the telephone helping us so blessedly!) a very wise heart specialist, for consultation with the 2 others and departed this a.m.; so that everything is being done and we don't suffer too much by our comparative remoteness and isolation. Meanwhile, however, my dear brother's suffering, (from the breathing difficulty) would be too pitiful and terrible to witness didn't the doctors keep him now constantly under the influence of morphia.

Strange and sad enough the dark crisis coming for him on the very hub of the stroke that fell on your father;* but with such comparative mercy and ease in your father's case. It half breaks my heart that I couldn't have seen *him* as you describe him as you last saw him—cleared of all the darkness and pain of his stormy life. But you must tell me, when we meet, more about all this. We can't at all forecast, of course, the duration of our stay here—it will all depend on what happens in these coming days, and the doctors say of your Uncle that he has "one fighting chance." The sad thing is that in his great pain he has lost the desire to live and only asks to go. But so we go on from hour to hour and from day to day. Think of us very tenderly and sympathetically—as your mother will

* Robertson James.

when she learns the situation on her arrival. May that event promptly and happily take place. I rejoice to know that you have been auspiciously preparing her house for her, where I hope that peace and ease will be her portion, though her future looks to me so lonely. I shall make haste to see her when we are again at Cambridge. Whatever happens I shall make a stay of many months in America—that at least is my expectation.

It is very interesting to hear of your building your own house, and I will with pleasure come to see you there. I take a special share in the attention surrounding your little boy and give him a great uncle's kindest blessing. I send also a cordial greeting to his father and am yours, dear Mary,

All affectionately

HENRY JAMES

P. S. I hope the good news of Louisa holds out.

P. S. I open my letter of 3 hours ago to say that your Uncle William died an hour since—unconsciously without apparent pain or struggle. Think of us, dear Mary, all tenderly.

H. J."

It may be well to turn back for a moment and enquire into the relationship between the English member and the remaining American members of the family group. One of these, his sister, Alice, joined him after their father's death and as we shall see later, in her Journal, casts a clear light on Henry's English life. Much also may be learned about him from the collection of unpublished family letters, since the published ones, naturally chosen as the most typical and interesting, largely concern themselves with his literary side. Necessarily, these literary letters were the most self-conscious and tend to give a distorted and over-studied picture of William's "good, innocent, very powerless-feeling" brother. A charming one to Edward Emerson in 1898 will mark the difference.

"Lamb House
Rye
December 24, 1898

My dear Edward,

Hold your hand a little, and stay your natural wrath, till I explain. I don't remember, in the first place, whether I have already affronted you with a machine-made letter: if so, it must have been quite at the beginning of the period of my finding myself reduced, thanks to a bad state of my hand, to dictating. That process has now become, through coercion of circumstances too numerous to unfold to you, my only possible way of dealing with my correspondence, and it has at least the merit of decipherability never in the remotest degree possessed by my disinherited fist. Therefore judge me gently and read me easily,—even on this Christmas Eve some nine months after the receipt of your delightful letter last spring, accompanying your delightful poem. You mention in that letter that you had heard from me just three quarters of a year previous; so that I fall consentingly, and above all discreetly, into the large and easy rhythm that a respect for each other's many preoccupations appears softly to have suggested to us. Please believe that though I have been silent so long I have not ceased to have you in my mind's eye.

So here I sit, keeping Christmas very simply, but not too lonesomely, in a little old house that I have taken to myself in this little old town, and very desirous to draw you as close as may be to the warm, the friendly foreground. I have been down here for the last six months, and am staying on to mid-winter under the mere charm of possession and provincialisation. As you have never lived long in London you won't know what it is to have at last escaped from it into a refuge at once alternative and fixed. I sit by my fire while I cause these expressions to be skillfully formed, and read over your letter with a grateful appreciation of all the echoes of other years that lurk even in the pages so many months closed and compressed. There is nothing you remember, and like to remember, that I don't remember and like as well, and you carry me back on a very high tide of recovered association even to the extreme antiquity of Newport and of your first transcendental apparition there as the son of your father and the schoolfellow

of my brothers. I don't know that I could really quite *bear* to see again, with aged eyes, Le Farge's beautiful picture of Paradise Rocks—so many dead things would, with the vision, come again too touchingly to life. I've only to close those eyes, however, to call it all up, and I am delighted to hear from you that it still shows the distinction we, at the time, fondly felt to belong to it.

You are very interesting indeed over my brother's address on the Shaw inauguration—though that incident too will seem to you by this time engulphed into ancient history. I was greatly moved, on receiving your letter, by your sympathetic account of it. So many of the people one sees and lives with as one grows older are people who don't *know*—who didn't, who couldn't, and to whom one's words, about our own past, our earlier time, are as vain sounds, signifying nothing. Well, it's the revenge of time; we were just as horrid and stupid, in our earlier time, to the still greater earliness of our betters.

But many things have come and gone since you wrote, and what are called public matters have piled themselves so high between us that I can't pretend either to overlook them or to cross the mountain. There it stands—there let it stand. We have each, on our side, all these months, been walking, doubtless, a good deal round and round it. Your Memorial Hall Poem was happy, I think, in having got itself uttered before those events, which to my mind introduce a strange confusion into our memories in many ways, to be transmitted in a few words.

Poor Wilkie himself becomes to me, with the increase of the gulf, the most pathetic of dim ghosts.

I rejoice that you sometimes see William. He deals in ghosts, but is blessedly not *one*.

Good-bye, my dear Edward, and condone again my Remingtonese—the only epistolary tongue of my declining years. I call down blessings on your house, I insist on being urgently spoken of to your sister Ellen, whose continuance in the world is one of the few thoughts that keep me on decent terms with it, and I am yours, with all sorts of still unassuaged interest in your activities, very constantly,

HENRY JAMES"

The absence of family letters in the printed collections has given rise to the most curious misconceptions, as when Mr. Pelham Edgar calmly states that "Wilky and Bob never counted for much" in the novelist's life. A biographer surely is wise to draw no conclusions about his subject until he has examined all the available material and Mr. Edgar's failure to do this has led him woefully astray. One has only to read Henry James' estimate of Wilky's war letters and their past together to make this clear.

"Lamb House
Rye
Sussex

My dear Caroline,

I am greatly obliged to you for the dispatch of dear Wilky's old—or rather young—letters, which I have had to wait a little to acknowledge. I have had to wait indeed to read them over—so trying, so upsetting indeed to nerves and spirits do I sometimes find it to plunge into this far-away and yet so intimate ghostly past where everything and everyone lives again but to become lost over again, and what seems most to come forth are the old pains and sufferings and mistakes. And yet Wilky's war letters are an extraordinary picture of young courage and cheery and happy reaction of every kind—making me recall so vividly the times we received them and all that convulsed public and private history, that they seem a story of another's life and world altogether. He was touchingly young to have such big things, and difficult and trying things happen to him, and I see how he bore the marks of them, for good and for harm, (to his poor overstrained and injured physical man), ever afterwards. It's not the war letters that are saddest, but those (though not numerous) of the dreary attempt at cotton raising in Florida afterwards (it was so unsuccessful and elusive and dismal as to life, even had better things come of it, where his extreme path for such wretched responsibilities—his and Bob's—again brings tears to my eyes. But the whole record has been infinitely interesting and moving to me, and I thank you kindly for the chance at it. . . ."

In fact, the point turns out to be one of importance, if one would understand the novelist's course and character. Wilky and Bob counted for much in his life, perhaps for too much, for the contrast between their lives and his own was probably one of the influences which kept him from his own country. It must not be forgotten that his main weakness—or was it perhaps strength?—lay in his dread of responsibility and in that egotism, twinborn with shyness, which caused him to protect and shelter his own self-respect. His entire career shows this from the year that he left the Harvard Law School, of which he felt himself "a singularly alien member." The injury which kept him from joining the Army in the Civil War was a humiliation in more senses than one. It was hard to be kept from serving one's country but worse to be forced to see one's younger brothers in the limelight, with the banners and bands. This disappointment echoes through his autobiographical writings. The truth was he could not be happy in any *milieu* by which he felt patronized, and at this period the whole United States, with two brothers fighting and suffering, patronized him intolerably. The same motive guided his European existence. First he sought Italy, but the background was too oppressively magnificent for the central figure. France surely then, must prove to be the most congenial training field for his art, and that he learned much from her, many pages bear witness. But, as his most penetrating critic points out, France's literary coteries were "hostile and exclusive"; they regarded him only as "privileged to listen"; their narrow harshness shocked his tenderness, his imagination. Too American for France, too ceremonious and reserved for America, he drifted at length into the quiet harbor of his spiritual home—to that Victorian England, where one was admired without interference, never bothered, never asked to think about anything but oneself and one's art, and where "the passions of luxurious aristocrats," as he told Edith Wharton, surrounded him with a profusion of

literary material. It was fortunate he did not live to see the Europe he delighted in as bare as a rifled cupboard and as emptied of kings and pageantry as the United States itself.

Meanwhile, for he was by no means ruthlessly selfish, his own satisfaction in England worried him dreadfully at times, particularly after William's visits, when an outburst of latent Americanism would make him feel that he was a failure because his books had not made him enormously rich. Insistence on material success was one of his paradoxical, most American qualities; it led him to the theatre, for which his art was not fitted; it filled his books with vast estates and vast fortunes and all the things his father had told him were "vulgar," but which somehow did not appear so when they occurred in England.

By these preconceptions he had become unfitted to comprehend his own country and, affectionate as he was, failed to understand Wilky and Bob and their lives in the United States. A prey to nervous fear, he found it painful to contemplate their problems and while his letters were continuous and copious, they are unfailingly apologetic. These moods and interrelations are like cobwebs, which one cannot seize without tearing them; but such a letter as Henry's to Bob, June 11, 1880, with its curious *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, shines against the sunlight like a clear pattern of his nature.

"3 Bolton Street,
Piccadilly, W.
Jan. 11th, 1880.

Dearest Bob,

Before the new year arrived I made a fervid vow that its first hours shouldn't elapse before I had written you a long-intended and long-deferred line of greeting. Not hours but days have elapsed, and now my vow, like most of my vows, has been rudely falsified. But not another day shall add to the now intolerable burden of my neglect of my fraternal privileges. It will be of little use to you that I should tell you that I have had it at heart to write to you any time these two years, and

you will probably smile in scorn at the assurance. But I will brave your scorn, because I wish you to know that my silence has been owing, literally, to the fact that I am materially weighed down with writing. It forms the chief occupation of my life, and the machinery of my subsistence, and in addition to my daily stint of professional scribbling I have an obligatory correspondence which in itself takes my best energies. When, therefore, I have plied the pen as long as I *must*, I have such a loathing for it, and such a wearing and nervousness, physically speaking (of the hand) in regard to it, that I am only too glad to let it rest. When I have written my regular letters to Cambridge, I have paid the indispensable tribute to family affection, and in postponing a while longer the claims of outlying members of the domestic circle, I succumb really to a manual and cerebral inanity. But I have thought of you none the less affectionately, dear Bob; of you and your admirable wife and your engaging babes, on all of whom my blessing rests; and regretted none the less that the gulf of space and time between London and Milwaukee should not be more easily bridged over. I hope that on your side you have not forgotten me, nor suffered yourself to think that my silence contains an element of indifference or of diminished interest in your lot. I never cease to ply mother with questions about you and Wilkie, and to beg her to forward my letters to you whenever she thinks they would interest you. I don't know how often she performs this ceremony, but I suppose she always keeps you informed of my whereabouts, general way of life, etc. You know that I am very much settled in London and have pretty well adopted the place as my permanent residence. It agrees with me in every particular and I feel thoroughly at home here. It is a wonderful, brutal, great Babylon of a place, and if one doesn't like it very much, he must hate it; but fortunately I like it. I have every reason to do so, having had a good deal of success and put my fame and fortune on a sufficiently promising footing.

I don't speak to you of my literary productions, as I have a mortal dislike to talking about them—by which I mean that I am so chronically weary of them and satiated with them that in conversation I cultivate other topics. You probably know already enough about them for your happiness. I send you by

this post a little book on Hawthorne, I have just published, and will send you my last novel as soon as it is out in Boston, which it will presumably be.—I have been kept informed of your various vicissitudes and changes of occupation and residence, which I am afraid have cost you first and last a great deal of discomfort and disappointment. But I trust all that is over, now, and that you are anchored in quiet waters—which is better than risky voyages. I have a great wish to see you again and to behold your wife and children; also to have a chance to cultivate relations now so long almost extinct, to my sorrow, with Wilky and his family.

Give my tender love to your own sweet companion and show this to Wilky when you see him, as an earnestness of good intentions toward himself. Mother just mentions in a letter that you have parted for the winter with your eldest boy. I am very sorry to hear that he has been unwell and hope that Colorado will set him up. You must miss him intensely. I envy you the joy and even the trials of paternity. The years go on without bringing about any such state of things for me and I think I am very unlikely to marry. Failing this, I am very sorry I cannot be more of an uncle. But I am only awaiting my chance. I expect very definitely to return to the U. S. next autumn for several months' visit and if I do so, one of my first proceedings will be to get out and see Wilky and you. Then I shall make up for these latter privations.

Write me, meanwhile, dear Bob, and believe and make your wife believe in all the affection and good-will I bear you, and all the good wishes I send you. Some day I shall give you more substantial proof of these things. Don't fail to let me hear from you before long, and believe me always your distant but not detached brother,

H. JAMES"

To the younger generation of nieces and nephews and collaterals, the comedy of "Uncle Harry in England" played itself out for some years. They duly became his correspondents and the recipients of his endless congratulations and deprecatory flourishes. It was delicious for a niece to be sympathized with on the first birthday of her son, in such terms as "and what in-

teresting adventures and exploits he must have opened to you, my dear Mary, in all that sublime connection!" The family got a vast deal of amusement when Uncle Harry asked that "*a fly*" be ordered to the station to meet him; or when he advised a youthful nephew not to send flowers to a young lady on shipboard as "all seaward influences are untoward to them!" He had an infinite number of ways of telling them why he hadn't written and when he did write they were apt to ask, "Why on earth doesn't he *say* he left his gloves and have done with it?" They received in due course his wails about "the awful blasts blowing through the black canyons formed by the sky-scrapers" or his "fresh string of appointments with the eternal, dreadful dentist" and so on. One nephew remembers showing Uncle Harry a steam shovel "pitching dirt" as he incautiously observed, only to be solemnly rebuked: "My dear boy, that's not dirt—that's earth!"

On his rare returns home they learned that Uncle Harry must not be upset, nor startled, nor suddenly confronted with a change of plan. They learned also that, notwithstanding those constant proffers of aid, if one really asked him about anything he usually referred one to Uncle William, "who knows so much more about it!" That innate dread of responsibility which underlay his choice of an English and even, perhaps, of a single life, had become confirmed in him to a painful degree.

The World War, however, roused Henry James to an energy and emotion which testified to the faith that was in him. He worked for his adopted country loyally for the three years left him of life. What memories were those that led him, when he saw a boy in hospital, at the age of Wilky or Bob, to ask his friend, John Sargent, to draw the lad's head as a gift for the mother? A marvellous frieze of Youth is the result; and it is "not inharmonious," as William would have said, that more than one art should be indebted to Henry James.

IX

Wilkinson James' life of pain and weakness lasted only until 1883. The ten years of his marriage were spent in Milwaukee, contending with problems of business which he had neither the health nor the temperament to solve. A delightful companion, a rare talker in the gay family manner, he was surrounded by hosts of friends and remembered for his social qualities and the courage with which he struggled against his increasing ill-health. He died barely a year after his father. In many letters, his brother Henry alludes sorrowfully to the passing of "that most pathetic of dim ghosts" and returns "to the memory of our childish years together, when he was with me and you (Bob) and Alice,—William in isolated, eldest superiority."

"3 Bolton Street,
Piccadilly
December 2nd

Dear Bob,

I thank you very much for your letter of the 10th, the day after poor Wilkie's death. This is the only account (at all complete) of his last days that I have yet received. Terribly painful they must have been, in spite of his having ceased to suffer, painful as being such a slow, laborious inch by inch extinction. Though I feel great regret at not having seen him more toward the last, I can't help being glad that I was spared all that closing spectacle. It lightens my mind unspeakably, even at this distance, to know that the poor patient exhausted boy, worn out with pain, is no longer in this world. In what a strange bedimmed, bewildered state—a fitfully lighted darkness—his mind must have been during so many days before his death, and what a strangely deluded victim, from such an accumulation of suffering, if suffering it all was,—which, however, of course, it was not."

As for Robertson James, his ghost can never become dim, for everything about him is vivid. He too, as we know, suf-

fered all his life from the effect of his Civil War service, directly from the results of sunstroke, indirectly from the strain on his boyhood which seemed to confirm his unhappy restlessness. As one reads the letters concerning him—full of admiration—"his intelligence was so sharp, so sad, so extraordinarily free and fine," one sees, as in life, that young boy with tense mouth and seeking eyes. Like his father, he was all his life a seeker after truth, yet without that robust temperament which helped the older man to conquer, during the search, the enemies to peace and happiness. His son had no such aid: he could not find happiness, because, (his brother Wilky writes), he was imbued with self-distrust. Swedenborg's books brought to him moods of comfort and health; but these gave way to those dark hours so often exacted of the young who have offered their lives to their country. These alternations of mood became a part of his nervous constitution. When he was at his best, he was a fascinating companion—and even a day or two before his death, held some friends enchanted by his talk, until late at night. One is not surprised that Henry, in 1904, calls Bob's silence "a dull ache or ague that craved a balm. . . . I am rejoiced that it has come and brings me so much of the tone of your voice and the ring of your spirit, not to say further, of the quality of your wit. . . ."

Yet his life became a restless pilgrimage that was never satisfied. Throughout, he kept his love of drawing and painting: "that one little plot of consciousness in which his deeply troubled life was to find rest." Apart from this we hear of nervous ills, breakdowns, and energy that early declined. The family, as always united in counsel, even Aunt Catherine Walsh, implores Bob to chew pink clover heads as a specific against rheumatism! Shadows gathered and dimmed that brilliant spirit; depressions were longer and more frequent. Yet there were still struggles and the clouds would draw away and there would be a surge of strength and hope. Once there was a sud-

den voyage in a sailing-ship and a brave letter from Fayal says touchingly: "You must think of me as quite happy and confident of release from all obstacles to future usefulness." He became a soldier when he was a child, and he remained a soldier, though fighting against odds.

He returned in later years to Concord with his wife and children, moved apparently by a wish to educate the latter where he himself had been educated. Two letters to his daughter give his vivid quality; the first full of old memories. We catch an echo of his gayety in the second, giving a glimpse of a Concord later than the one to which the two little strangers in foreign pea-jackets had come so many years before.

"Concord, Saturday
P.M.

Dear Mamie,

Your Slave Market Postal received. Yes, Port Royal was the Head Quarters for the Department of the South—the whole coast from the Fort Monroe to Florida—I was often there. There was no town—only a great Naval and Army Depot. But at Beaufort, I had my first knowledge of a Southern Village and it was charming and simple and innocent of every sin but slavery. I remember how easy-going and polite the Southerners were, although ruined already at the time I knew them. That whole region was full of gunboats and uniforms—delicious calm stretches of harbor and river—the decay of what had been a delightful friendly opulence amongst the rich sea island planters and the memory of it with me is like the far heard peal of churchbells. I wish you could see Beaufort as I knew it. I know not what it is now but when I knew it it had everything in it which could make the Southern life ideal. Of course over it all hung the dread cloud of War, but somehow that shadow makes it the more distinguished to me. I remember staying a week's furlough on the plantation of a friend on an island just out of Beaufort shooting curlew with him. And oh the grub we had at night cooked by the Black Mammy after the day's sport was done! Such corn pone, such broiled chicken and okra soup I never will eat again.

But I do wish you could manage to set foot on the place where Fort Wagner was. It is so easy of access from Charleston. And if you could it would be so fine for you to think of all the brave men who perished there. I remember as if it was yesterday the figure of a scout climbing over the parapet made black by the searchlight sent ahead of us to discover if the Fort had been evacuated—the night we all stood waiting in front of it for the last assault.

And do go to Fort Sumpter if you can and place your hand on the flagpole. The last time I saw and touched that flagpole was when Major Anderson who had surrendered the fort to the Rebels tried to raise the flag. This was after the Surrender and the Nation wanted the dear old soldier to raise the flag again which he had once had to haul down. I was by his side almost and he was spent with years and broken health and the courage he had shown through many Mexican and Indian fights was still great, but not great enough for the tumult in his heart when he saw the flag again restored to where he once had lost it. The tears came down his old brown face and his hands shook and another officer had to take the halyards from him and raise Old Glory. It was very affecting. I have never forgotten that scene. If I remember rightly Meeting Street runs into the Battery. Our Headquarters was a house about a block or less from the Battery on the right-hand side going away from the Harbor. I am not certain whether our house was on Meeting Street or King Street.

But try and find out anything you can about the Manigolds. They most of them emigrated after the War to Canada to get rid of the Yankees. I know a charming Mrs. Manigold in London, Canada, whose uncle I buried on James Island.

With love,

R. J.

I write this in great haste."

"Concord, Sunday

My dear Mary,

Your letter of Wednesday arrived some days late by reason of having journeyed to New Hampshire. I am glad it happened, because it made a little more business for the railroads which are now suffering a good deal, although I hate to see any

post office clerks overworked. Nearly everyone is resting now however and business on the Mill Dam never was so quiet. Mr. Murray, the grocer, had a window display yesterday, with an announcement of his 25th anniversary between two empty tea chests surmounted by an American flag. Geo. Walcott across the road was very mad, as he claims his store has been doing business for *60* years. But the spirit of rivalry among our merchants on the Mill Dam is more or less chastened now, owing to the panic and the ever increasing taxes. I think if we could only have a war with Japan or an earthquake our merchants would soften so much as almost to stop lying about each other.

The Social world is also a little dull. No building is in sight either—save an enormous barn being erected by Mr. Miles on the hill. He had a legacy of an old horse last winter on condition he would use him. His family has always owned the horse. I saw Miles' son trying to urge him over the Mill Dam the other day. The barn looks just like Miles house and as large. The horse about as large as the barn. An old Carryall came with the legacy and a prehistoric harness. It is very restful for the eye to see the Miles, son, horse and carryall going respectably along during the rush hours on the Mill Dam.

There is to be a social event of no small importance this week however in honor of the 50th anniversary of the nuptials of Pa and Ma Todd. We have received an expensive invitation to attend, (printed in old gold), very appropriate too. (Pa Todd is in the printing line.)

Fifteen hundred invitations have gone out—the more select guests, in whom your mother and I are included, being asked to come after dark. Very considerate of your father's feelings I'm sure, as I do not care to exhibit my dress suit in transit on the Mill Dam by daylight.

I understand from your mother that she is going to have her head shampooed by Miss Hicks, the Manicure. Indeed I think everyone is inclined to spare no expense in making the Todd anniversary what it should be.

Remember me to Mr. Vaux, and believe me

Always Affec'y.,

R. JAMES"

It was in Concord he died, only a few weeks before his brother William, who was too ill to be told of this sorrow. "It half breaks my heart," writes Henry to his niece, "that I couldn't have seen him as you last saw him, cleared of all the darkness and pain of his stormy life." A set of verses by Robertson James which remain to us, show that he had his own beautiful conception of Death. The concluding lines breathe the very fullness of the tranquillity he longed for.

"Once was I wakened by Thy light,
Long years have passed, and now the night
Takes me to Thee. I am content;
So be it in Thy perfect plan
A mansion is, where I am sent
To dwell among the innocent."

X

That in the foregoing pages Alice James has played but a small part is due partly to the fact of her invalidism, but more because she is better able to speak for herself than any editor to speak for her. Her literary gift is so definite, her ability to say what she has to say so incontestable, that it seemed better merely to set her figure against its background and leave it there, than to weaken by repetition the effect of her own picturesque eloquence. Outward events in her life were so pathetically few that they have no significance equal to the significance of the inward life she draws for us. Her childhood came abruptly to an end with a severe illness at sixteen. Thereafter she was never to know steady health. Successive so-called "nervous breakdowns," successive treatments for them, a few European trips with friend or brother, when strength permitted, and finally after her father's death a journey to England and a few brief years there—this is all her history.

We see her first, a rosy-cheeked, placid child smiling over her dinner at the tempestuous arguments of her father and brothers. During the next few years, references in the letters show how she was cherished as the baby of the family. Thus "Chérie charmante!" writes her eldest brother, with an elfish tenderness, like Peter Pan and Wendy rolled into one. "Beloved Sweetlington" he calls her, or "Beloved Sisterkin," and in one very homesick letter, he "longs to behold the round, fair face of the most kissworthy Alice!" Harry's is yet another message: "Farewell, dear girl and dear incomparable all!" he cried—and we almost see him wave from the deck of his ship, as he sets forth upon the sea of literature.

Unhappily, none of her childish letters have been preserved for us; by the time we meet her firm handwriting in family notes they have become brief and aloof. Therefore we do not know how early her inward life began to have the color and intensity shown in her Journal; we do not know whether invalidism forced her literary talent into flower, or if it had bloomed, though hidden, from the first. In all the praise Henry bestowed on his sister's Journal, he does not mention if or what she had written before. Practically up to the day of her death, her health alone figures in the family correspondence. References by her parents to Alice's recurrent attacks show constant preoccupation with her state. It seems to have reached a climax in the "hideous summer of 1876 when I went down to the deep sea and its waters closed over me and I knew neither hope nor peace," as the Journal puts it. Her father, writing to Bob, warns him that "my thoughts and fears are all claimed by my acute distress. Any other care upon our hands while this absorbing state of things continues, would be intolerable." And he proceeds: "She asked me if suicide, to which at times she felt strongly tempted, was a sin. . . . I told her that so far as I was concerned she had my full permission to end her life whenever she pleased. She then remarked that . . . she could never

do it now I had given her freedom . . . she was more than content to stay by my side and battle in concert with me against the evil that is in the world. I don't fear suicide much since this conversation," he concludes and it is hard to say which seems to us the more courageous, the girl of eighteen, or the father fighting for her life and sanity.

In due course of time the attack passed over, though it left her without strength, and hereafter she is mentioned only as an invalid. We hear that "Alice is in New York undergoing motorpathy with Dr. Taylor" or "is being treated electrically by Dr. Neftel." The Monro treatment is tried and abandoned. "Her malady is a kind of which little is known," writes her mother sadly. For a time, however, she definitely improved and there is small evidence of illness in the photograph we have of her. A charming young woman in the fashionable, ruffled and flounced silk dress of the period—her thick hair turned back from a broad brow, large, intense eyes and a strong mouth—everything about her speaks of individuality, of character. We are constantly being told that despite her ill-health she was a "comfort and delight; full of patience and affection instead of being irritable and inconsiderate as is so often the case." With her father's aid, she obtained and held a remarkable self-control, refusing to the end to be sympathized with—"not morbid" her mother says, "her mind does not seem at all involved in it." Her father writes, "I certainly never saw before such a believer in the truth of a better world when her suffering is most acute and when she comes out of it I never saw one so fitted by her grace and playfulness to adorn this life." All her days she kept her humor and spirit, her chaff and her wit; she was sympathetic to a fault with those she loved and generous with gifts and thoughts. We find her writing a nephew who was engaged in founding an 'Anti-Poverty Society' that she felt it to be rather a work of supererogation. "The whole human race," she points out, "is an Anti-Poverty

Society of which every mother's son of us is a most ardent member." In a note to a relative under strain of illness, she says, "I have wakened at night with a horrible oppression upon me . . . and found it was only a more than usually vivid impression of the misery of your lot." Every page of her Journal bears witness to this sensitiveness.

Like other nervous sufferers Alice James collapsed quickly under small strains and yet rose with strength to bear the real sorrows of life. At the death of her mother, to whom she was devoted, her brother Robertson writes that "Alice is unaccountably upheld under this blow." For a time she continued to live in the family home and we hear from her Aunt Catherine Walsh that she "found comfort in her quiet house and that her abnormally sensitive nerves needed solitude and stillness." Her relative's picture, on this occasion, is, however, more cheerful than Alice's Journal would give us to believe and such amazing self-control must have exacted full payment from the frail nerves, in time. However this may have been, in 1885 she crossed the ocean to visit Henry at his flat in De Vere Gardens and decided to try what the more equable English climate could do for her.

At first the change was favorable. Her brother's companionship proved a great joy. The gain in strength and health was marked, so Henry writes home in cheerful vein. "A. is going on the same very good way and is receiving visits almost daily. A great many people come to see her: she is highly appreciated and might easily, if she were to stay here, getting sufficiently better to exert herself more, become a great success and a queen of society. Her vigour of mind, decision of character, etc., wax daily and her conversation is brilliant and *sémillant*." But London, and the various people he so proudly brought to call, proved too taxing at length and she beat a retreat, first to Bournemouth and afterwards, much less well, to Leamington, where her Journal begins.

From the very first entry the difference between her Journal and her letters is striking. The latter are dragged down into commonplaceness by her state, while the former soars on wings of courage and humor, vehement, blunt, eloquent and readily expressive of her philosophy. Her brother William tells us that "Alice met all attempts at sympathy with jeers and laughter, having her own brave philosophy, which was to keep her attention turned to things outside her sick-room and away from herself."

Although the work of an invalid, her diary is not by any means wholly concerned with illness, and her very prejudices—where we see Victorian New England face to face with Victorian England, are full of vitality. The entries are packed with observation of life both caustic and tender, with anecdote and reminiscence—we can gather from these what her talk must have been. She struggles against sham, against injustice—she, who had barely strength enough for patient compliance with her state. As William wrote at her death, her soul was not subdued. Affectionate sister as she was, her judgment too remained amazingly free. Of Henry, to whom she clung, she speaks with appreciation and grateful love, but she was too much the child of her father to modify her views on his account. At moments she frightened him by seeing things he would not see, by saying things he would never say. She withered his soul with her piercing truths, and no doubt he felt that to publish her Journal might well be to tear the protective social chrysalis he had woven for his own retirement. She often shocked him, as William did, and the shock had an exciting quality, as of something forbidden—something with a higher flavor than his life offered. He would not be Henry James if he did not apologize for her, which he does appreciatively, pointing out that she saw far too small a fragment of England to be a proper critic. But to us, removed from both brother and sister by the width of another era—Alice James needs no apology—we

may not agree with her views but we stand in the presence of a literary gift needing no justification.

The Journal covers the last four years of her rapid decline. She was brought up to London to consult specialists and shortly after was joined by her intimate friend Katherine Loring, who remained with her till the end. Both had high spirits and could laugh together, even at the very entrance to the Valley of the Shadow. A house was taken; "an absurd little house" in Argyle Gardens, near Holland Park. It had a tiny patch of green in the yard and the caretaker showed this proudly to Miss Loring as a great asset. "You'll take such pleasure in the garden, Miss. Do you know Kew?" One can imagine how the sick woman enjoyed that.

She threw herself gaily into the whole affair and we see household and guests through her eyes: her beloved companion, Katherine Loring, and "little Nurse" (who was extremely tall and thin), the kind, pompous doctors who could do nothing, Sir Andrew Clark, Dr. Tuke the alienist, and Dr. Tuckey, who *did* help toward the last by teaching Miss Loring a form of hypnosis, to soothe the patient. We meet the few visitors and hear the remarks at which Alice says, "Father must have groaned on high!"

We meet Henry coming in—Henry the Patient, who "hangs on," Alice writes, "to whatever organ may be in eruption and gives me calm and solace by assuring me that my nerves are his nerves and my stomach his stomach—this last a pitch of brotherly devotion never before approached by the race."

We see him, poor man—worried about his play, or walking the floor, watch in hand, denouncing all social engagements and saying "I'll never go to another dinner—I'll refuse everything after next week—but now it's a quarter to eight and I must go and dress!"

We witness William's unlooked-for visit, that had to be prepared for by a large dose of bromide—and we see him, in his

sister's words, "like a blob of mercury—you can't put a mental finger on him!" At the height of his interest in the medium, Mrs. Piper, he wrote Alice to mail a lock of her hair, through whose aid the seer had promised to call up her image. Is it necessary to say that the two jesters in Argyle Gardens carefully wrapped and sent him a lock from another head? Doubtless he was wary, for silence followed.

In May 31, 1891, came the doctor's final verdict, which she received with calm and even with joy, pointing out that "one becomes suddenly picturesque to oneself when one knows the end is certain." As her way was she thought first of the others—"who will *see* it all, while I shall only feel it. Poor dear William, with his exaggerated sympathy for suffering isn't to know anything about it 'till it's all over."

Evidently this concealment was not found to be feasible, for we find William writing her another congratulatory letter, like the one he had written his father under similar circumstances, ten years before:

"Your fortitude, good spirits and unsentimentality have been simply unexampled . . . when that which is *you* passes out of the body, I am sure there will be an explosion of liberated force and life, till then eclipsed and kept down."

As we read the words, we wonder if she read them and if her clear-sighted spirit drew any comfort from them.

As a matter of fact, Alice James lived for nearly a year after her death sentence and the final entries in her Journal were dictated to Katherine Loring. She died on March 6, 1892. Her brother William insists that "despite its terrific frustrations, her life was a triumph" and that is perhaps the final summing-up—but he does not omit to add "Barring a little over-vehemence, her mental atmosphere was altogether of the *grand monde*," thus elucidating for us one point of special congeniality with her novelist-brother.

Henry writes simply: "Alice was a rare and remarkable being and her death makes a great difference in my life, but for her, it was only blessed." He had kept his friendship with her very private, but it had been like the light of home for him nevertheless. She understood and loved him; though her body was a prisoner, her spirit ranged the world light-footedly beside his own. The sorrow, coming as it did, on top of his nervous strain over his play, cast him into a sort of panic. "I have fallen upon evil days," he writes Howells, "every sign and symbol of one's being in the least wanted anywhere or by anyone—having so utterly failed."

Alice's death had brought him to the "great refusal," for so long as she lived she had been for him like a vase of precious memories—whose incense bound him to home. Through her, he had kept the image of the fiery-hearted old father—that bulwark between him and the world's harshness; his mother's devotion and pride in his fame; the vehement dinner-table talks, when parents and boys argued on equal terms as to the ultimate destiny of man and the meanings of the universe. It was she who evoked for him a past in another land than England—the events of a vanished boyhood—Wilky, lying wounded after Fort Wagner—that gay figure of young Bob setting forth to the call of a trumpet, while they watched him, not without tears—"the dear, incomparable all!" These were what he had lost, as well as his sister and friend, when he turned finally, as he says, "to see her lying there in the beautiful and touching dignity of death."

HER JOURNAL

Henry James on Alice's Journal
(Letters, Vol. I, p. 215)

"As regards the life, the power, the temper, the humour and beauty and expressiveness of the Diary in itself—these things were partly 'discounted' to me in advance by so much of Alice's talk during her last years . . . which led me often to reflect about her extraordinary force of mind and character, her whole way of taking life and death—in very much the manner which the book does. I find in its pages, for instance, many things I heard her say. None the less I have been immensely impressed with the thing as a revelation of a moral and personal picture. It is heroic in its individuality, its independence—its face-to-face with the universe for and by herself—and the beauty and eloquence with which she often expresses this, let alone the rich irony and humour, constitute a new claim for the family renown. This last element—her style, her power to write, are indeed to me a delight. . . . But it also puts before me what I was tremendously conscious of in her life-time—that the extraordinary intensity of her will and personality really would have made the equal, the reciprocal, life of a 'well' person—in the usual world, almost impossible to her, so that her disastrous, her tragic health, was in a manner the only solution for her of the practical problem of life. . . .

The violence of her reaction against her British ambiente, *against everything English, engenders some of her most admirable and delightful passages—but I feel in reading them . . . that inevitably she simplified too much, shut up in her sick room, exercised her wondrous vigor of judgment on too small a*

scrap of what really surrounded her. It would have been modified in many ways if she had lived with them (the English) more, seen more of the men, etc. As for her allusions to Henry, they fill me with tears and cover me with blushes. . . . I find an immense eloquence in her passionate 'radicalism,' her most distinguishing feature, which was absolutely direct and original, (like everything that was in her)."

HER JOURNAL

LEAMINGTON, MAY, 1889

I think that if I get into the habit of writing a bit about what happens, or rather doesn't happen, I may lose a little of the sense of loneliness and desolation which abides with me.

MAY 31

My circumstances allowing of nothing but the ejaculation of one-syllabled reflections, a written monologue by that most interesting being, myself, may have its yet to be discovered consolations. I shall, at least, have it all my own way, and it may bring relief as an outlet to that geyser of emotions, sensations, speculations and reflections which ferments perpetually within my poor old carcass for its sins; so here goes,—my first journal!

JUNE 1

I received today the prettiest letter from Henrietta Child, as delicate, quaint and flowing as Helen's. How exceptional they are! They give forth a sound as unlike that of this tinpan generation as if they had just stepped out of Miss Austen. Apropos, Mrs. S. has just sent me a sketch of Lyme Regis and the veritable Cobb off which dear, sweet Louisa Musgrove jumped. Think of my being so mentally clumsy as not to have seen her ghost of my own notion! The sketch is of the feeblest, although it is rather shocking to say so, for Mrs. S. gave it with great modesty—but then I didn't ask her for it, and I am impatient for the moment when the knitting of a good stocking will be thought as worthy work as the painting of a flimsy sketch.

JUNE 3

Henry writes that Grandmother Walsh's portrait has come without a scratch, "and is delightful, and seems somehow to include mother." How dear he is! He has seen Robert Lincoln once, "and much liked him,—a very healthy, friendly, racy, masculine, not uncivilized Westerner, with wife and daughter to match. I think he will be very successful." Nurse's little brother came home from school, and said that the master made him "exasperate" his h's—which seems to perfectly express the emotions of the poor h through its British vicissitudes.

JUNE 4

I went out yesterday for the third time this year. They dragged the chair through a gate into a meadow, and I lay in the sun whilst they picked me flowerets, with a cuckoo in the distance, circling swallow overhead, broad sweeps of gentle wind slowly rustling through the trees near by; need I say I was happy?

Some one who wants these rooms* asked Miss Clarke if she had "got rid of the fidgety old lady in the drawing room." It is so comic to hear one's self called old; even at ninety, I suppose! What one reads, or rather all that comes to us, is surely only of interest and value in proportion as we find ourselves therein,—form given to what was vague, what slumbered stirred to life.

JUNE 11

Miss Minnie Wright came to see me yesterday p.m., the first creature I have seen in more than six weeks, save poor Miss Palmer once; but she is so vague as to be hardly enough of an entity to dispel solitude. The Wrights I think I like as well as anyone I've seen in England. They are very sweet

* 11 Hamilton Terrace, Leamington.

and pure of nature, so honest as to be quite inadequate to the social fib, with deliciously blundering consequences; they have the intelligence by jerks, which seems to be that most *répandu*, and in the long run tells the more, the jerk always seems such a luminous flash.

A dozen times a day I find myself saying, "I'll write that to Aunt K." I suppose I did so before; it only seems oftener now, when I have to pull myself up. Henry says he misses Lizzie Duveneck more and more; it is so with all. This loss seems greater; I suppose it is the lessening number, with none to fill the ranks. Besides Harry, I have now only three friends whom I have any right to call on from association and far-backness, to say nothing of individual limberness. As the wise tell us everything has been said, how curious it would be to know what will follow the present phase of preoccupation, with the manner of saying it!

JUNE 12

Mary Elliot and her Dr. John have just been here; what a joy to see any one from home! Two such nice creatures, especially Mary; not quite so pretty, but then she varies so from minute to minute, and is much more mature and mentally firm; but I liked him greatly, hardly having seen him before. He is frank and manly, and ready to laugh,—that most essential of all things! Think of the multitudes who go through life on the cry! I have now read three volumes of Jules Lemaître's *Études et Portraits*. Will he ever seem less to me? I suppose so. But how grateful shall I ever be for the intensity of that first impression. Two months ago, my whole being vivified with the sense of the Intelligent revealed! One's mind stretching to the limits of his, absorbing him with every sense, such a subtle flattery emanating from his perfection in "putting it," so as to make an absolutely ignorant creature, like me, vibrate as with knowledge, in response to the truth of the myriad

of his exquisitely subtle perceptions. Then his humor, his irony, and his humanity!

JUNE 13

I went out again today, and behaved like a lunatic, "sobbing," à la Kingsley, over a farmhouse, a meadow, some trees and cawing rooks. Nurse says there are some people downstairs who drive everywhere and admire nothing. How grateful I am that I actually see, to my own consciousness, the quarter of an inch that my eyes fall upon; truly the subject is all that counts!

Nurse asked me whether I should like to be an artist. Imagine the joy and despair of it, the joy of seeing with the trained eye, the despair of doing it! Among the beings who are made up of chords which vibrate at every zephyr, of the two orders which know the least misery, those who are always dumb and never lose the stifled sense, or the others who ever find expression impotent to express?

We met the man Brooks today with his grindstone. He looks canting enough. What an absurd creature I am to have drawn such rigid line now that No. 9 has arrived in the flesh. My heart was malleable during its period of incubation, when Nurse was sure he was going to be twins, and now that he is so virtuous as not to be, my heart is like granite. Eliza who was a permanent appendage of Charlotte's person, whilst she did the housekeeping and errands, has become an excrescence upon the spindly body of white, pinched-faced Becky, aged ten years. Eliza is two and has never walked yet; she must be a bracing burden. Lavina, who had a good place as slavey somewhere, returned home after the baby's birth, for very joy at its advent,—sacrificing her place.

Imagine hearing that some one here in Leamington, whom I had never seen, had said that I was "very charitable." I felt as if all my clothes had been torn off, and that I was standing

on the steps of the Town Hall, in the nude, for the delectation of the British Matron. This calumny arose, I suppose, from my having given a sixpence to the Brookses before No. 9 was born.

Mr. Howells' letter made me so happy by saying that mine had made father and mother seem living to him. No greater happiness can come than finding that they survive, or can be revived, in a few memories.

JUNE 14

Nurse met Becky Brooks and her hanger-on in front of the pump-room. She had Eliza, the excrescence, of course, on one side, and was dragging, by a red scarf pinned around his neck, an unfortunate dog with her other hand; four of the others were tugging at the scarf, so that Becky's slender person of ten was upholding five others. When asked where the dog came from, she said, "The woman 'as wants to lose it gave it us; we's 'ad it all hafternoon." I think the dog must be sufficiently lost by now!

What one never loses a sense of, and never fails to adore in England, is the civility of all classes, not only to their betters, but to each other. Of course there are hideous manners in "society" and in the slums, but in the middle region, amidst the wise, the rational, and the humble,—among those that count, in short,—civility, I'm sure, is the rule. Then these creatures that come from the hard, gritty, ragged interchange which passes for manners at home, actually don't perceive the difference. Heaven forbid that I should begin upon those that see not; it's too tragic! But one must be just; the poor things have had nothing to perceive all their days; when suddenly brought face to face with all this complexity, what can they do but seek refuge in blindness?

The landscape and Somers, taken alternately, illustrate in a very instructive manner how even the surface of our en-

vironment accounts for us. Yesterday I was lying in a meadow at Hawkes' Farm, absorbing like blotting-paper, hayricks, hedges, and trees composing themselves into a multitude of pictures with that felicity alone known to this island, the foreground grey, with ghostly slants of sunshine vanishing to reappear in the distance, so succulent, so smooth, and so slow, so from all time and so for all time,—when Somers came suddenly within view; and there he was, the peasant of these fields as robust, as unirritable, as "edgeless" as they are. I questioned him about some allotments that have been taken to build on just as the poor men had made their gardens after two years of work on the ground. He told the story slowly and lazily, in his deep, fat voice, ending with a comfortable laugh, with no note of bitterness therein, engendered by doubts as to the absolute nature of the landlord; making the sarcasm of the Yankee or the ferocity of the Frenchman seem as impossible to him as a crop of dynamite to the patient meadows.

JUNE 16

The cuckoos imitate the clock to perfection.

What ghastly lives some people lead! The Bradleys, who make baskets, have a hen who, in a polite manner, lays two eggs for my breakfast every morn. The daughter told Nurse the other day that her father had not been sober since Christmas. It seems that he has drunk all his life, that there are fifteen children, and that the oldest son, a lad of nineteen, who is a pattern of virtue, looks after everything, and that his father maltreats him horribly. This girl is so pretty, and, what is better, has grace, which you see so rarely here. One of them is married, and I suppose the remaining fourteen are ready at any moment to plunge into matrimony. How overwhelming is the virtue of the poor! This doesn't include their fondness for the conjugal state.

I have seen so little that my memory is packed with little

bits which have not been wiped out by great ones, so that it all seems like a reminiscence; and as I go along, the childish expressions of light and color come crowding back into my mind, and with them the expectant, which then palpitated within me, lives for a ghostly moment.

H. writes that he has received an affectionate!! letter from W. H., a marvel explained by his near arrival in London. They say he has certainly broken loose and is flirting as desperately as ever. There is something so grim as to be out of nature in that poor woman's life and character. What is there but ugliness in any relation between two beings which doesn't work to soften their hearts and open their minds to their kind? Solitude is surely a flowery path to that!

Miss Percy from next door, came in to see me; she is the most good-natured being, and evidently looks upon me, funny as it seems, as a pitiable object. She asked me with the greatest conviction, if I didn't get "awfully tired of reading!" This pleased me greatly; it expressed so her round, bustling, cheery-in-the-morning personality. She strums for five minutes at a time on her rattletrap of a piano and is in and out, all over the place, twenty times a day. Has she ever dreamed "un songe merveilleusement delicat, comme la solitude et le malheur en forment seuls dans les âmes qu'elles arrachent aux rudesses de la vie commune; l'idée d'une belle vie pleine d'ombre, vouée toute entière, sans salaire ni retour, à la bonté et la résignation?"

JUNE 17

How absurd it is in any one to reply to Buchanan, as if he counted to any sane person for more than a jack-in-the-box, starting up to advertise himself! Where do you suppose I went this morning? Into a hayfield amid the hay-makers; it was divine! Later among such silly sheep! The infinite gradations of light and shade simply intoxicate one. How truly was it said that weather was unknown to us at home; here it is a

complete absence of climate, although, to prove how much richer results are to be obtained from a limited quantity, the native with a thermometer ranging from 30° to 70°, goes through more intensity of sensation in the way of Arctic cold and torrid heat than was ever dreamed of among the philosophers of Prairie du Chien, where Bob said that it went from 40° below to 105° above in summer.

They dress so oddly; wrapping themselves in furs from head to foot, they go out and walk hard in the sun at 40°; they come home and pass the evening in a huge vault-like room, sitting in a low bodice with the thermometer at 50°. In summer, a gossamer gown, and a huge boa or cape of fur over the upper part of 'em. Truly are they not to be understanded of this Yankee.

JUNE 18

Alice Edwards told Nurse that "Mother was awful bad last night, and this morning a lady brought a baby." Could there be a more misguided lady? This is No. 5, father twenty-eight, mother twenty-three,—one more tiny voice to swell the vast human wail rising perpetually to the skies! I wonder if it is indelicate in a flaccid virgin to be so preoccupied with the multiplication of the species; but it fairly haunts me,—something irresistible and overwhelming, like the tides of the sea or the Connemaugh flood—a mighty horde to sweep over the face of the earth.

It's rather strange that here, among this robust and sanguine people, I feel not the least shame or degradation at being ill, as I used at home among the anaemic and the fagged. It comes, of course, in one way, from the conditions being so easy, from the sense of leisure, work reduced to a minimum, and the God Holiday worshipped so perpetually and effectually by all classes. Then what need to justify one's existence when one is simply one more amid a million of the superfluous?

I should be a valuable district visitor. Nurse was telling me of her visit to the Bachelors, and repeated something which Mrs. B. had said, using one of her expressions, when lo! I toppled over in a faint! How little shall I ever know of life!

JUNE 19

Several people have been the last days to call, but I've seen 'em not. Confronting the landscape in the morning leaves me without further resistance; and then an afternoon of prattle after that divine contemplation would be too much of an anticlimax. The beauty tires me more than the chair, which only shakes the muscles, while the former stirs unfathomable depths! Harry has just sent me Sir Charles Russell's speech; how thrilling to read it!

JUNE 20

I learn by a kind note this morning that Mr. Godkin sent me Sir Charles' speech, which is very pleasing; he proposes coming to see me, but I have had to say nay. "How unspeakably the lengthening of memories in common endears our old friends!" In one's careless days, one little suspects how elderly forlornities, out of sight, lap up crumbs of remembrance,—not but what my little world remembers me a thousand times more than I look for; I shall not sweetly say deserve. I went into the gardens today,—the roses exquisite, the geraniums not got supreme command as yet; when will the race be emancipated from them?

JUNE 21

If I make this a receptacle for feeble ejaculations over the scenery what a terror it will be; I must, however, record the fact that today I entered into paradise; through the orchard and gooseberry bushes to the garden in front of the Hawkes' farm-house,—a place to dream of; let us dream then.

Incredible as it seems now, there was absolutely not one geranium visible. If the orchard is a fair specimen, we do 'em better, that's one consolation.

Nurse saw Charlotte Brooks, with the baby appended, of course, and inquired after its health. "He would be better if mother hadn't let him fall out of bed last night; she didn't find it out till twelve o'clock." She was going, as usual, for a "hegg" for Eliza, the Excrescence, who is the immediate jewel of their souls, although she has never walked, and only says "la-la"; her fascinations for the general public are consequently not great. They have an amusing habit of using "swilling" for rinsing and washing. Nurse says, "I must go and swill my hands." I can't stop her.

I fancy that I have quite extinguished the Kingsleys. Imagine her bringing Mrs. Harrison to call again! The roseate one will find that a Yankee can be dropped with complete serenity, but that picking her up is quite another pair of shoes, which she will never make to fit. How it lowers Charles Kingsley to think that he lived amidst such falsity and folly.

There is one inestimable gain in the present moment, however desperate,—it never can be yesterday, and perpetually becomes tomorrow.

JUNE 27

A gallant Briton has been bitten by a mosquito at Henley. In his extremity the dear soul naturally writes a letter, and sends it to the Standard. Whereupon from the Arctic zone of Yorkshire to the tropics of Kent, endless victims start up, having also had the dread experience, each with his theory and a description of his bite. One says that the survival of an egg of a mosquito through the terrors of an English winter is an unknown and absolutely impossible thing, so that this mosquito must have been imported for that one individual bite! So they flow on, until a creature inspired from Heaven makes "an

authoritative statement" to the effect that mosquitoes have existed in England for fifty years. The others seem to have been struck dumb, as the Standard has run dry, by the authoritative one and the F.G.S. appended to his name. The adorable innocents!

Balfour described as "coercion tempered by facetiousness" is good. His adoration of Mr. Gladstone seems to grow by the hour, and is too delicious. The words that establish beyond question, apparently, to his own mind, the righteousness of any of his exploits, are that "Mr. Gladstone did the same three years ago, only more so." When will he have the courage of the more so? Truly a providential creation to hasten the solution; in his character of statesman what amusement and delectation will he afford for coming generations!

JUNE 28

The Standard announces the marriage of the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales to the Earl of Fife. Think of their not being able to catch a German princeling; surely the world is marching on. How pitiable the fate of the royalcules is! But why does the Standard feel it necessary to publish the divorced sisters? Some one said they were all four runaways; as the Standard admits two divorcées, this may be true. How droll that, with the Queen's lifelong horror of divorce, through her sons-in-law she should be so nearly related to so many unsavory episodes; the common fate is hers, since we are overtaken always by what is most offensive to us. What a beautiful moral to be drawn!

Read the third volume of George Eliot's letters and journal, at last. I'm glad I made myself do so, for there is a faint spark of life and an occasional remotely humourous touch in the last half. But what a monument of ponderous dreariness is the book! What a lifeless, diseased, self-conscious being she must have been! Not one burst of joy, not one ray of humor, not one

living breath in one of her letters or journals; the commonplace and platitudes of these last, giving her impressions of the Continent, pictures and people, are simply incredible. Whether it is that her dank, moaning features haunt and pursue me through the book or not she makes the impression, morally and physically, of mildew or some morbid growth,—a fungus of a pendulous shape, or as of something damp to the touch. I never had a stronger impression. Then to think of those books, compact of wisdom, humour, and the richest humanity, and of her as the creator of the immortal Maggie; in short, what a horrible disillusion! Johnnie seems to have done his level best to wash out whatever color the letters may have had, by the unfortunate form in which he has seen fit to print them. One hasn't, at the end, the faintest idea of how she signed her name even, or which of the three names she used, whether her letters were long or short,—all those details which are so characteristic. On the subject of her marriage, it is, of course, for an outsider, criminal to say anything; but what a shock for her to say she felt as if her life were rounded, and for her to express her sense of complacency in the vestry and church! What a betrayal of the much-vaunted "perfect love" of the past! The letter in which she announces her engagement to a friend, and at the same time assures her that Johnnie isn't going to grab her fortune, is deliciously English. What an abject coward she seems to have been about physical pain, as if it weren't degrading enough to have headaches, without jotting them down in a row to stare at one for all time, thereby defeating the beneficent law which provides that pain is forgotten. If she related her diseases and her "depressions" and told for the good of others what armour she had forged against them, it would be conceivable, but they seem simply cherished as the vehicle for a moan. Where was the creature's vanity? And when you think of what she had in life to lift her out of futile whining! But the possession of what genius and what knowledge

could reconcile one to the supreme boredom of having to take one's self with that superlative solemnity? What a contrast to George Sand, who, whatever her failings, never committed that unpardonable sin; it even makes her greasy men of the moment less repulsive.

JULY 4

How can I better celebrate the glorious Fourth than by announcing the glorious fact that I have been out already fifteen times? I wish my mind were not so cramped upon Somers,* but his spine does make the most blood-curdling oscillations from the perpendicular, and I can't but think of the horror of that day with Bowles! I work away upon his "higher nature" as hard as I can, and with success, for I so leavened him with enthusiasm one day that he "riz" to exclaiming when he reached home, "We've had a lovely time!!!" catching my vernacular as well, which perhaps isn't so desirable.

JULY 6

How of all creatures to be envied is Father Damien. To be able to do something absolutely complete in itself—what more could a human being ask for? That's where the Catholic Church has the pull; he must have known the joy of the martyrs. What a loss that men are entirely bereft of the soul-satisfying resource in this knock-kneed generation of simply relative right and wrong. They make too much of his heroism; for how simple to be actively heroic within absolute limits in time, and paradise cocksure for eternity! The active can't be much thrilled, of course, by the passive hero who is so little picturesque and reverberating as he lies hidden in reeking cellars and freezing attics, chained like a galley-slave to his oar of endurance for countless years.

Letter from Lady Clark, in much disgust over the Wales-

* The bath-chair-man.

Fife alliance. How can any man with the slightest parental instinct hand his pure, defenceless child over to a man whose life he knows to have been much on the same vile pattern as his own? Destitution and excessive luxury develop apparently the same ideals, the same marauding attitude towards mankind, the intensity of struggle for material goods,—surely showing how perfect is the meeting of extremes. The stories which Nurse brings from Satchwell Street are no different in kind and little more shameless in degree than those they tell in London of the Prince's set. What difference is there in the spiritual essence of two viragoes fighting on their doorsteps over a coal ticket, left by the district visitor, and that of two great ladies at daggers drawn over their seat at some function or other?—all simply scrambling for something they haven't got.

JULY 7

The great live, apparently, to a great extent upon the charity of their tradesmen; the poor upon that of the well-to-do,—surely the nobler plan. The ladies of Satchwell Street hardly have been more childish or shown less dignity than the royalties, in not going to the Duke of Portland's wedding because he wouldn't marry one of the three princesses, as the story goes. And they, too, have their arbitrary, virtuous rigidities; for did they not stone out of the street the bride whom the big Italian organ-grinder brought home the night of his wife's funeral? She was a little woman, they say, and he returned a fortnight later with another one as big and strapping as himself.

JULY 9

Miss Leppington came yesterday. She is as delicate and spiritual-minded as if she had bloomed upon our rock-bound puritan coast. She clings to a "sense of sin," for it's not automatic simply, as is usual, but from conviction that she worships a God who made her thus. She apparently likes it.

How fatally the entire want of humor cripples the mind. What an awful loss it is that we can't see our own follies,—they must be so much more exquisite than any one's else; but as vanity is what keeps the world a-going, after one or two convulsive laughs the game would certainly be up.

Shall I ever have any convulsive laughs again? Ah me! I fear not. I had such a feast for thirty-four years that I can't complain. But a curious extreme to be meted out to a creature, to have grown up with father and William, and then to be reduced to Nurse and Miss Clarke for humourous daily fodder! Could you but hear the three-lettered chaff which I fabricate for 'em; for chaff of some sort I must have. In those ghastly days, when I was myself in the little house in Mt. Vernon Street, how I longed to flee in to the firemen next door and escape from the "Alone, Alone!" that echoed through the house, rustled down the stairs, whispered from the walls, and confronted me like a material presence, as I sat waiting, counting the moments as they turned themselves from today to tomorrow; for "time does not work until we have ceased to watch him."

There is a bit of brown wall that always brings up St. John's Wood so vividly, as I pass,—that winter of 1854-55, all draped in December densities, with only three episodes standing out, as I remember: Mademoiselle C.'s bonnet, *Henry VIII*, and *Still Waters Run Deep*. Shall I ever forget Wolsey going to execution, or "My Sister is a Most Remarkable Woman"? The joy of *Henry VIII* was somewhat obscured by Aunt Kate's not being able to go. No greater misery ever befell a creature of woman born than that, thought I. I'm sure we went also to the pantomime at Christmas, but I've completely forgotten it. Mademoiselle Cusin's bonnet is equally vivid, but a more mixed delight. In the grey dusk of our afternoon walks we discovered an artist, but the pangs of parturition were most severe, for the millinery point of view of Neufchatel and that

of the Edgeware Road had not only to be revealed, but reconciled one to the other, by me, aged seven. It came forth green shirred silk and pink roses,—I can remember how my infant soul shivered, even then, at the sad crudity of its tone; it doubtless soon gathered depth as the atmosphere of the season enveloped it more and more.

JULY 11

Henry writes that he has been spending Sunday at Wilton House,—next best to having been there myself, for we saw the great Van Dyck together in '73, when Aunt Kate, he and I drove from White Hart, humble pilgrims. Starting from the same level, the careless observer might think that my fall had been as great as his rise, living for forty-eight hours in the house with that glorious object; but who shall say? Not I, surely, from my sofa where I've learned such wondrous things. It is as if it were yesterday that I saw it—a breathless moment! Could it be that Moroni is there, that I've asked about so much? It isn't in Warwick or Blenheim, and those are the only houses I have seen. I remember just where it was in the room,—simply a head.

I needn't have been in such a funk as I was before I left home that summer, lest being such an entirely inartistic organization I should not know what to do with the pictures,—like poor Mrs. Ogle with a joke, looking, as some one said, so helpless, as if she wanted to hand it on as fast as possible; for I clung. Imagine the bliss of finding that I too was a "sensitive," and that I was not only "mute before a Botticelli," but that a Botticelli said an infinity of things to me, and this in a flash of mutual recognition, after the years of toil in trying to establish some sort of relation, either of speech or silence, with the Botticelli of Boston. The first day at the National Gallery, the portrait painter Porter came in,—it was his first sight of an old master; he sauntered about, glancing casually here and

there, with no more ripple of emotion than if he were at Doll and Richard's. How the cheap quality of his personality shone out.

I can never forgive these excellent folk for being such an inartistic race. Amidst such opportunities for the picturesque; born to a medium which transmutes all things through such infinite degrees of the beautiful and the grim,—to think of their having had only one great master! The landscape, one can readily understand, even when soaked in its beauty, may, by its arranged respectable expectedness, exasperate to the last degree the irritable, spontaneous genius, holding within it, as it does, the possibilities of the bête; but think of Rembrandt in London!! One must acknowledge, however, that the one master took the atmosphere with sufficient solemnity and put it through its paces.

The Pall Mall Gazette tonight points out the fact that Parnell, while under trial as accessory to murder,—the deadly foe of the Queen,—is made one of the Committee on Royal Grants! My dear, dear cousins, of what substance are you made?

JULY 12

Henry says, with his usual felicity, of Bob,* that he is an "extraordinary instance of a man's nature constituting his profession, his whole stock in trade." His journey to Damascus casts a light upon the naif mysteries of the Bible.

It's amusing to see how, even upon my microscopic field, minute events are perpetually taking place illustrative of the broadest facts of human nature. Yesterday Nurse and I had a good laugh, but I must allow that decidedly she "had" me. I was thinking of something that interested me very much, and my mind was suddenly flooded by one of those luminous waves that sweep out of consciousness all but the living sense, and

* Robertson James.

overpower one with joy in the rich, throbbing complexity of life, when suddenly I looked up at Nurse, who was dressing me, and saw her primitive, rudimentary expression (so common here), as of no inherited quarrel with her destiny of putting petticoats over my head; the poverty and deadness of it, contrasted to the tide of speculation that was coursing through my brain, made me exclaim "Oh, Nurse, don't you wish you were inside of me?" Her look of dismay and vehement disclaimer—"Inside of you, Miss, when you have just had a sick headache for five days!"—gave a greater blow to my vanity than that much-battered article has ever received. The headache had gone off in the night, and I had clean forgotten it when the little wretch confronted me with it, at this sublime moment, when I was feeling within me the potency of a Bismarck, and left me powerless before the fact that my glorious rôle was to stand for sick-headache to mankind! What a grotesque being I am, to be sure, lying in this room, with the resistance of a thistledown, having illusory moments of throbbing with the pulse of the race, the mystery to be solved at the next breath, and the fountain of all happiness within me,—the sense of vitality, in short, simply proportionate to the excess of weakness. To sit by and watch these absurdities is amusing in its way, and reminds me of how I used to listen to my "company manners" in the days when I had 'em, and how ridiculous they sounded. Ah! Those strange people who have the courage to be unhappy! Are they unhappy, by the way!

JULY 16

Owing to an unprecedented condition of affluence, Mrs. Bachelor has joined a "burial society"; hitherto only one could belong (two pence per week), and that one was naturally her lord and master. But she was not without her support for the dread moment, for she had an ancient nightgown of mine for her shroud. It seems to be the climax of existence for 'em,

and one can't wonder; for the thought of being buried higgledy-piggledy with odious creatures whom one has spent one's days in fighting with, must offend the aesthetic sense. This is another link with the great; it seems that the Prince has the same passion for deaths and burials as his mother; the whole family are devoted to them.

All loss is gain. Since I have become so near-sighted I see no dust nor squalor, and therefore conceive of myself as living in splendor.

Done the quarterly accounts,—my income a most interesting quantity, with the greatest capacity for diminishing itself and yet still existing. How thankful I am for my little! Conceive of being a millstone round the neck of one's brothers, as some poor wretches are, and not brothers like mine either.

Mrs. Sidgwick* has sent me a paper upon Madame de Sevigné,—the best thing I have read of hers. The dear lady is human, like the rest of us. I remember once talking with her about the awkward moments that came sometimes when the fruits of the family genius are lent to one, especially verses of deceased members; to which she assented very warmly, and said she always escaped from them; but her own products she has the greatest facility in giving. How base I am, but what should I do if I were not?

JULY 16

I wish I didn't read so much rubbish; Nurse when she comes in, looks just like the buttony-boy in Leech, staggering home with "Clarissa 'Arlow for Missus"; but it's well I can, for so many hours slip away so, and I can't read anything suggestive, or that survives, or links itself to experience, for it sets my silly stomach fluttering, and my flimsy head skipping so that I have to stop. This is the great trouble with the substance-full Lemaître, some of whose pages simply seem to intoxicate with

* Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, novelist.

their luminosity. It seems a waste not to have known him before, but when I think he fits now, and yields me more in this present vacuity. What a curious psychological problem to solve,—the spell cast over the French race by the commonplace name of William! The following, owing to the creature's intelligence, is one of the most exquisite illustrations: in an article on an adaptation of one of Shakespeare's plays, he (Jules Lemaître) says that the emendations improve it very much, for "le vrai Shakespeare en effet, c'est celui que nous pouvons aimer, l'autre ne compte pas; l'autre c'est William, si vous voulez, un accident, un rien." My dear friend, you have reversed it; your nondescript play is decidedly not Shakespeare, but the offspring of your mysterious and nondescript William. I should greatly like to know just what the sound William stands for in your mind and that of your kind. One can't imagine an Anglo-Saxon being able ever to take the Bible or Shakespeare seriously in French. One can only be grateful to him, however, for dwelling so strongly upon the tediousness of the great one's humor, which, for the most, is incomprehensible; and when not, isn't humourous to us; perhaps it's "William."

AUGUST 4

I must try and pull myself together, and record the somewhat devastating episode of July 18, when Harry, after a much longer absence than usual, presented himself, doubled by William! We had just finished luncheon, and were talking of something or other, when H. suddenly said, with a queer look upon his face, "I must tell you something." "You're not going to be married!" shrieked I. "No, but William is here; he has been lunching upon Warwick Castle, and is waiting now in the Holly Walk for the news to be broken to you; and if you survive, I'm to tie my handkerchief to the balcony." Enter W., not á la Romeo, by the balcony; the prose of our century,

to say nothing of that of our consanguinity, making it supererogatory. The beforehand having been so cleverly suppressed by the devoted H., "it came out so much easier than could have been expected," as they say to infants in the dental chair. I always sympathized so with Ellen Gurney when she told of how she ran and slammed the drawing room door when she heard, in the old war days, her brother Edward's voice suddenly in the hall downstairs, he having come home unexpectedly, as they always did in those days. Poor H. over whom the moment had impended for two months, looked as white as a ghost before they went; and well he may, in his anxiety as to which "going off" in my large repertory would "come on"; but, with the assistance of two hundred grains of bromide, I think I behaved with extreme propriety. W. had gone to London only the day before, having been for three weeks in Ireland and Scotland. He doesn't look much older for the three years, and all that there is to be said of him, of course, is that he is simply himself; a creature who speaks in another language, as H. says, from the rest of mankind, and who would lend life and charm to a treadmill. What a strange experience it was, to have what had seemed so dead and gone all these years suddenly bloom before one, a flowering oasis in this alien desert, redolent with the exquisite family perfume of the days gone by, made of the allusions and the point of view in common, so that my floating-particle sense was lost for an hour or so in the illusion that what is forever shattered had sprung anew, and existed outside of our memories, where it is forever green.

AUGUST 5

A note of farewell from Mr. Godkin was a tea-infuser. In all this time I've not been able to see him. Six weeks' visit is a long one, H. says he seemed to enjoy it greatly. I suppose I shall never see him again, as he is getting on in years, and I'm not getting on as to peregrinating. I'm sorry; he goes

back so far. One of the pleasantest summers I remember was the one we passed together at Ripton in '74 or '75. He delighted so in father,—and how he roared over his jokes! We used to take such long, beautiful rides through roadless forests. What a charming country it would be if it were opened out and one could get at it!

They say that there is little doubt that Mr. Edmund Gurney committed suicide. What a pity to hide it; every educated person who kills himself does something towards lessening the superstition. It's bad that it's so untidy. There is no denying that, for one bespatters one's friends morally as well as physically, taking them so much more into one's secret than they want to be taken. But how heroic to be able to supress one's vanity to the extent of confessing that the game is too hard. The most comic and apparently the chief argument used against it is that because you were born without being consulted, you would be very sinful should you cut short your blissful career. This had been said to me a dozen times, and they never can see how they have turned things topsy-turvy.

AUGUST 9

England is having one of its hysterical attacks over Mrs. Maybrick; what a spectacle it is! Mrs. M. seems to be as debased a villain as one could wish to find, and convicted herself out of her own mouth.

On the 6th the Ripleys came from London and lunched. They told me a great deal, of course, that I wanted to know about poor Aunt Kate. Her illness seems to have been less painful than we feared, and she had every comfort and care from all. From some little things that they said, I am thankful that as we could have done nothing for Aunt Kate, H. and I were spared the contemplation of certain subsequent developments. Poor human nature can stand but a slight strain when it comes to teacups and salt-spoons. But it is all instructive, and

in that view. . . .* "Although thou shouldest possess all created good, yet couldst thou not be happy thereby, nor blessed; but in God, who created all things, consisteth thy whole blessedness and felicity; not such as is seen and commended by the foolish lovers of the world, but such as the good and faithful servants of Christ wait for, and of which the spiritual and pure in heart, whose conversation is in heaven, sometimes have a foretaste." †

AUGUST 10

I must record that on the 7th of August I was forty-one years old! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Would, oh would it were sixty-one! H. says that the main desire in the British bosom, apparently, is not to be left last with the host and hostess after an entertainment of any kind; so that there is, at a given moment, a regular stampede. The other night he was at some function at Lady Knutsford's, and he was looking after Madame Taine, helping M. Jusserand, who had brought the Taines. They made the circuit of the rooms, and when they got back to where they started they found the dense mass in retreat, a solid body of backs presented to Lady Knutsford standing in one of the rooms, absolutely alone. When Madame Taine turned and saw her, she stopped and exclaimed in horror and amazement, "Mais, est-ce qu'on la laisse toute seule comme celà?" and was for rushing back to her, but M. Jusserand waved her on, saying "Celà ne fait rien, celà se fait toujours."

AUGUST 12

William was most amusing about Ireland. He seems sound enough on Home Rule; but how could a child of father's be anything else? He went to see the family of a little maid-

* The end of this sentence was blotted out by the author.

† *Imitation of Christ*, Ch. XVI.

servant they have, and such a welcome as he had! The refrain "The Lord be praised that Kerry should have seen this day!" was repeated every five minutes during the two hours that he was with them. He says that they are an absolutely foreign people, much more excessive than they are with us, just like the stage Irishman. He was very funny about evictions, and says the horror of them entirely vanishes when you see the nature of the cabins,—existence without being so much preferable to existence within. He says that it is the most extraordinary thing to see coming out from the midst of all this filth, misery and squalor, this jovial, sociable, witty, intelligent race, supported and living entirely upon an idea. Oh, the tragedy of it!—when you think of the dauntless creatures flinging themselves and their ideal, for seven centuries, against the dead wall of British brutality, as incapable of an ideal inspiration or an imaginative movement as the beasts of the field.

Mrs. Bowyer told me yesterday that the presents of the Duchess of Fife were said to be worth £200,000. The Bachelors lie in bed till noon, because they don't get so hungry in bed! Nurse made her Saturday visit late, so that Mrs. B. may be dressed to receive. The dressing consists of pinning on, with a common pin, a bit of blue ribbon around her neck, said ribbon being an old bow off my pin-cushion, which Nurse gave her some time ago. They have a new neighbour who, they feared, drank; it was only, "She was a bit boozy 'cause 't was her wedding day" number two; a perfectly legitimate moment and method of festivity, of course. "She has beautiful furniture and pictures,"—her dower doubtless.

SEPTEMBER 3

Life is simply a huge joke! The ghostly "Miss Peabody" materialized into Katherine on August 21. Let's have done with it all!

NOVEMBER 16

K. sailed on November 9 in the Umbria, and tomorrow I hope for a cable telling of her arrival today. She seems decidedly to have "interrupted the Diary, Miss," as Nurse plaintively predicted after her arrival (was ever a diary, by the way, so honored in its own country before?); but that calamity, perhaps, isn't irretrievable. Notwithstanding the wear and tear of time and the burden of three invalids upon her soul and body, she seems as large a joke as ever, an embodiment of the stretchable, a purely trans-atlantic and modern possibility.

She had, of course, an edition, up-to-date, of her pocket compendium of useless information, and she reassuringly and smilingly "informed" any of the population on any subject they might desire. I feel like a creature who, after a long draught of fresh air, has crept back under an exhausted receiver, which closes over her again with a hopeless and all too familiar click. But it has happened so often now, since my scaffolding began to fall eight years ago, that, after a few futile squirms I already breathe and live and find my suffocating being therein the natural one; for, Heaven be praised! agonies do not repeat themselves unless we wish it; we have each time something more to meet them with, and nothing is more true than that "à force de s'élargir pour la souffrance l'âme en arrive a des capacités prodigieuses; ce qui la comblait naguère à la faire crever en couvre a peine le fonds maintenant"; but my soul will never stretch itself to allowing that it is anything else than a cruel and unnatural fate for a woman to live alone; to have no one to care or "do for" daily is not only a sorrow, but a sterilizing process. This is a scientific statement, not a lament, for I am replete with the fertilization of the last three months.

NOVEMBER 18

A cable this A.M. to say that she has arrived; so that episode has vanished like a dream! I mustn't let other espisodes van-

ish unrecorded, however, for the summer turned out a giddy whirl for me! First, William, instead of going to Switzerland, came suddenly back from Paris and went home, having, as usual, exhausted Europe in a few weeks, finding it stale, flat, and unprofitable. The only necessity being to get home, the first letter after his arrival was, of course, full of plans for his return plus wife and infants; he is just like a blob of mercury, you can't put a mental finger upon him. H. and I were laughing over him and recalling Father, and William's resemblance (in their ways) to him. Though the results are the same, they seem to come from such a different nature in the two; in W., an entire inability or indifference "to stick to a thing for the sake of sticking," as some one said of him once, whilst Father, the delicious infant! couldn't submit even to the thraldom of his own whim; and then the dear being was such a prey to the demon homesickness. H. says that certain places on the Continent bring up the old scenes so vividly; Father's sudden return at the end of thirty-six hours,—having left to be gone a fortnight,—with Mother beside him holding his hand, and we five children pressing close round him "as if he had just been saved from drowning," and he pouring out as he alone could the agonies of desolation through which he had come. But to return to our mutton, William; he came with H. on August 14, on his way to Liverpool. He told all about his Paris experience, where he was a delegate to the Psychological Congress, which was a most brilliant success. The French most polite and hospitable; they invited W. to open the Congress, and they always had a foreigner in the chair at the different meetings. I extracted with great difficulty from him that "Monsieur Will-yam Jams" was frequently referred to by the speakers. H. suggested that he might become another case of the great "William." He liked the Henry Sidgwicks and Fred Myers. Mrs. S., though of such proud and ancient lineage, is the exact reproduction in her appearance of a Yankee woman who keeps

a country store. Mrs. Myers paid him the following enigmatic compliment: "We are so glad that you are as you are." This reminds me of what Mrs. Kemble * said to H. about me after her first call, which was more enigmatic still. She arrived, poor lady, dreadfully out of breath from the stairs. I was greatly distressed, but my perturbation, which had been prospectively great, vanished, for Mrs. Kemble without breath was a much less alarming quantity. H. told her afterwards that I had been so troubled about the stairs; she said it was nothing more than what befell her always, and added: "Most fortunately your sister is an American lady, a very different thing from an English lady, I assure you." When I have seen her since, I have always been in such an agony to be the right kind of a lady.

In the pursuit of knowledge I asked Nurse one day whether K. and I were different from English ladies in any way. "Entirely different Miss." "Why how are we different?" "Not so 'aughty, Miss." Truly discouraging.

NOVEMBER 19

What bottomless folly this Brazilian revolution is, confirmed in this morning's paper, and the dread Blaine on our hands!

Just read this: "Two Irishmen in Texas came across a snake; one chopped his head off and kept on pounding his squirming body; whereupon his friend said, 'Why don't you leave off?—it's dead.' 'Sure and I know that, but I want to make the crature sensible of misfortune.' "

M. Delboeuf, the Belgian psychologist, told W. that he had a very rustic and untutored servant, and one day some friends were dining. In pouring out the wine she lifted the glasses up, off the table, and filled them behind the backs of the guests. Finally he said to her, "Versez-le sur la table"; whereupon she poured it on the tablecloth. This was a decidedly abortive

* The Actress.

brain-suggestion. A young man took his young woman to a restaurant and asked her what she would have to drink with her dinner. "I guess I'll have a bottle of champagne." "Guess again," quoth he.

K. has the most estimable habit of paying one compliments, and delicately embroidering any outside reference to one's humble personality that may occur. I make it a rule always to believe the compliments implicitly for five minutes, and to simmer gently for twenty more; that ensures a solid gain of twenty-five minutes out of the twenty-four hours, in which one is in peace and charity of all mankind.

DECEMBER 1

What an indigestion of remarks rentrés I have had since K. left. I shall have to cork myself up again, before long and return to my state of "bottled lightning," as W. calls it; an expression he culled from a story he once read in a Boston newspaper, where the heroine was thus described. I never can forget this either, which I read at the age of fifteen; a witness was asked to describe the appearance of the body of a man who was supposed to have been murdered; she said that "he looked pleasant-like, and foaming at the mouth!"

The whole Liberal-Unionist part stinketh not more with "VIRTUE" than do I when reproving Nurse. I shudder when I hear the inevitable peroration coming forth from my lips: "Nurse, it gives me great pain to have to speak to you thus, but I only do so for your *good*." Was there ever anything so dishonest?

Some one asked K., when she said she thought the "Temple Bar" good, "Oh, do they take in the 'Temple Bar' in America?" One has immediately the ludicrous vision of a number of the T.B. being "taken in" by the two great continents. A curate on the same occasion said he thought "Boulanger so very clever"—the one analytic remark possible to the

British mind. "Clever! why, he has just been defeated, and is nothing but a black horse." "Oh, I never heard of his having a black horse, but I think it is so very clever of him to go to Jersey."

While I think of it I must note, lest unborn generations should think me a plagiarist, that a small joke I made about the cuckoo and the clocks, K. told me, is in Dr. Holmes' *Hundred Days in Europe*. I never saw the book and never read a notice of it. As great minds jump together, this proves conclusively, what I have always maintained against strenuous opposition, that my mind *is Great!* H. says that W. H. has had a most brilliant success in London, and that he was as pleasant as possible, young-looking, and handsomer than ever,—flirting as desperately too. I suppose that his idea of "heaven" is still "flirting with pretty girls," as he used to say. This that he said once still survives in my mind: "Every man sees something of Mrs. Nickleby in his own Mother," which reminds me of Alice's repeating Prof. Farlow asking at the club table one night "Why is every man's aunt so entirely different from his mother?" which is equally good, methinks. I remember the torpid A.G. Sedgwick telling me one day that he had gone to a telegraph office, written his message, and handed it to the clerk, whom he asked "Is it plain?" "Plain, but peculiar." O.W.H. said that the absence of such possibilities is what makes one so homesick in Europe, to the disgust of the offended Arthur.

How funny it is to remember these trifling things, but it is a joy to bring back the past in any way, and I shall put down everything I can think of in this precious reservoir.

I shall have to stop reading French novels; a course of perpetual adulteries becomes more deadly than one can say, and makes one long to fly for excitement to one of Miss Yonge's profligate groups of legitimate offspring; as far as *Morality* I don't think there is much to choose. It must be altogether consoling and exalting to feel that you have discovered and en-

dowed your race with one of the fundamental moralities, as Dumas must with his *Chasteté*. He talks of it as if it were some social lotion (for outward application, only, evidently) for the extermination of all evils and stands awe-struck at his marvellous discovery, like a naif infant.

In a fine speech by John Morley at the Eighty Club, he says that to him "a working-man who cannot get work is an infinitely more tragic figure than any Hamlet or Oedipus." Beautifully and nobly said, *Honest John!* Think of the hideous despair of seeing yourself and children sinking into that black, seething, bottomless gulf which yawns before them from the cradle to the grave. John Morley must be rather disgusted at being vaunted to the skies for being commonly honest.

DECEMBER 2

Nurse had one of her Sabbatical orgies yesterday. She starts forth at dawn and partakes of the "Spirit of Our Lord," and her dissipations are only over at 8:30 P.M. How fortunate that in miracles as in everything else "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte" holds good. Given the first morsel, the feeding of unaccountable millions follows after.

When the parsonic worm, who dwelt beneath us for so long, came up to see me I aired my one bit of theological lore, as I thought, and asked him if they didn't call their communion *consubstantiation* as distinct from *transsubstantiation*. "Oh it sounds just like it, only it isn't." When I asked what it was I received an equally lucid reply. He proposed reading to me, and I in all innocence declined and said that I got plenty of books from the library; and not until K. revealed it to me, did it dawn upon my ingenuous mind that he had spiritual food in his pocket. Now I laughed, and thought of the old negro woman, who, when remonstrated with for stealing a goose and showing excessive piety immediately after at a revival meeting,

exclaimed, "You don't think I'd 'a' let a goose come betwixt me and de Lawd?" My goose wasn't stolen, but I hold the same sentiments.

In the last three days I've seen five people—a crush for me! There are some half a dozen people who have come to see me once and who have never come again, causing me to feel like a Barnum monstrosity which has missed fire.

I wonder whether it would pay to have a long line of ancestry and to come out at the end of centuries—Miss Percy. She amuseth me more than a little, and is more *terre à terre* than anyone I ever saw. She has a brother with her who has been in Australia for seven years and is threatened with complete blindness. She describes the situation as "dull" for him! I asked her some questions yesterday about Australia, especially about the money sent to the "Dockers' Strike," and she replied, "You know there is an immense number of Irishmen in Australia." "But the Dockers weren't Irishmen." "No, but they were on strike and republicans and all that sort of thing." She doubtless considers the Irish question a strike!—striking for a republic.

Another of my inspired circle said, on her return from London, when I asked her what she had heard, "It was all on public affairs, and I never remember anything in which I am not concerned myself." This one was not a scion of an effete race, but is by way of having a *mind!*

The contact with life of the great mass seems to have the surface of a three-penny bit.

The William Sidgwicks came to lunch one day whilst K. was here. It was the day after the French elections and I naturally referred to them with great interest, and to the success of the exhibition, but they made the most languid response. They are intelligent, and usually widely interested, so it was the more disappointing.

DECEMBER 11

How sick one gets of being "good"; how much I should respect myself if I could burst out and make everyone wretched for twenty-four hours; embody selfishness as they say ——— does. If it were only voluntary, and one made a conscious choice, it might enrich the soul a bit; but when it has become simply automatic, through a sense of the expedient, of the grotesque futility of the perverse, it's degrading! And then the dolts praise one for being "amiable!" just as if one didn't avoid ruffling one's feathers as one avoids plum pudding or any other indigestible compound.

DECEMBER 12

Harry spent Tuesday the 3d with me. He is just back from Paris, as amusing as ever about his experiences, seeing things that no one else does. He seems to think that France is in excellent condition. He saw a lot of men, and fell in love with Miss Eames, the prima donna from Maine, or wherever it is. He is very funny over the social subjugation of Europe by the American, which seems as widespread on the continent as it is here. When it comes to Hurlburt and James Gordon Bennett it's rather hard of digestion. Mrs. Von Hoffman told him that one night, at her villa at Cannes, the Comte de Paris had come to her and said that Mr. Bennett was there, and he wanted her to introduce him as he was very anxious to know him. Mrs. V. H. went off reluctantly, not knowing *what* J.G.B. might do. She found him very reluctant, and, in short, he refused to budge, when she found to her horror the Comte close at her heels. As soon as the ceremony was accomplished he asked James to allow him to present him to the Countess, who wanted very much to know him; and turned on his heel to go off and fetch her. Mrs. V.H. could stand it no longer, so she planted her hands in Bennett's back and shoved him forward, so that he should, at least, meet the lady halfway.

The Archibald Groves he saw in Paris; got rooms for them in his hotel, where they stopped on their way to Tangier. He said: "How the drama of life rushes on, and how out of it all poor chloroformed Edmund Gurney seemed." English women, he says, look entirely different in Paris from what they do in London,—not handsome, but big and clumsy. The New Review has had a phenomenal success; in six months' time it is making a fortune. It's surely the flimsiest of the flimsy, and its success throws a light upon the intellectual demands of the moment, which isn't flattering. He told me a funny thing that happened last summer: He knows Mr. George Russell, but never called upon him; one day he met him somewhere, and he (Mr. Russell) did something or other civil about H.'s umbrella,—returned it to him or showed some other striking sign of morality on the subject,—so H. left his card at his door to thank him, when, the servant saying he was at home, H. walked in and paid him a call. A few days after he was at Wadsden and picked up the New Review, when he found himself, to his dismay, among the "Talkers" whom Mr. G. R. was then dissecting. H. unfortunately came directly after Lowell, and was much more tenderly treated than that worthy, which made it the more unpleasant for him. Mr. Russell of course supposed that H.'s call was a return of thanks for the paragraph! As no reference was made he must have thought H. superfluously modest. Mr. R. is extremely sensitive, and he asked H. once how often he had been obliged to leave country-houses suddenly because he had been uncivilly treated therein. When H. said he had never done such a thing he seemed greatly surprised and said, "Sometimes I have gone off in the baker's cart."

One day when my shawls were falling off to the left, my cushions falling out to the right, and the duvet off my knees,—one of those crises of misery, in short, which are all in the

day's work for an invalid, K. exclaimed "What an awful pity it is that you can't say damn." I agreed with her from my heart; it is an immense loss to have all robust and sustaining expletives refined away from one; at such moments of trial refinement is a feeble reed to lean upon.

I wonder whether if I had had an education I should have been more or less of a fool than I am. It would have deprived me surely of those exquisite moments of mental flatulence which every now and then inflate the cerebral vacuum with a delicious sense of latent possibilities, of stretching one's self to cosmic limits; and who would ever give up the reality of dreams for relative knowledge?

DECEMBER 13

The report of the Vigilance Association just come, most unpleasant in tone; the cant of the so-called Purity Party is more offensive than all the others, I think, but the professional philanthropist leaves his trail upon all he touches.

The German Emperor is quite mad, no sort of doubt. Vanity, vanity, what a pitfall thou art! (This from observation, not experience.)

I was greatly touched a little while ago with Constance Maud's talk about her music. She wants to devote herself to it seriously as a profession, but as she is a daughter and not a son, her tastes are set aside, and she has to do parish work! and that pretty badly, I fear. Her compositions are very good, they say, and original; isn't it too bad? She says she doesn't know how she would live without her music; she is to be envied for such a passion. Ah! but she knoweth not the jewel beyond price,—a moral passion, which can know no material obstruction; for which sorrow, loneliness and pain are food; which seeketh not for pleasure, but waiteth patiently till it flowers in happiness.

DECEMBER 14

A good letter yesterday from Alice, in which she says that she and Marg. go to hear Grace Norton discuss, or rather expound, the erudite theme of the French ladies of the Eighteenth Century. Just conceive, with Sainte-Beuve at hand and one's own chimney, straining one's vision to make out the blurred outlines of those clear-cut silhouettes through the fog of Grace's ineptitudes. Her clumsy and blundering handling of creatures whose whole raison d'être was the graceful and the light and sure of touch must be painful. Grace gave Mabel Quincy, as a wedding present, a copy of Montaigne with the "naughty" pages gummed together. Could there be anything more deliciously droll?

I read the other day, somewhere, that the French women during the war had been *sublimes et charmantes*—a truly Gallic combination.

The negro lad who prayed, when leading a revival, "Lord, make thy servant conspicuous," isn't bad. William expressed himself and his environment to perfection when he replied to my question about his house at Chocorua, "Oh, it's the most delightful house you ever saw; it has fourteen doors, all opening outwards." His brain isn't limited to fourteen, perhaps unfortunately. The builder of his Cambridge house said that he had saved two thousand dollars, at least, by going to Europe this summer; for by listening to every suggestion he heard and altering in accordance, his bills ran up.

In talking with H. about the extraordinary adaptability of the American to new circumstances, he said: "He hasn't to cease being something else first; and then he is used all his life to seeing people become anything, in the course of five minutes."

Read Motley's Letters with great interest. How the second volume which relates to the Rebellion warms the heart by the vivid memories it stirs. It all seems as of yesterday, and yet so spiritually remote; for we seem to have passed beyond the

protesting and aggressive patriotism so natural and essential then; and the rejoicings over the victories, in view of the vanquished, have almost a painful ring now. What a curious caprice of fate that the poor man should have had to succumb to Historicus as a son-in-law! He seems to have been honesty itself, and the last creature for diplomacy, with his feminine tendency to intensity. How tiresome all the lists of "people seen" which seem to constitute such a large part of biographies, letters, etc., nowadays, nothing showing the slightest discrimination said.

What a delightful, generous, and human sound Dr. Holmes' letters have, especially in contrast to the self-conscious Lowell. It makes one understand father's enthusiasm for the Doctor, who, he used to say, was worth all the men in the club put together; and how indignant he used to be with Lowell's manner of snubbing him, and admiring of the perfect way the Doctor took it. In his Memoir of Motley, it's really touching how he dwells upon Motley's "beauty" and personal charm, when one thinks of his own limitations. I remember father coming home one Saturday from the dinner and telling, among other things, that Dr. Holmes had asked if he did not find that his sons despised him, and seemed surprised when father said no, that he was not oppressed in that way. "But after all, it is only natural they should, for they stand upon our shoulders," exclaimed the Doctor,—a truly dizzy height for the accomplished and elongated Wendell! The figure immediately presents itself of the two à la church-steeple.

Browning dead—a pity he didn't die a little sooner, before he made such an unpleasant spectacle of himself last summer with Edward Fitzgerald. How profoundly uninteresting to one are great men personally, as compared to the Bachelors for instance; they seem so apart from their work.

I asked Harry if the French *listen* as the English do; he said they all talk at once, like American women. The English

are irreproachable in that way, almost too good, for they don't encourage one by the way with inarticulate applause or dissent; and as the face is, more often than not, passive and expressionless, one is quite in doubt as to whether they are following one or not, so that embarrassing moments come.

DECEMBER 16

Halévy's *Notes et Souvenirs,* combined with *L'Invasion,* are most interesting, psychologically, full of stories showing French human nature *à nu,* tragic and comic, *pêle-mêle;* one of *trahison, gloire,* wrongs, the invariable necessity for a scapegoat, and the awe with which they contemplate themselves doing any common act of generosity or manliness makes one feel as if they were hopeless babies for all time. Two Frenchmen in a horse car in Washington, when two ladies got in and couldn't find seats, said one to the other, "Levons-nous, c'est noble."

I wonder what part of me is fed by snubbing poor little Nurse. Every now and then I have to trample upon the desire which rises within me—a survival of the savage, I suppose, a sense that she is a dependent creature at my mercy for the moment. Hideous! It's pleasant enough to get out sometimes in the summer, but then one has to bother about the weather and one's health every day, contemplate the clouds, and reflect upon one's pains; whereas now it rains and blows without, and grinds away in the bones, and I need never give 'em a thought. Gadders will never believe me, but the days I go out are twice as long in the passing as the shut-up ones.

I suppose that it doesn't show the highest intelligence for a pathologic victim to erect her standard as to the normal, and label all variations therefrom as "queer and unnatural." I have, however, a faint suspicion that the healthy, especially the "healthy-minded"—depressing quantities!—may see things

equally out of proportion. It pleaseth me to think so at any rate.

DECEMBER 17

I read in the Nation last night a notice of Miss Alcott's *Life and Letters,* where mention is made of Harry's writing a review of *Moods* in the North America Review; which reminded me of Father's having met Mr. Alcott in the street one day, and saying to him: "They are reading *Dumps* at home, with great interest." "*Dumps?*" queried Mr. A. "Yes, *Dumps,* your daughter's novel," said the Pater. The suggestive *Moods* reduced to *Dumps!*

Lady Somebody in London was discoursing to me on the depravity of pick-me-ups, and said she never took them, but had beef tea and milk, "for I find that God blesses *them,* but he never blesses the other!" She differs from the little curate who, in discussing the temperance fête, exclaimed: "It's sad that man should abuse God's good gifts." Poor God must be busy; stewing beef and distilling gin! This touch of vanity, of which I read yesterday, maketh of an abbess of the Seventeenth Century, a woman and a sister: in the amusing memoirs of the Electress Sophia of Hanover, she describes her sister Elizabeth, Abbess of Hereford, as knowing "every language and science under the sun, and she corresponded regularly with Descartes"; she was also very handsome, but her nose was apt to grow red, and all her philosophy could not save her from vexation, for when this misfortune overtook her "she used to hide herself from the world." Dear friend, how I feel for you,—retrospectively, not to say introspectively; for which of us has not a red nose at the core of her being, which defies all her philosophy?—the courage of our features being the least attainable of all the heroisms.

Tom Appleton exclaimed on seeing Mrs. Browning's photo,

with the long curls hanging down over her face, "The lap-dog of the soul."

DECEMBER 29

To think of Browning's son disregarding his father's sacred wish to be buried by his wife, in order, it must be, simply to enhance himself. But can the betraying creature so delight in the praise of man as to think that the glories of the Abbey reverberate in heaven? It seems so out of proportion to the reality of things, because Browning, by any possibility, could ever have had but a handful of following. What a commentary that the only offspring of his and his wife's genius and culture should grasp at the glory to be extracted from the flimsy, vulgar fashion of the moment! (This applies to the fashion, not the Abbey. Heaven forbid!)

Christmas Day passed without disaster, and what more can one ask? I had half a dozen giftlets, but the one that hit the bull's-eye was a contribution from the Bachelors, costing threepence. I know the price because Nurse took a week to choose it, and I had to advance the money; this all unknown to the B.'s. They were much distressed when they found it had not cost more, as they calculated upon spending ninepence; they had planned the investment for a year. They are admirable beings, always send their "love" to me instead of their "duty." Bachelor couldn't wait until Wednesday to bring the object (a little brass tray for pins), but left it on Monday, thereby reminding me of the beloved Pater,—so the wise and simple meet,—who used to spoil our Christmasses so faithfully for us, by stealing in with us, when Mother was out, to the forbidden closet and giving us a peep the week or so before. I can't remember whether he used to confess to Mother after, or not, the dear, dear creature! What an ungrateful wretch I was, and how I used to wish he hadn't done it!!

A note just came in from H., in which he says that Browning fils had no choice, that the Florentine municipality behaved so atrociously about opening the cemetery. So the above indignation is rather uncalled-for at this moment, but is, of course, highly valuable as showing how a super-exquisite soul like mine would be affected had the son acted just as he has not. H. says the ceremony was very impressive. But why will they insist upon those tawdry wreaths of flimsy flowers with cards attached—"Miss Evelyn Smalley," etc.,—to enhance the solemnity of death and the Abbey?

I debated at dawn for a couple of hours or so as to whether I should stir up my palpitating heart and jumping-jack of a stomach by remonstrating with Clarkey and request her to transfer the thick layer of "matter in the wrong place" which ornaments the mantelshelf to some other portion of the cosmos; but my "amiability" had its way as usual—for what are the woes of dust as compared to an acrobatic stomach?

Captain O'Shea has laid a "nate" trap for Parnell with his divorce suit, just at this moment. From what one hears, I suppose there is no escape for him. It will complicate matters a bit for the Liberals doubtless, but Irish Home Rule, like "Emancipation," is one of the immutable moralities, and will triumph through whatever delays. But how base are politics,—this putting things off until Death has won in the race, and Mr. Gladstone is laid low. The hyper-refined Unionists have choice allies working for them,—Pigott and this vile O'Shea, who uses his wife's dishonor to destroy his foe; his own sensibilities having lain in wait for three years and more for a telling moment to raise their head.

DECEMBER 30

A young couple—bride eighteen, man twenty-two—came here for their honeymoon. The day after the wedding, he was found to have scarlet fever, and in two days he was dead.

How cruel it is when pain and sorrow come to young things,—they are so helpless; what can they do with it? What a rush of desire to go to them and wrap them about in one's long-accustomedness until the little bewildered soul has woven for itself some sort of casing.

JANUARY, 1890

JANUARY 11

Harry came yesterday, and I had, as always, a happy day with him. I should cry hard for two hours after he goes, if I could allow myself such luxuries, but tears are undiluted poison. This is such a neat example of the abortive nature of human effort that I must give it: A few days after the first number of the Speaker came out, a friend who is very friendly and kind, and often writes to "cheer me up," wrote me one of her good letters, which she concluded thus: "Don't embark on the 'Squeaker.' There is such a miserably written article on Browning; but every one thinks he ought to be emotional and obscure on this topic. It is meant for imitation, I believe." As the said article is written by Harry, she rather failed to cheer that time! After my sisterly susceptibilities had recovered from the shock, and I had towed my stomach and heart back into harbor, they having broke loose, under the impression that they were to have a day to themselves, the comic of the situation overcame me; the disproportion and want of harmony between cause and effect was so excessive. Harry's article so bad as to wreck the Speaker in the present and future; the good lady, through benevolent intentions, prostrating her pallid victim; she doubtless simply bringing up the subject to use the word Squeaker (a Unionist *jeu d'esprit*, I suppose), carefully avoiding politics so as not to stir me up, and seizing upon my one vulnerable point with such energy. It is rather complete. I

think that I do not want her to find out the mistake, or rather mis-direction, but I *know* that there is a sprite within me that would be greatly gratified had she an inkling thereof,—a sprite not only much entertained by the minute illustrative complications which fall within its narrow range, but nimble to run in the follies of mankind, finding 'em so much more tonic than their virtues. How thankful I am that I never struggled to be of those "who are not as others are," but that I discovered at the earliest moment that my talents lay in being *more so*. Hold hard, my friend, the pride of abasement is more insidious one than t'other.

JANUARY 12

How the Brazilian affair, death of the Empress and that poor old man, disgust one with the hideous brutalities of democracies; were it not for the barrier of the ludicrous, one would fain lapse. What a curious nature though, that of the reactionary, deliberately turning his back upon opportunity, refusing to handle the tools of the moment, and stamping himself a failure; being to the mind as some diseased vegetable growth which nips efflorescence, and burrowing all his days in a *cul-de-sac*, instead of floating with the current of expansion, and getting all the fun he can grasp at in the passing.

You would be amused if you saw the paces through which I put poor little Nurse; in the winter she has to applaud my mind, in the summer "me" beauty! In my moments of modesty (don't scoff, I have 'em) I consult her about my letters, and you may be sure she knows too well which side her bread is buttered to do aught but admire. In the summer, when we pass one old frump more sour than the last, I throw myself upon her mercy and ask her if I am as dreadful to look upon as that, when she comes up to time with a reassuring negative, and I sink back on my cushion in my black-goggled, greenery-yellowy loveliness, pacified—for the moment! Ah, but such

heart-rending objects as one sees with no acrid strain to stiffen the sinews, creatures dropped out in the race and left all limp by the wayside, decorating with pathetic tags of lace and pitiful ruffles their squalor,—creatures born with no chance, as if made of the scraps left over in the great human factory, and thrust forth weaponless, to fight in the hideous battle. Canon Leigh says they all drink, but this a figure of his "temperance" brain I fear, for they don't look as if they had ever known even the momentary satisfaction of that passion gratified.

JANUARY 13

Poor little Portugal has succumbed before the Big Bully, and the Standard and Pall Mall Gazette are glorious over the "resolute attitude"—the mastiff confronting the toy-terrier! Compare the slump before Bismarck on the Samoa question.

K. said, when she came back from London, that she had lunched one day at Mrs. Ashburner's with Mrs. Boreham, born Dabney, and Annie Richards, and that they all agreed that they liked English people individually, extremely, but that taken en masse their bullying brutality made them simply odious. This was rather interesting, as Mrs. Ashburner and May Boreham have both English husbands. I wonder if the latter didn't tell her husband after she got home,—one would feel so disloyal in discussing his people behind his back; but doubtless he wouldn't have the faintest idea of what she felt; they are mostly such pachyderms.

This is the sort of thing that well people are always saying to the weak, and they have no conception of their cruelty: A poor old maid here was at some parish meeting, and the Vicar's wife said to her, "you know we don't ask you to help us in this work, because you'd faint"; branding the poor thing with incompetency because last year, after a hard day's work, she had grown faint on one occasion. But it is impossible that the two ever should understand one another, for when most sympathetic

they well let fly their wildest shots. A while back I was greatly enjoying a friend from home, who went far back and in whose presence the past revived for a bit, when suddenly she removed herself to the planet Mars by asking me whether I was in pain anywhere at that moment. She stood at the foot of my sofa, but she had no gift to divine that pain was as the essence of the Universe to my consciousness, and that ghastly fatigue was a palpable substance between us. How could she? We were emotionally blended, but what common ground had we physically, especially as I had bluffed off her investigations?

The gentlemen of the Round Table must be amused at the contemplation of how seriously they are taken in the Nineteenth Century, by their compatriots. I read a bit of Mark Twain's book and found it tedious enough; but this isn't the point. A horror that these holy and moral quantities should be made fun of! To let the wit play lightly about what has long been taken with such solemnity is a somersault for which the muscles of their minds are not limber enough. These developments are most amusing to contemplate; they are so naif in giving themselves away to the scoffer.

JANUARY 29

I have had a dev'lish headache and no mistake! I sought for "Roosian" * symptoms, but all in vain, 'twas too, too familiar Yankee! There is no hope of my sowing a microbe. Providence, with its improvident wasteful ways, will forget to send any to my address, simply because 'twould sweep away so cleanly my little rubbish heap. An infant bacillus would make one bite of me.

My being, however, has been stirred to its depths by what I might call ghost microbes imported in my Davenport, which came from home ten days ago. In it were my old letters; I fell upon Father's and Mother's and could not tear myself away

* The first year of the influenza epidemic, at first called "Russian influenza."

from them for two days,—one of the most intense, exquisite and profoundly interesting experiences I ever had. I think if I try to give it form its vague intensity will take limits to itself, and the "divine anguish" of the myriad memories stirred grow less. Although they were as the breath of life to me, as the years have passed they have always been as present as they were at first, and will be for the rest of my numbered days (with their little definite portion of friction and serenity, so short a span), until we three are blended together again, if such should be our spiritual necessity. But as I read it seemed as if I had opened up a postscript of the past and that I had had, in order to find them truly, really to lose them. It seems now incredible to me that I should have drank as a matter of course at that ever springing fountain of responsive love, and bathed all unconscious in that flood of human tenderness. The letters are made of the daily events of their pure, simple lives, with souls unruffled by the ways of men, like special creatures, spiritualized and remote from coarser clay,—Father ringing the changes upon the Mother's perfections, he not being of the order of "charming man who hangs up his fiddle outside his own front door," for his fireside inspired his sweetest music; and Mother's words breathing her extraordinary selfless devotion, as if she simply embodied the unconscious essence of wife-and-motherhood. What a beautiful picture do they make for the thoughts of their children to dwell upon. How the emotions of those two dreadful years when I was wrenching myself away from them surge through me,—the first haunted by the terror that I should fail him, as I watched the poor old man fade, day by day,—"his fine fibre," William said, "wearing and burning itself out at things too heavy for it,"—until the longing cry of his soul was answered and the dear old shrunken body was "lying beside Mary on the hilltop in Cambridge." Mother died Sunday Evening, January 20, 1882; Father on Monday

mid-day December 19, 1883; and now I am shedding the tears I didn't shed then.

FEBRUARY 10

I'll not use that word recommended by K., but which is denied, with her other rights, to woman, but I shall proclaim that any one who spends her life as an appendage to five cushions and three shawls is justified in committing the sloppiest kind of suicide at a moment's notice.

Since I last wrote, the fierce dog next door thought one day that he would partake of Miss Percy's pug puppy for lunch; the results were pleasing for the neighborhood. I collapsed, and had to send for my Primrose Knight—Dr. Wilmot. Although a devoted fox-hunter, he shuddered most successfully over the laceration of the pug, illustrating quite triumphantly the theory of the infinitesimal; for had he been among a group of English gentlemen gazing at some poor object hunted to its death by twenty hounds, he ne'er would have winked. To be sure, this homeopathic operation in a garden didn't gloriously display the passion for "manly sport" inherent in the "brave Briton" nor was it arranged for the amusement of the gentleman—I beg its pardon—the fox.

The Ripleys write that great-grandfather, Hugh Walsh, left Ireland in a broken-hearted condition in his youth, because he was not allowed to marry a young lady with whom he was in love. What his social position was they know not, but he must have had some money, for he settled at Newburgh on the Hudson, and consoled himself by starting a soap(!) factory; he later took to building sloops. He married, and named one of his daughters after his first flame. He must have come, like grandfather James, from that debased Ulster; what a humiliation for me. I suppose they didn't suspect what was to spring from them, or they would have managed better.

Katie and Henrietta Rodgers were very funny about great-

grandfather Robertson, who came from Rannoch in Perthshire, they say. After he had made his fortune in linen in New York, he returned to Perthshire, and collected the bones of his forefathers and put a monument over them. He then took to his bosom his third wife and sailed away. After they had been at home a little while, he found that the bride had pinched Aunt Wyckoff (Cousin Helen Perkins' mother) who was his youngest and favorite daughter; so he rose in his wrath and shipped her back to Scotland, and she was heard of no more. They say that the blue Robertson Canton china, which came from cousin Helen, through Mother, to me, and which is now at Harry's, in De Vere Gardens, must be two hundred years old, quite. Katie Rodgers, with perfect solemnity, assured me that the Robertson descent could be traced back to Robert Bruce, King of Scotland! I asked how? "Why, why, Robertson, son of Robert—er—er—Bruce." She showed me the coat-of-arms, but whether it was of the house of Robertson, Bruce, or of "er—er," I couldn't clearly make out. Henrietta, who seemed a scoffer, said: "Well, if you have a coat-of-arms, it's dreadfully out at elbows." Methinks that the collection of the ancestral bones by the old gentleman sounds more like pauper than royal ancestors.

But I must relate the consul's visit,—the sixth who has visited me couch since I've been in England!

FEBRUARY 12

Here is a beautiful, touching tale: An old couple near London somewhere, who had lived together for half a century, were beyond all work, and had had to sell all their things, and had nothing before them but the dreaded Union, where they would have meat and drink, to be sure, but where they would be divided; they could meet all but that, so one day they went out together and never came back, and their old bodies were found tied together in the river. How perfect a death!

The men of the House of Savoy seem alone to have that sense of the picturesque which lifts them out of the vulgar and flimsy platitude of contemporary monarchs. As the Duke of Aosta lay dying, he told the priest who was standing by his bedside to go and rest. The old man turned away, and a man who was standing among the others, stepped forward and took his hands and said: "Thanks." The priest then expressed some sorrow and affection for the duke, when "Thanks" was repeated with much emotion. As the room was dark, the confessor said: "I don't know who you are." "I am his brother."

In all the five years I have been in England, I have never heard or read of a word said by "our family" which would give one reason for supposing that they had the faintest conception of what they represented, save on the flimsiest side. Andrew Lang's "unusually usual grocer" is infinitely more capable of a lyric burst than they. When you think, too, that with teeth drawn and trimmed claws they are caged within the ignominies of a constitutional monarchy, and that flowers of rhetoric alone are left to give them, for a moment, the illusion that they share the birthright of their humblest subject, and are not slaves but men, they seem paltry enough.

FEBRUARY 13

Mary Cross said that she had read in Herbert Spencer's autobiography, which had been lent to her, the following: Herbert Spencer one day, in talking to Huxley, said that the only thing to hope for was to make a little mark before one died; to which Huxley replied, "Oh, no matter about the mark if one only gives a shove." At first it makes Huxley seem the bigger animal of the two,—which he is, no doubt,—but surely Herbert restores the balance by repeating it to his own harm, if he doesn't make it tip a little through the superior weight of voluntary virtue over spontaneous. (Shade of my Father, visit me not, if that heresy fall upon thine ear!)

No collector has greater joy over his specimens than have I with my human bric-a-brac, the Bachelors. They are so unlike our accidental, mushroom poor; so many generations of poverty have gone to the making of 'em; they are so decent, penned in their rudimentary sensations, as compared to us, the sport of fugitive, fantastic emotions, they are truly precious!

In this world pour-rire this methinks takes the cake: two thousand years of Christianity, as interpreted by the pious of all nations, necessitates that, when a poor girl goes wrong, she should be ejected from all societies to which she belongs, instituted for the purpose of keeping her in the straight path.

In this way "we" endear ourselves to our neighbours. This summer it was proposed that a society should be formed for the "protection" of the London barmaids, who went in large numbers to Paris to the Exposition.

I am in a porcupine fit with little Nurse; she is no more bewildered than I am, and we both have simply to undergo it as one of the endless forms of moral dyspepsia. There is one comfort,—she doesn't suffer one hundredth part of what I do. It's her genius for prevarication that I can't bear up against. Instead of remembering that it is the only defence she has against my caprice, I preach to her, and tell her that I would rather have her tell twenty honest lies than act one, which must be clear as mud to her befogged little brain. Think of being dependent upon the whims of another for bread! And how can we, the Haves, ever hope to enter remotely into the inspiring motives of the Have-nots? She truly is also taught by the rules of a guild to which she belongs to conceal certain things if the revealing of them endangers her livelihood. Pious conversation is one; if it is not relished by the patient, "relinquish the topic, and confine yourself to intercessory prayer," which may do good, and at any rate won't endanger your place. I often wonder if she is interceding with the Most High for this reckless sinner! I rather imagine she considers the case too hope-

less. The head of the guild is a certain Rev. Something, who writes these guides for conduct. One thing I am glad to have learned,—that we think that our servants lie because they are Catholics. Since I have been in England I have had half a dozen attendants,—"lady nurses" among them,—and they have all been robust fibbers; they have all been pious too; but those who have had the most ardent thirst for the "Spirit," etc., are stronger in prevarication than in direct lies, as if their genuflexions had developed the dramatic element, and their minds become attuned to the evasive clerical circumlocution.

I once tried an intelligent companion. She began by a "literary remark" in order to meet the requirements of the situation. It was to the effect that "Longfellow was such a deep poet"; and the climax of her being seemed to have been reached on some occasion when James T. Fields took her into dinner.

Although she showed such tact in choosing my native geniuses, we parted shortly most amiably and expensively,—to continue on so high a key was too great a strain. I believe she was a cousin of Wilkie Collins, who had always been very kind in helping her. I fell back again upon the pious fibbers; I had sounded their depths, and they could have no more surprises for me. I suppose, however, that in a self-righteous manner I shall continue to chastise the prevaricator. I must hasten to add that I am intelligent enough in the stress of circumstances to be a great adept in the "thumping lie"; but it is very complicated to use it often, as it involves so many more,—like the passion of love, which, according to Massimo d'Azeglio, should be shunned of youth because "it involves a course of perpetual lying!" Vide his charming *Memoirs*. The ennobling and superlative passion! Will mankind ever be brothers?

Julia Marcou whose father was French, told me that one of her friends in Paris who was just married told her of her excitement in going out alone for the first time, and how fright-

ened she was in finding that a gentleman was following her; as she approached her house, her terror increased lest she should meet her husband, for he would think that she had encouraged the man! She suddenly took out her purse, and handed the creature a penny; whereupon he turned upon his heel, and she was saved from seeing her husband degrade himself. Julia told me this as quite natural. Surely, there is an unbridged gulf between the Northern man and him of the Latin races!

FEBRUARY 15

'Tis wonderful how easy 'tis to be profound, in all innocence too, thereby losing unfortunately a moment of inflation,—a thing always to be cherished. Some one was describing a Mrs. B. and said that she was very ambitious of success for her husband,—conventional success, of course, she meant; politics was the line; whereupon I said: "She is a simple organization, then?" which created much confusion, and had to be justified by pointing out that the pursuit of any "success" to be seen of man is simply a survival of the finite ambition of the savage. He scalped his victim; she must transmute his tomahawk into an imperceptible soul and a thick skin, turn all her energies to the grosser elements of life, circumventing envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. But what of the success made up of all delicate shades and subtle tones, that makes no sign, but is known alone to the bosom that attains it,—that floods the mind with infinite delight when least expected; that has never mistaken pleasure for that shy bird happiness whose song is only to be heard of the ears of the soul? Surely it has not sunk deeply into the mind of men that *The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here! or Lo, there! for behold, the Kingdom of God is within you!*

FEBRUARY 17

I find myself, as the months pass, more and more oppressed

by the all-pervasive sense of pharisaism in the British constitution of things. You don't feel it at first, and you can't put your finger upon it in your friends; but as the days go by you unfold it with your Standard in the morning, and it rises dense from the Pall Mall Gazette in the evening; it creeps through the cracks in the window frames like the fog, and envelopes you through the day. I asked H. once how it struck him from his wider and varied field, not wanting my view to become cramped upon conclusions drawn from my centimetre of observation; he said that he didn't think that it could be exaggerated. It's woven of a multiplicity of minute details and incidents which elude you in the telling, but which seem to exist in the texture of things, and leave a dent in the mind as they file past. A monarchy to which they bow down in its tinsel capacity only, denying to it a manly movement of any sort! A boneless church, broadening itself out, up to date; the hysterical legislation over a dog with a broken leg, whilst society is engaged in making bags of four thousand pheasants, or gloating over foxes torn to pieces by a pack of hounds; the docility with which the classes enslave themselves to respectability or non-respectability, as the "good-form" of the present may be; the "sense of their betters" in the masses; the passivity with which the workingman allows himself to be patted and legislated out of all independence; then the profound irreconcilable in the bone and sinew conviction that outlying regions are their preserves, for they alone of the human races massacre savages out of pure virtue. It would ill become Americans to reflect upon the treatment of aboriginal races; but I never heard it suggested that our hideous dealing with the Indians was brotherly love masquerading under the disguise of pure "cussedness."

It would have been highly immoral, when K. was here, not to get as much work out of her as possible; so the second week she began upon Woking. I had got discouraged about cremation, having been told that it was very fussy and expensive; so

she wrote for the circular to be sent by the cremation people,—when, lo! it's as simple and inexpensive as possible,—only six guineas, and one extra for a parson. Me ashes are to be put in an urn, and sent home to be buried beside Father and Mother, in the cemetery at Cambridge,—so that we shall not be myths, as Harry suggests we might otherwise become. 'Tis a great waste that I didn't die whilst K. was here. She could have carried home the urn in her top berth. It seems delightfully clean to elude in this way that early riser, the unpleasant "wurrum," and I am greatly in hopes that

> "The worms crawled in,
> And the worms crawled out,"

will not be true of my return to dust.

Then we began upon my will, which I wanted to make over again, leaving out, of course, those who had offended me since my last, as a cousin of Lilla Walsh's used to do, who re-made hers every few weeks. K. told me that as long as I indulged in no amateur legal terminology, but confined myself strictly to my vernacular, it would be all right; so she wouldn't allow me even one decorative "bequeath." She wrote to the consul at Birmingham to ask him if it had to be signed in his presence, and he said yes; so hearing that Lizzie Putnam was at Banbury and was coming to spend a certain afternoon, K. telegraphed to the consul,—as it was so good to get a Boston witness. The arrival of this august personage, the consul, naturally caused me to "go off," and I had to be put to bed,—when the most amusing scene followed. With Nurse at my head, I lay in a semi-faint, draped in as many frills as could be found, with the thickest layer of her anxious-devoted-nurse expression on, as K. told me after, when through a mist I vaguely saw five black figures file into my little bower, headed by the most extraordinary little man,—all gesticulation and grimace,—who planted himself at the foot of the bed and, stroking my knees,

began a long harangue to the effect that he and his wife had both "laid upon a bed of sickness,"—which seemed to constitute an incontrovertible reason for my immediate recovery. K. with difficulty restrained him from reading the will aloud there and then; he has doubtless not forgiven this dam thrown across to arrest the flood of his eloquence. It was so curious for me, just like a nightmare effect; and I felt as if I were assisting at the reading of my own will, surrounded by the greedy relatives, as in books. After they had filed in and out several times, and become tangled in as much resounding red-tape as the creature could reel off for the occasion, they went off downstairs to an "elegant" tea, where the consul entertained them with his whole history, and the digestive processes of his domestic circle, which seem to be in a sadly disorganized condition. He asked K. whether she was related to "our great minister to Portugal, Geo. B. Loring." Imagine the condition of a "Peabody Loring" having such an insult hurled at her. He also wanted to know whether Postmaster James and I were consanguineous. I, not having been *born*, (ahem!) was able to take things more easily; besides, Mr. James, I believe, was a man to be related to whom would have been an honour. Miss Blanche Lepping-ton, who had been asked to be a witness, told K. afterwards that she hadn't looked at my face, but that she felt as if she "ought to keep an eye fixed upon Miss James' hand." She also said the scene "will remain in my thoughts as the most pathetic I ever saw, and in my imagination as the [most] picturesque and American." I can't complain of not being taken seriously, and I think it is the first time that *picturesque* and *American*, which are usually supposed to neutralize one another so completely, were ever conjoined. In recounting the story to H. he said: "You can't say you've done nothing for your race, since you've brought that about in your own person."

FEBRUARY 19

Beatrice Bowyer came in yesterday in all her beautiful young radiance, to see me on her engagement. She seemed like a creature transformed, having lost all her shyness, and her face beaming with happiness; she has always been handsome, but now she is beautiful. May her present sunshine know no clouding! A lovely vision to keep by one to illuminate the memory. How an engagement always warms and stirs the spinsterial heart. Here, however, is the opposite view: our superexcellent slavey, Louisa, said to Nurse last night that you must be as happy as you can be while you are young, because after you "*never*" can be. When Nurse asked why, "Because you'll be married, and how can you be happy with a man at your back all the time?" She then went on to say that she never would marry as long as she could possibly help it. She seemed persuaded that marriage was a fate which could not be eluded, but simply postponed, and a husband an absolute evil without even momentary, illusory seductions. Her mother on Valentine's Day gave birth to olive-branch number seven, which explains doubtless, the intensity of her convictions. The baby is to be called "Valentine Jacob," according to Louisa. She went home once for the day, and when asked how she enjoyed herself she beamed and said that she had enjoyed herself greatly, for "Father had me on all day!"

FEBRUARY 20

Little Harry said once to his mother: "Oh! mamma, I've such a broad stomach-ache!"

But to return to the consul: from what K. told me of his talk, he was a typical being, a Western politician,—"only accepted the Birmingham place as personal favour to President Harrison," etc.,—the sort of creature whom one has never seen, but who swarm in the West and Southwest, I suppose, dread

thought. What a blessed arrangement 'tis that our own vulgar ones are mitigated for us by the power to divine more or less the circumstances responsible for 'em, and are consequently simply relative in their offensiveness; but how can they be anything but *absolute* to the foreigner?

I had such a curious impression of a type in seeing Mrs. R. L. Stevenson in London. From her appearance, Providence or Nature, whichever is responsible for her, designed her as an appendage to a hand-organ; but I believe she is possessed of great wifely virtues, and I have read some excellent letters written by her to H.,—but such egotism, and so naked, giving one the strangest feeling of being in the presence of an unclothed being!

It is the most supremely absurd thing to hear Americans denying any grotesque possibility which is said by a traveller to have taken place on our fluid continent. One day, in London, I heard Mary Porter, in my room, informing two English ladies of the manners and customs at home, her standard being the artificial and sophisticated Newport. I couldn't stand it, and immediately, to Mary's disgust, told some Western anecdotes. K. told me these two tales when she was here. One day last spring, at Asheville, N. C., on their way North, she overheard at the table a father and mother and two daughters talking.

Father: "It's delightful to be in an hotel where you can eat dinner without gloves on."

Daughter: "Why, father, I think it's quite rulable to do so when the family is alone."

Father: "Your mother doesn't think so. I always have to eat my dinner and play whist with my gloves on."

This she actually heard, so there must exist a gloved and "rulable" race somewhere in the broad land.

K. also told me that she was once on one of the big Mississippi steamboats. In the evenings they used to have a hop in the

saloon, off which the staterooms opened. At the doors of their rooms the mammas sat matronizing their daughters. As they grew tired, they gradually "retired," put themselves in their berths, re-opened their doors and continued their duties from that vantage ground!

FEBRUARY 21

From the Standard: "The following extraordinary letter, addressed to the Chairman, caused great amusement at a meeting of the Richmond Board of Guardians yesterday morning:

'The Hermitage, Barnes, Feb. 19.

Dear Sir:

The small number of inmates attending the Sunday services at the Richmond Union Workhouse Chapel is a deplorable fact, and the Guardians have acted wisely in discussing the subject, and suggesting means for an improvement of the present condition of things. I have no desire to interfere in any way with your chaplain, though I would be glad to help him in making his congregation more numerous. With that view I beg to make application for the post of assistant chaplain, which I am willing to fill without any fixed salary. I have had considerable experience in reforming the worldly, and I believe I could solve the great problem which is now troubling the Guardians. I only ask for payment by results. If there are three hundred inmates, I think in the course of a few months I could get two hundred and fifty of these at the Sunday services. I would only stipulate that the Guardians should pay me four pence per head for every addition to the present number regularly attending the chapel, with an extra penny per head for each case in which I bring a Roman Catholic to the Established Faith. I would also undertake to make the musical services attractive, if the Guardians would allow me to put the best singing inmates in surplices, which the lady visitors might make for them. I would with your permission, introduce full choral service, with an occasional orchestral accompaniment. This I could make easy, as one of my sons plays the oboe, and the other the fife, while my daughters are proficient in the

'cello, the cornet, and the double bass. I can also do a little on the trombone, and I would willingly undertake the conductorship. I do not doubt that in a very little time, with bright and cheerful services, I could bring the whole of the inmates to chapel regularly. As a minister of the Establishment I am very anxious to commence my duty forthwith, and shall be glad if you will lay my letter before the Guardians at their next meeting, feeling assured that my inexpensive offer will be gladly accepted. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

PETER THOMAS M'CULLUM'

The Guardians declined the offer with thanks."

'Tis surely a moment of religious pallor when the rescue of a soul from Rome has the modest value of five pence.

There is one gain certainly: the ancient superstition as to spring and youth being the joyous periods is pretty well exploded. As the one is the most depressing moment of the year, so is the other the most difficult of life. Spring not only depresses us physically, but in proportion to the revelation of natural beauty "la souffrance innée . . . de n'être que nous; le désir vague d'en sortir et de nous mêler à l'être universel" overwhelms us and fills us with despair. And what joys of youth equal this blessed moment of middle life, when, serene and sure of our direction, all the simple incidents of daily life and human complication explain and enrich themselves as they are linked and fitted to the wealth of past experience; whilst the blank youthful mind, ignorant of catastrophe, stands crushed and bewildered before the perpetual postponement of its hopes, things promised in the dawn that the sunset ne'er fulfills. Owing to muscular circumstances, my youth was not of the most ardent, but I had to peg away pretty hard between twelve and twenty-four, "killing myself," as some one calls it—absorbing into the bone that the better part is to clothe one's self in neutral tints, walk by still waters, and possess one's soul in silence.

How I recall the low grey Newport sky in that winter of

'62-63; as I used to wander about over the cliffs, my young soul struggling out of its swaddling-clothes, as the knowledge crystallized within me of what life meant for me, a knowledge simple, single, and before which all mystery vanished. A spark then kindled, which every experience, great and small, has fed into a steady flame which has illuminated my little journey, and which, although it may have burned low as the waters rose, has never flickered out,—"une pensée unique, éternelle, toujours mêlée à l'heure presente." How profoundly grateful I am for the temperament which saves me from the wretched fate of those poor creatures who never find their bearings, but are tossed like dried leaves hither, thither and yon, at the mercy of every event which o'ertakes them; who feel no shame at being vanquished, or at crying out at the common lot of pain and sorrow; who never dimly suspect that the only thing which survives is the resistance we bring to life and not the strain life brings to us.

MARCH 3

I am continually amused by my naïve irritation before the *Church*. To have reached middle age and to be able to contemplate as an absolutely new discovery what is traditional and automatic in the daily life of most of one's kind, is a gain in so restricted a career, for it is *El Dorado* of impressions, moral amazes, mental tortuosities and spiritual repulsions,—as if I opened up at the end of the Nineteenth Century a virgin mine of ecclesiastical iniquities.

Nurse, I think, has had a mild attack of influenza; at any rate, she has looked and felt very poorly for a few days, but she kept up bravely. I collapsed for a few days and cultivated as much "prostration" as possible, but all in vain; the little beasties are too wise to think that they can make a feast off the pale fluid that stagnates in my veins, so I shall drag on a bit longer. But what does it matter?—a few headaches more or

less and 'twill be over. 'Tis rather droll though, that my having a few more headaches should be essential to the development of the race. But droller than my headaches is the ardent outpouring of one "The Hon. Reginald Brett," whose young (?) soul has been vexed to the length of a column on the Pall Mall Gazette over the Arthurian blasphemies of Mark Twain. Calm thyself, Reginald! Take Mark as a refined humorist or a vulgar buffoon, as may be best for your taste, but do not make thyself the butt, dear Brett, for the merriment of your unscrupulous cousins beyond the sea, by taking him with *solemnity;* few things are worth it,—perhaps neither you nor I; how much less, then, M.T. The muddle in thy ingenuous mind, shown in the following, methinks is curious enough to preserve:

"If cruelty has obtained in European struggles for causes which appear to us, judging with fuller light, inadequate or vain, it must not be forgotten that in America the most savage war of modern times—in which thousands of helpless prisoners were starved to death on one side, and wounded men crawling from the field of battle were shot in cold blood on the other—was relentlessly waged between men of one race and one speech!"

Dost think that the war was waged with no object save as a vent for energy? Or is the freeing of millions of human beings from bondage a cause unworthy to lift up the hearts of wives to send forth their husbands and mothers their sons to battle?

The behaviour of the Unionist and Tory is simply the *bête* carried to its supreme expression. It is truly a great misfortune for a people to be so destitute of inspiration, and so completely without honour, as to be left absolutely naked to itself. If you could read, too, the chorus going up to heaven on all sides over the love of manliness and fairness in the Briton's bosom!—those qualities of which they are always assuring the rest of the world they hold the monopoly. The Englishman, however,

should not be held accountable for being mentally so abject before the Irishman; he is helpless, for there is absolutely nothing in his organization wherewith he can conceive of him, and his self-respect naturally has no other refuge save in loathing and despising him. He has no wings to his mind to bear him whither his leaden feet are inapt for carrying him; so that it is only now, at the end of seven centuries, that he is beginning faintly to divine that in Ireland, above all other lands, there are impalpable spiritualities which rise triumphant and imperishable before brutalities.

MARCH 9

Often in the stillness of the night the voice of a woman, hardly human in its sound, saying, without pause, in a raucous monotone, "You're a loi-er. You're a loi-er," mingled with the drunken notes of a man and with a feeble gin-suckled wail for chorus, reverberates within me. One night, as I was going to bed in De Vere Gardens (not *al fresco*, but under H.'s roof), these horrible sounds rose from a passage at the side of the house. Nurse discovered that it was a man and woman fighting over a baby!—a bundle of rags containing a spark of human life sending up its piteous protest. It was like a descent into Hell.

I asked Mary Porter one day, who was then living at the East End in the midst of it all, whether she ever escaped from it; if it didn't dwell within her, and haunt her through all the hours. She didn't seem to know what I meant—ah! she has no stomach, happy mortal!

It would be curious to know what "liar" means to them; it seems such a very sophisticated form of reproach.

Mrs. Lathbury told me that she found the East-enders had an infinitely finer perception of right and wrong than she had! What satisfaction can there be in humbugging one's self in that fashion?

Imagine my "going-off" on hearing the result of the St. Pancras election! Naturally the imminent prospect of seven hundred more elections in the pit of me stomach isn't seductive. How strange 'twould be not to be under the dominion of that mighty organ, save digestively. No fiat of the fateful three was ever more immutable than the decrees sent forth by that pivot of my being! Mentally, no fate appalls me; but morally, no crawling worm was ever so abject as I am before the convolutions of that nest of snakes, coiling and uncoiling themselves. What pain remotely approaches the horror of those hours, which may swamp one at any moment, passed second by second, hanging as it were by a cobweb to Sanity!

How revolting, Sarah Bernhardt acting in a Passion Play! She is a moral abscess, festering with vanity.

MARCH 22

The women seem to do here certainly what so rarely happens at home—marry again. 'Tis always a surprise; not that I have any foolish young flexibility about it—for I am only too glad to see creatures grasp at anything, outside murder, theft, or intoxication, from which they fancy they may extract happiness. But it reveals such a simple organization to be perpetually ready to renew experience in so confiding a manner, playing the old tune with variations simply. As they do it within a year or two, the moral flesh must be as healthy as that pink substance of which they are physically compact, the torn fibres healing themselves by first intention evidently. The subjective experience being what survives any relation, you would suppose that the wife-part of you had been sufficiently developed in one experiment—at any rate that you would like to contemplate the situation a bit from the bereft point of view; but no, they are ready to plunge *into love again* at a moment's notice, as if 'twere quantity, not quality, of emotion that counted.

One had expected to see Bismarck disappear in the course of nature, and his hideous anachronisms gradually follow, but to have him "crushed," *more suo*, by his nursling too, is as rejoiceful as it is droll. 'Tis rather alarming, however, for although, as H. says, his internal policy seemed worthy of Boulanger, he *did* make for peace, while this whipped syllabub of a young man rushing it, makes one feel as secure as if he were a child playing with matches in a powder magazine.

"It is not in my power to reward your services according to their full value. I must, therefore, be satisfied at assuring you of my never-ending thanks and of those of the fatherland. I bestow on you the dignity of a Duke of Lauenburg as a sign of these thanks, and I shall send you my life-size portrait. Wilhelm, I.R."

Console thyself, Bismarck, the portrait might have been colossal!

I should like to be Wilhelm for half an hour. He is such a perfect specimen,—more completely under the illusion of his own individuality and absolutely remote from the possibility of taking his relative measure than any known contemporary quantity.

Nurse's father is a national schoolmaster in Prestbury near Cheltenham, which, she told me when she first came, with immense pride, was "the hotbed of Ritualism." This is how the Spirit permeates the pedagogic bosom. In talking about the Christmas tree I said: "Why, what a big one it must take for three hundred children!" To which Nurse replied that only about half of the children were asked, as there was not room enough. "How does he choose them?—the best scholars, I suppose." "Oh, no; he asks only the children that come to Sunday-school; so that the chapel children won't get in." This the great Christian festival, symbolizing the Brotherhood of Man!—too, too lovely!

MARCH 25

Henry came on the 10th to spend the day; Henry, the Patient, I should call him. Five years ago, in November, I crossed the water and suspended myself like an old woman of the sea, round his neck, where to all appearances I shall remain for all time. I have given him endless care and anxiety, but notwithstanding this and the fantastic nature of my troubles, I have never seen an impatient look upon his face or heard an unsympathetic or misunderstanding sound cross his lips. He comes at my slightest sign, and "hangs on" to whatever organ may be in eruption, and gives me calm and solace by assuring me that my nerves are his nerves, and my stomach his stomach, —this last a pitch of brotherly devotion never before approached by the race. He has never remotely hinted that he expected me to be well at any given moment—that burden which fond friend and relative so inevitably imposes upon the cherished invalid. But he has always been the same since I can remember, and has almost as strongly as Father that personal susceptibility, what can one call it,—it seems as if it were a matter of the scarfskin, as if they perceived through that your mood, and were saved thereby from rubbing you raw with their theory of it or blindness to it.

I was so pleased to come a little while ago across the following in a letter of William's to Wilkie, in February, '66, after his return from Brazil: "Harry, I think much improved; he is a noble fellow, so true, delicate and honourable,"—all of which is as true in 1890 as then. I was, of course, much gratified to find this farther one: "and Alice has got to be quite a nice girl," —hasn't it the true fraternal condescension in its ring? I am afraid that I have fallen from such altitudes since at various moments.

To give a specimen of Harry's absolute unworldliness and inability to conceive of the base, notwithstanding his living so much in the world, he writes *à propos* of Cousin Henry W.'s

will and the fear that Albert, or rather the depraved Mrs. Albert, should contest it: "I suppose William will get, at any rate, his $5,000; there would be a baseness in Mrs. W.'s grudging that, and her having to do that sort of thing if she does contest it, that may shame her from it." The beautiful and babe-like innocence of this view of Mrs. W., who spends all her time betting at horse-races, being so overcome by the superiorities of the adored William as to be shamed into virtue, is truly touching.

H. seems to be cheerful about his play, and to be unable to grasp my flutterations about it. What a "state" I was in when he told me, six months ago, as a great secret, that he had embarked. I had to tell some one about it, or have exploded; so of course there was nothing to turn to but little Nurse. I could cry, if it were not so much better an investment to laugh, over my poverty in the way of receptacles for my overflow,—such a contrast to the vast and receptive reservoirs of the past. Nurse undergoes it all passively, finding it a pleasant change from the iniquities of the parson and M. Balfour, which she has in such monotonous alternation.

MARCH 30

I have an exquisite thirty seconds every day; after luncheon I come in from my rest, and before the window is closed I put my head out, and drink in a long draught of the spring, made of the yellow glory of the daffodils on the balcony, the swelling twiggery of the old trees in front, the breathless house-cleaning of the rooks, the gradation of the light in transition, and the mystery of birth in the air. What hours of roaming would give me a more intense absorption of the ever-recurring miracle than those few moments which sink into my substance?

The "home" feeling which you can, with good will and if such be the need of your being (after one home, full-grown and seemingly indestructible into which you were born, has melted

away under your eyes), fabricate between any four walls, is, to my great delight, possessing me more and more here, in these two rooms. The illusion is greatly fostered by the succession of the seasons, which has taught me just what to expect; so that I recognize the "seen before" in their chiaroscuro effects, and know with what tint of spectacles to heighten the depths and soften the crudities. To the perverse it must seem contemptible that a day should be made worth living by a ray of light shed athwart it, suggestive of past rays and pregnant with those to come. But the wilful love their miseries, and have no desire to save wear and tear by being friends not only with themselves, but with their wallpaper and the sofa-cushions, to say nothing of the "chiffoneer"—the nucleus of the lodging-house scheme of adornment. I must allow, however, that I haven't been strong before the antimacassars and the Nottingham lace curtains. I simply won't assimilate 'em. There were *seventeen* when I first came, and I have gradually eliminated them; and at the end of three years there is no sign left. I had to go slowly on account of Clarkey's feelings, but they were too depressing, and neutralized all higher suggestion!

In a letter from H. this morning he tells of the engagement of the "charming Sylvia du Maurier to Arthur Davis—a remarkably fine and handsome young fellow, although as yet a penniless barrister. He has 'taken' everything takeable in the way of scholarships and prizes; and he and his five brothers have cost their father never a penny for their university education—a home-ruler, and athletic and handsome." It is that sort of creature so beautifully adjusted,—morally, mentally and physically,—cropping up here so often, that makes you feel that they are the exceptional people,—the race that counts after all; so that with your heart-strings vibrating, you forget and forgive, almost love, perhaps, the vast and solid mass from which they have bloomed, standing placid and complacent, knee-deep in the national slough.

There is such a charming face one sees here among the youngish men, although it often descends unlessened,—a look of such beautiful purity, innocence and simplicity; a serenity unimpaired by the complication of experience; a look of being as incapable of a theory as if they had emerged the hour from the womb of nature.

Mrs. Bowyer brought her son here to see me one day this winter,—a nice, typical youth, so clean and inarticulate.

I see that the pious pile erected by the Duke of Newcastle for his private devotions at Clumber has cost £50,000; perhaps that's why he can't afford a toothbrush. Louisa Loring's dentist in London told her that he had three kinds of tooth-powder; that he would give her what he gave to Americans and people who brushed their teeth properly; the second was for those who sometimes brushed theirs; and the third—"pure pumice—for those who, like the Duke of Newcastle, had *never* brushed them." Since his investment in American candy, I think he will be forced into the outlay; for to digest so sweet a duchess will be toothachy.

APRIL 6

The Emperor William seems to be a young man "with whom it is always Fourth of July"—as some said of old Coggswell, the postmaster in Newport. Mr. Tom Hazard, at the expiration of the second Mrs. C., asked Coggswell if he wouldn't like to come to a *see-ance* at his house, when he would hear his wife and touch her hand; to which C. promptly replied: "Oh, no, Mr. Hazard, thank you. I think it is best to let by-gones be by-gones always!" A few months after the third Mrs. C. was being led to the altar.

Aunt Mary Tweedy asked Miss Mary Hazard whether they had heard yet from their sister Anne, who had just died; to which she replied: "Yes, she is better (she had been a great invalid), but she does not come down to breakfast yet."

Read through *The Madonna of the Future* yesterday. It was long since I read it, and it came with a new sense of beauty. Henry's old things are always good to go back to.

In measuring such as the above, Mrs. Lodge's story of the baby which was rescued from some den of misery is of inestimable value. The child was taken to a Home of some sort, laid in a spotless crib, and all the comfortable layer of soil removed, when it began and roared all night, and kept all the other children roaring for three days. The matron, in despair, sent off for the mother, who, on seeing it, immediately said: "Why, lay it on the floor," which being done the child went sound asleep, all night. But what could wring the hearts of pious old maids more than a baby lying on the floor of squalor? —the babe, meantime, in bliss.

APRIL 7

I remind myself all the time of a coral insect, building up my various reefs of theory by microscopic additions drawn from observation, or my inner consciousness, mostly. The one that resists the best and is most constantly re-enforced, and against which fewer of those wretched little demolishing trifles arise (to which one has always, on conscience, to close one's eyes), is, that this most excellent people can't have anything that they don't know. They don't learn things in the air, and by absorbing one of your surfaces they cannot construct you, and divine the nature of the others. Whether this crystallized within me whilst I was being carried off the tug at Liverpool, my arms round the necks of two soapless children of the sea—the only occasion when I may have been said to have been in the "world"—or not, I was strongly impressed from earliest days that they have not "intuitive natures," as the man, who kept the house we were in at Princeton one summer, said to his wife—how Father laughed in telling it! Her intuitions, by the way, consisted of cooing rubbish to the flowers under

our windows at dawn, with long, perfectly straight, straw-colored hair hanging round her. The Briton can easily be forgiven his incapacity for such subtleties!

Here is an illustration or two: After Mrs. Lathbury had been coming for a year or two, in the friendliest and kindest manner, to see me she asked me about the ways of living at home, and I said I should have to have a home of my own, or live in a boarding-house, that it was like the Continent, there not being this excellent lodging-house arrangement. She asked me to explain the nature of a boarding-house, which I did to the best of my ability, when she said: "Would you have a room to yourself?" Now, she had never seen me actually going to bed, so she felt no security as to my knowledge or preference for the common laws of decency when her eye wasn't upon me, and she had received no impression during our very frequent and agreeable interviews which would have made the question superfluous, and that me habits, in the main, made for refinement.

I remember Mary Peabody telling me of having met a young man, one of the Macaulays, when she was travelling with her mother in Switzerland. He must have found them attractive, as he joined them and travelled with them for a week and made himself very pleasant. After they had been at home for a year, a long letter suddenly arrived from him, saying that he thought they might like to know what had been happening in Europe since they left; so he went on to narrate in minutest detail all the various events of which they had read every morning at their breakfast-table. The amiable young man pictured them as buried in the heart of the forest, I suppose; but, as Mary P. said: "What a blow to our vanity to find what he must have thought of us and of our opportunities when we were together, that we should need such a letter"—Mary P., who is unusually intelligent, and *au fait*, too! But the dear soul had never been in Boston, and actually seen that there were books and news-

papers there; and Mary P.'s being intelligent for a week, for he must have seen that (whilst under the propagating rays of his orbs), was very insufficient ground for the wild generalization that she was permanently so.

Mr. Nettleship, the oculist, came to see me in De Vere Gardens, and at the end, when he was extracting golden drops from K., he asked her if this was a "flat," and seemed very much surprised by it, and said: "You have them in America, and do people in your rank of life live in them?" Whether debased or exalted, he didn't say. Now, houses of flats are in every quarter of London, but it had never penetrated his consciousness, because the end of his nose had never been abraded by contact with the walls thereof; and I think he had a vague impression that we had imported this one from the U. S.

Mrs. Gladstone told Harry, *à propos* of the G.O.M.'s exquisite Italian, that two or three days after her wedding she was standing in the drawing-room and heard some one coming downstairs singing in the most beautiful tenor voice an Italian song. "Fancy my surprise and delight, on going out into the hall, to find it was Mr. Gladstone! I had no idea that he could sing, or that he could speak Italian." Think of being engaged and married to a man, and not having learned through your pores that he had a tenor voice! But what a phenomenal being is Mr. Gladstone,—his wealth of resource, even as a lover, so vast that he could afford to leave dormant a tenor voice and Italian song!

Mrs. Charles Buston told me one day that Mrs. Matthew Arnold had heard of her brother-in-law's (Mr. Forster's) death in the English papers when she got to New York, he having died whilst she was on the ocean, and I said: "You mean she saw the telegraphic news in the American papers." "Oh, no. You know she would read it in the English papers when she arrived in New York." It seemed one of those dark places

in the human mind into which light never enters, so I struggled no more.

Mrs. Arnold came very kindly to see me one day before she went the second time, and spoke very cordially of her visit, and we were discussing the domestic difficulty, when she told of having stayed in some house in the West where they had quite too few servants—only a man and a housemaid. I asked if there was a cook. "That I cannot say: I didn't see her, if there was one." "But you had food to eat?" "Oh, yes." "Did the lady cook, do you think?" "Oh, I think not." The dear lady had so lost her bearings from the fact of there being so many fewer visible housemaids than there "ought" to have been, that she could not draw upon her imagination for a cook, her eyes not having actually beheld her. One could run on with the like trivialities, *ad infinitum*.

Mrs. Buston was, by the way, very much surprised to hear that Matthew Arnold's lectures had been such a failure, and said that she knew it for a fact that he himself thought they were brilliantly successful, and that he fully expected to give a second course that summer, on his second visit. He wrote his much discussed article instead, in which he found balm, let us hope.*

MAY 5

If I can get on to my sofa and occupy myself for four hours, at intervals through the day, scribbling my notes, and able to read the books that belong to me, in that they clarify the density, and shape the formless mass within, life seems inconceivably rich; full of "l'allégresse de la certitude acquise." "La raison a aussi ses émotions, et c'est par frissons que se propage la lumière."

The Standard this morning devotes the first paragraph of

* *Impressions of America.*

its summary of news to the thrilling fact that the infant daughter of the Duke of Portland was christened in Windsor Chapel in presence of the Queen; toward the end of the column comes mention of the "impressive" gathering in Hyde Park of the workingmen on the eight-hours question—the first shall be last, and the last shall be first! How I wish I could have seen a few of the faces of these masters of the world in whose hands our material future lies, who can say how immediately? Should the governments of Europe show the cowering, abject attitude which they took on the first of May, what an impetus it will give; it will almost seem as if one might live to see the remodelling. I shall always be a bloated capitalist, I suppose,—an ignominy which, considering all things, I may as well submit to gracefully, for I shouldn't bring much *body* to the proletariat; but I can't help having an illogical feminine satisfaction that all my seven per cents and six per cents with which I left home have melted into fours; I don't feel as if four per cent is quite so base!

Could anything exhibit more beautifully the solidarity of the race than that by combining to walk through the streets on the same day, these starvelings should make emperors, kings, presidents, and millionaires tremble the world over? Those who have every opportunity for acquiring wisdom, and of inheriting noble, human, and generous instincts, have found no more inspired means of allaying their mutual rapacities than shooting down vast hordes of innocent men, as helpless as sheep; whilst these creatures, the disinherited, with savage instincts all unsubdued, have divined that brotherly help is the path to victory. What one of us, with his sentimental, emotional sympathy, ever stood by his fellow starving, and watching his dwindling wife and children for weeks? And yet at every strike thousands of the unfed, the unclothed, and the unread stand or fall together and make no boast.

MAY 13

Harry came on Thursday, 8th. He had been to Chester to see the Comptons to make arrangements about *The American*. It is to be brought out in the provinces and acted there through the winter, and taken to London in the spring. This is thought best, as it will give Compton plenty of practice in the part. H. says he will have to work over them immensely. The Comptons think very well of the play, and feel sure it will be a success; and they are much better judges of that than any one else, with their immense experience of audiences. H. was very much struck with their British decency and respectability, which was much revealed to him as he penetrated into their interior. Such a contrast to that of second-rate, or first-rate, for the matter of that, French actors, with whom prolonged personal intercourse would be simply impossible. Compton, having asked him about Newman's clothes in these early days, reminded him of the following: Some ladies in London were being coached for a play by a Frenchwoman, an ex-actress I believe. Lady Archie Campbell, who was one of the ladies, arrived the first day dressed as a Pierrot, the part she was to act. On beholding her the Frenchwoman exclaimed: "Voila bien une Anglaise qui se fait faire son costume avant d'avoir pensé à son rôle!" H. was also here April 15th. It is so reposeful to see him. He is so unsuggestive as to the conduct of life, the angle of one's cushions, or the number of one's shawls.

"L'inértie de la bête devant l'irrévocable a presque toujours l'aspect du courage." This is not flattering, but which of us has not given, within, a faint paralytic smile over her "courage," however careful her vanity may have been not to dispel the superficial illusion?

MAY 17

The Queen's call at Waddesden sounds as if it were a reward of virtue, the good Rothschilds having had their curtains

drawn in their house in Piccadilly, (vide "Speaker,") as the naughty working-men filed past to Hyde Park for their demonstration on May 4. Just conceive of the Prince of Wales not having gone to the park!—to think of losing all one's opportunities after that fashion. The King of Italy seems, alone among them all, to have any imagination and to get some fun out of his limitations. But the poor things are such slaves. The Queen stopped in her drive the other day and watched a performing bear,—she also laughed; whereupon the next morning there was a Standardesque leader upon "this strange and not altogether wise fancy (perhaps 'act!') of the Queen." The Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck) was to open something or other at the East End. She was so late that a noble Lord began the proceedings without her. She came in the middle, and the next thing on the programme to be done, immediately after, was the singing by children of a song beginning "Mary, wake up." The noble Lord had of course no higher inspiration than to pass this and hurry on to the next, thereby depriving the poor duchess of even that tiny ripple of human life whereby to refresh the arid desert of the arranged where she is fated to browse.

The comments which appeared in our columns on Monday last on the case of the man, Mark Henry Vaille, who fell dead suddenly through starvation, has created considerable interest —so much so that a question was asked in the House of Commons concerning it. A representative who has been making inquiries about the case found that Vaille lived at 231 High Street, Shadwell.

He was a very good man, who got a job to do, and as the money for it was being handed to him, he fell dead at the master's feet. He had eaten nothing that the children should have more; and I gave £6 the other day for a trumpery wedding present! You can't, however, go out and give them what you have simply.

I almost pauperized Miss Bond by helping her to float a little shop; have had to stop off short, yet she does not seem to think me a fiend incarnate!

The most abject case of destitution of which I have heard lately is that of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester whose jointure is only £2000 a year. When you think of the rapacious horde through which a box of matches, or an egg for breakfast has to work its way before it reaches her, she is truly a pitiable object.

MAY 20

Where do you suppose they have discovered self-sacrifice now? In the heroic bosom of Stanley, who, on his own showing, laps up the *agréments* of African travel as I do my afternoon tea. Henry told me on one of his late visits that he had asked Miss Dorothy Tennant, who he says is a most charming creature, something about Stanley, and she had said, "Oh, dear old Stan., that will never come to anything." How can a refined woman marry a man of such coarse, crude and rudimentary fibre? "The Bullet and the Bible" expresses him to perfection.

I had an almost Gallic sense of the injustice of Fate the other day, unusual with me, for I am not rebellious by temperament and have trampled down as much as possible all boresome insurrections—having fortunately early perceived that the figure of abortive rebel lent itself much more to the comic than the heroic in the eye of the cold-blooded observer, and that for practical purposes surrender, smiling if possible, is the only attainable surface which gives no hold to the scurvy tricks of Fortune. I was awfully tired one afternoon, and was going to bed when Constance Maud's name was brought up, asking if I would not see her for a moment, as she was going to America the next day. I scrambled into bed, and she, tall, straight and handsome, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks, told me that

she was going to my land,—whilst my highest privilege, shrivelled and rickety, was to go to bed in hers! What a tide of homesickness swept me under for a moment! What a longing to see a shaft of sunshine shimmering through the pines, breathe in the resinous air, and throw my withered body upon my mother earth, bury my face in the coarse grass, worshipping all that the ugly, raw emptiness of the blessed land stands for,—the embodiment of a huge chance for hemmed-in humanity; its flexible conditions stretching and lending themselves to all sizes of man; pallid and naked of necessity; undraped by the illusions and mystery of a moss-grown, cobwebby past, but overflowing with a divine good-humour and benignancy, a helping hand for the faltering, an indulgent thought for the discredited, a heart of hope for every outcast of tradition.

JUNE 2

I went out for the first time May 18, a very early start for me.

Bourget said to Harry: "Je n'ai jamais osé avoir de l'esprit devant Dumas." How extraordinary it is to see that wittiest and most infinitely perceptive of races, individually surrendering itself to a colossal vanity,—that quality from which springs all the grotesque in life!

The impish passion displayed by that "Unknowable Reality behind phenomena" for making the creature self-destructive—the very quantities which make him strong before his fellows insidiously eating into his own vitals—is delightsome to watch from a sofa, for an unsentimental spinster. Can it be that the *Unknowable Reality* simply jokes with phenomena—as they say that the American Public does with all the serious things of life? or is it only that mankind is so dense that it cannot perceive all the cowardice, folly and self-love unless they are carried to all the limits of the grotesque?

Miss Ireland told me that Mrs. Kemble said, on her first visit to the United States, that "the women seemed just like white mice, screaming."

Two friends borrowed Father's *Literary Remains*, which William seriously names "of the *late* Henry James," like these widows of the late So-and-sos, who die in the newspapers. The first regretted that he (Father) had never known anything of the "Broad Catholic Church," i.e., the centimetre of washed-out Anglican evasions. The second thought it "such a pity that Darwin wasn't known to him." The dear old gentleman doesn't seem to have had an opportunity to acquire the elements of general "culture," does he?

A propos of Darwin, I was reading an article of Emile Montégut's the other day, in which he points out to the *struggle-for-lifers*, who are of course all fierce radicals, that the representative of a long line is a perfect illustration of their gospel, and should be cherished by them as an exquisite *specimen* of the survival of the fittest. This self-evident proposition is, of course, not new, but I had never seen it so neatly expressed, especially, and it caused me pleasure.

I have this morning a beautiful letter from Harry, of twenty-five pages, in answer to a few lines I wrote him, after reading the *Great Play!* I was greatly thrilled and touched by the implication which his letter gave, that he cared for my opinion, as an opinion—the smallest flatteries of one's kin outweighing the acclamations of a multitude—these last so familiar to me! When I look back upon the unrippled stream of fostering and indulgent domestic receptivity down which I have floated all my days, I wonder that I am not a more objectionable and impossible wretch than I am.

H. is staying in Venice with the Curtises, in the Palazzo Barbaro; Miss Wormeley (how the name recalls old days!) is there too.

JUNE 15

How exquisite it is when all sings within, but what a price to pay! The ways of the pious bewilder one so!

"Mr. Farrell, the foreman of the jury, sent a telegram to the Queen at Aix-les-Bains yesterday, urging upon her Majesty favourable consideration of Mrs. Davies' telegraphic message. The Rev. E. Hancox, Primitive Methodist Minister at Crewe, in the afternoon sent a telegram to the Queen, stating that all the churches in Crewe were praying for Richard's respite."

They were trying to get the two Davies boys, who had killed their father, respited, and the papers were full of this sort of thing. Did the Rev. Hancox, doubting the efficacy of prayer, want the Queen to nudge Jehovah a bit; or was it an intimation that, as they were all praying away so hard in Crewe, Jehovah might get ahead of her? Practically, it seems unwise to pit the spiritual and temporal powers against each other in such impious and skeptical fashion; for it must surely be destructive of faith in Deity or monarch; at any rate, it's too much of a strain upon mine.

It is very curious to watch them abjectly prostrating themselves before their God, singing praises to his glory, proclaiming that all his works are for good; and yet, when the least of the multifold miseries which oppress humanity falls to their lot, how they cry out against his decrees, entreat him to avert calamities, as if propitiating some power of evil whose deeds are of darkness. Constance Maud told me of her sorrow at some moment when it was thought that her mother was dying, and how she prayed to God to spare her life; the sincerity and strength of the feeling which she showed increased the shocked sense which filled me as I listened. One cries out, bowed down in supplication, for strength; but how can any creature measure his judgment with that of the Doer of all good; how can she propose to make her paltry necessities an element for the modification of another's destiny; how can she thrust her miserable

plaints into the presence of majestic Death? I remember how horrified I was, to the core of my being, when some one said to me in that month when Father lay dying, refusing to eat, that I must urge him, and tell him that he must eat for *my sake!* Imagine my wanting to stay the will of God, and add a second to the old man's hours!

JUNE 16

What sense of superiority it gives one to escape reading some book which every one else is reading. I never would read *Amiel,* and so far I have not succumbed to Marie Bashkircheff's *Journal.* I imagine her the perverse of the perverse; and what so dreary to read of, or what part so easy to act, as we walk across our little stage lighted up by our little self-conscious footlights? Every hour I live, I become an intenser devotee to *common sense!*

JUNE 18

It is very curious how, for the last year or two, I perpetually come across in my reading just what I have been thinking about—curious, I mean, of course, because my reading is so haphazard. It reminds me of William in old days, when his eyes were bad and I used to begin to tell him something which I thought of interest from whatever book I might be reading, when he would invariably say: "I glanced into the book yesterday, and read that!" I wonder what determines the *selection* of memory; why does one childish experience or impression stand out so luminous and solid against the, for the most part, vague and misty background. The things we remember have a *first-timeness* about them, which suggests that that may be the reason for their survival. I must ask William some day if there is any theory on the subject—or better, whether 'tis worth a theory.

I remember so distinctly the first time I was conscious of a purely intellectual process. 'Twas the summer of '56, which we spent in Boulogne; and the parents of Mlle. Marie Boningue, our governess, had a *campagne* on the outskirts, and invited us to spend the day, perhaps Marie's fête-day. A large and shabby *calèche* came for us, into which we were packed, save William. All I can remember of the drive was a never-ending ribbon of dust, stretching in front, and the anguish, greater even than usual, of Wilkie's and Bob's heels grinding into my shins. Marie told us that her father had a scar upon his face, caused by a bad scald in his youth; and we must be sure not to look at him, as he was very sensitive. How I remember the painful conflict between sympathy and the desire to look; and the fear that my baseness should be discovered by the good man, as he sat at the head of the table in charge of a big frosted cake sprinkled o'er with those pink and white worms in which lurk the caraway seed. How easy 'twould be to picture one's youth as a perpetual escape from that abhorred object! I wonder if it is a blight upon children still?

But to arrive at the first flowering of me intellect! We were turned into the garden to play—a sandy, or rather dusty expanse, with nothing in it, as I remember, but two or three scrubby apple trees from one of which hung a swing. As time went on, Wilkie and Bob disappeared, not to my grief, and the Boningues. Harry was sitting in the swing and I came up and stood near by, as the sun began to slant over the desolate expanse, as the dreary hours (with that endlessness which they have for infancy) passed, when Harry suddenly exclaimed: "This might certainly be called pleasure under difficulties!" The stir of my whole being in response to the exquisite, original form of his remark almost makes my heart beat now with the sisterly pride which was then awakened, and it came to me in a flash—the higher nature of this appeal to the mind, as com-

pared to the rudimentary solicitations which usually produced my childish explosions of laughter, and I can also feel distinctly the sense of self-satisfaction in that I could not only perceive but appreciate this subtlety, as if I had acquired a new sense, a sense whereby to measure intellectual things, wit as distinguished from giggling, for example.

JULY 18

How well one had to be—to be ill! These confidences reveal to you, dear Inconnu, so much mental debility that I don't want to rehearse herein my physical collapses in detail as well, although I am unable to escape a general tone of lamentation. But this last prostration was rather excessive and comic in its continuation, consisting of one of my usual attacks of rheumatic gout in that dissipated organ known in the family as "Alice's tum," in conjunction with an ulcerated tooth, and a very bad crick in my neck. By taking a very small dose of morphine—the first in three years—I was able to steady my nerves, and *experience* the pain without distraction; for there is something very exhilarating in shivering whacks of crude pain which seem to lift you out of the present and its sophistications (great men unable to have a tooth out without gas!), and ally you to long-gone generations rent and torn with toothache such as we can't dream of. I didn't succumb and send for my Primrose Knight, having no faith in anything but that time-honoured nostrum, patience, with its simple ingredients of refraining from muscular contractions and vocal exclamations, lest you find yourself in a worse fix than you are already in.

JULY 28

I lay in a meadow until the unwrinkled serenity entered into my bones, and made me into one with the browsing kine, the still greenery, the drifting clouds, and the swooping birds.

JULY 29

I have had a blow! I have been counting day by day that the blessed Henry would be back by August 1, when lo! he has put it off to the 13th. He does not suspect that I have been badly ill, so 'tis all right. I have taken to being sentimental and homesick for him; I generally rather enjoy a romantic pose when he is off—"an orphan," as General Butler (wasn't it?) used to say; a friendless wisp of femininity tossed upon the breeze of hazard in the land of the stranger, etc.

When a French book is bad, it is bad indeed! Nothing could be poorer than *Toute une Journée* of Coppée—milk and water is strong drink to it. There is a review of Anatole France's *La Vie Littéraire* in the Speaker, of such an incredible crudity that it is inconceivable that any reputable sheet printed it. The book, Vol. II, is full of subtle beauty, grace and humanity. Oh! the coarse possibilities of the British fibre!

AUGUST 13

Dear old Mr. Booth came one day before I was ill, stopping over one train. As they drop off, how we bury ourselves, bit by bit, along the dusty highway to the end. The especial facets of our being, which turned towards each one will never more be played upon by the rays which he gave forth—how darksome then the last stages, if we have not made our own his individual and inextinguishable radiance, to warm the memory and illuminate the mind.

AUGUST 17

Anatole France says somewhere, "Tout vaut mieux que de s'écouter vivre"—which is not to be denied surely; but if destiny, Anatole, offers you no other opportunity, you will find that, if you lend an indulgent and imaginative ear, you may strike, even from that small keyboard, all the notes of melody, comedy, and tragedy.

AUGUST 18

There has come such a change in me. A congenital faith flows through me like a limpid stream, making the arid places green, a spontaneous irrigator, which the snags of doubt have never interrupted nor made turbid the easily flowing current; a faith which is my mental and moral respiration, which needs no revelation but experience and whose only ritual is daily conduct. Through my childhood and youth, and until within the last few years, the thought of the end as an entrance into spiritual existence, where aspirations are a fulfillment, was a perpetual and necessary inspiration; but now, although intellectually non-existence is more ungraspable and inconceivable than ever, all longing for fulfillment, all passion to achieve, has died down within me; and whether the great mystery resolves itself into eternal death or glorious life, I contemplate either with equal serenity. It is that the long, ceaseless strain and tension have worn out all aspiration save the one for rest!—and also, that the shaping period is passed, and one is fitted to every limitation through the long custom of surrender.

LA REVE

Vous me demandez qui je vois en rêve?
Et gai, c'est vraiment la fille du roi;
Elle ne veut pas d'autre ami que moi.
Partons, joli-coeur, la lune se lève.

Sa robe, qui traine, est en satin blanc,
Son peigne est d'argent et de pierreries;
La lune se lève au ras de prairies.
Partons, joli-coeur, je suis ton galant.

Un grand manteau d'or couvre ses épaules,
Et moi dont la veste est de vieux coutil!
Partons, joli-coeur, pour le Bois-Gentil.
La lune se léve au-dessus des saules.

Comme un enfant joue avec un oiseau,
Elle tient ma vie entre ses mains blanches.
La lune se lève au milieu des branches,
Partons, joli-coeur, et prends ton fuseau.

Dieu merci, la chose est assez prouvée,
Rien ne vaut l'amour pour etre content.
Ma mie est si belle, et je l'aime tant!
Partons, joli-coeur, la lune est levée.

GABRIEL VICAIRE

SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL, LONDON,
SEPTEMBER 12

'Twas no go! I went under, on Saturday, August 2nd and administered an electric shock to Harry, which brought him from the Paradisino at Vallombrosa to immune himself, without a murmur, in my squalid indigestions. He avenged himself upon Katherine, who received his telegram on August 6 and by September 2 had dug me out and transported me to these comfortable quarters, hoping for a French cook—the only cure for dyspepsia—and I feel already much less like a mildewed toadstool. There seems a faint hope that I may fizzle out, but the monster Rebound, which holds me in its remorseless clutch, I am sure, will gather itself up for many another spurt. Dr. Baldwin, from Florence, has been staying with Harry. I didn't see him, but H. and K. both extracted the consoling answer to "Can she die?"—"They sometimes do." This is most cheering to all parties, the only drawback being that I shall not be one of the audience—dreadful fraud! A creature who has been denied all dramatic episodes might be allowed, I think, to assist at her own extinction. I know I shall slump at the eleventh hour and it would complete it all so to watch the rags and tatters of one's vanity in its impotent struggle with the Absolute, as the curtain rolls down on this jocose humbuggery called Life!

SEPTEMBER 13

K. brought some sweet potatoes to Miss Blanche Leppington. She writes: "The yams are queer, but good. I told the good man of our house to try them—he and his wife. I think he expressed the general sentiments: "Yes, he liked them very well, not but what he felt you wouldn't like to be tied up to them, the same as you were to a potato." This expresses the national attitude so perfectly as to "boiled potato," which haunts and pursues at every turn; when mashed they are "very rich."

Katherine calls my philippics "Jacqueries." I think that "Jim-Crackeries," as Howells says, is better.

Two friends said, one to the other: "So Miss Tennant has caught a lion?"—"A tiger, rather."—"No, surely Stanley is the King of Beasts." *

Dr. Baldwin says that as soon as an Italian has a pain he not only sobs but the whole household surround him in chorus. Lately he was called to a gallant colonel and found a large, handsome man lying on a bed all gorgeous with pink silk and lace draperies, crying his eyes out because his throat was sore. Dr. B. went to stay at the Spencer-Walpoles, who govern, I believe, the Isle of Man; in the house was a Lord Bateman, who was very pompous and fussy, and apropos of something he did Dr. B. said to him: "Lord Bateman, you remind me of Lord So-and-So in Texas. A man came up to him and said: 'If you'll only hump yourself the boys won't mind it if you are a lord.' " This gave joy to the gubernatorial circle, and produced a shower of cigars from Lord B.

Clarence King told Harry that a man in Wisconsin (where, it seems, it's very hard to keep grass green) took a friend to see the grave of his son. "You have got this beautifully green," said the friend. "Yes, I promised my son on his deathbed to keep his grave green, and I'll be damned if I don't, if I have

* H. M. Stanley, the explorer, who married Miss Tennant.

to paint it." There is the alternative for you, which, as Mrs. Mary Parkman said, always exists in the Yankee mind.

SEPTEMBER 15

I had a tooth out the other day, curious and interesting, like a lifetime; first, the long-drawn drag, then the twist of the hand and the crack of doom! The dentist seized my face in his two hands and exclaimed: "Bravo, Miss James!" and Katherine and Nurse, shaking of knee and pale of cheek, went on about my "heroism," whilst I, serenely wadded in that sensational paralysis which attends all the simple, rudimentary sensations and experiences common to man, whether tearing of the flesh or of the affections, laughed and laughed at 'em. As long as one doesn't break in two in the middle, I never have been able to see where the "heroism" comes in.

Harry had the most eccentric accident in Florence. The evening he arrived he was seized after dinner with a very severe pain in his throat; having had a toothache, he supposed it had to do with that. The next day he spent with the dentist, and went in the afternoon from the hotel to stay with Dr. Baldwin, his throat becoming more and more sore, so that he immediately said to the Doctor: "You must look at my throat." "Why, you have got something sticking in it, and it's green." He tugged and tugged, and brought out a long *haricot vert* which had wound itself about the root of his tongue, which was already beginning to ulcerate. Think of the dentist gazing into his mouth all the morning, not having seen a green object.

SEPTEMBER 18

Emotional expression is infinitely rich and varied of form; the moonlight causes a Yankee butcher to say to his wife: "It's such a beautiful night I can't lie still another minute; I must go out and do some slaughtering."

Mrs. Cuyler, who lives in Morristown, New Jersey, was

at the Lakes gazing upon some exquisite view, and she turned to a chance American and said: "What a lovely spot." "Yes, I should say so too, if I didn't come from the most beautiful place in the world." "What place is that?" "Morristown, New Jersey." This reminds me of the Briton who said to Harry on the Continent, that he longed for London because it was so brilliantly lighted at night, compared to all other cities. I asked H. what protest he made. "Silence."

In the *Paris Illustré* there is an announcement of Bourget's marriage, in which it says that the stories that the young woman is rich are not true; that her only dower is her beauty and youth; and that any one who knows the "noble heart" of the great analyst knows that he is capable of making a love marriage. I have no doubt that any Frenchman is capable of thinking himself "noble" in doing so. I read somewhere of some Frenchman who prayed every day that physical suffering should be spared him, as he was entirely unable to endure it, whereas moral suffering he snapped his fingers at. I wonder if they know what moral suffering is? In the letters and reviews that one reads, they seem to howl alone over the betrayal of fate, their dearest friends, or such-like flimsinesses.

SEPTEMBER 24

This is what H. calls the "Swan Song." Imagine my entertainment in getting from Mary Cross, the Daily News extracts; a *European reputation* at the first go off!! How fortunate for the male babes that I am physically so debile!

"To the Editor of the Nations:
Sir:

For several years past I have lived in provincial England. Although so far from home, every now and then a trans-Atlantic blast, pure and undefiled, fans to a white heat the fervour of my patriotism.

This morning, most appropriately to the day, a lady from

one of our Eastern cities applied to my landlady for apartments. In the process of telling her that she had no rooms to let, the landlady said that there was an invalid in the house; whereupon the lady exclaimed: 'In that case perhaps it is just as well that you cannot take us in, for my little girl, who is thirteen, likes to have plenty of liberty and to *scream* through the house.'

Yours very truly,

England, July 4, 1890. INVALID"

Miss Clarke told me the story at a desperate moment so I sought a desperate remedy. In comparing notes with H. I find that had I brought forth the Tragic Muse I could not have gone through with more *author-processes*. As so often happens in works of genius, I had to leave out the chief point, fearing length and the editorial veto—which was that Miss C.'s passive manner of relating the tale illustrated very well the absence of reaction in the British masses against the accidents of life, making an instructive contrast of type to that of the aggressive infant from beyond the sea, and the inability of the American mother to imagine a momentary suppression of the screamer in favor of the invalid; but Shakespeare may have felt Othello commonplace!

We were much surprised in coming to this expensive spot to find not only many, but vociferous, children rushing through the corridors, shouting as if they were at Saratoga; the explanation is that they are Australian. The atmospheric effect of the new land—'tis all in the environment.

Another of the good stories told in *London Street Arabs* is that of a little boy of six, who declared that he loved Christmas-day because on Christmas-eve he hung up his stocking and next morning he found a present inside. "What did you find last Christmas?" was Mrs. Stanley's question. "A ha'penny," he replied, smiling with pleasure at the recollection, but he added, truthfully, "I put it in myself overnight."

How blessed it is that our ha'pence never run short; we give them to ourselves complacently, to the end.

It is so amusing watching Katherine and even little Nurse managing me; and the feeling of acquiescence and sense of their wisdom, and my desire to play into their hands and to meet them halfway is very curious and diverting.

SEPTEMBER 26

Katherine had a delectable moment last night, as audience to the following: Little Nurse came in, having been to tea with her aunt. "Well, you've got back. Did you have a pleasant time?" "Yes, Miss, very, and my cousin Tom walked home with me and talked about all sorts of things and asked me what I thought of the effect of commerce upon things now." "He meant, I suppose, whether it elevated the race?" "Yes, that was just it, and you know I don't know anything about those things." "Oh, Nurse, how cruel! when I have done nothing but talk to you the last five years about the lamentable condition of the race!" "But you never have said anything about commerce, Miss." "But I have told you of the debasing influence of Balfour and the Parson upon men." "Oh, if he had only said 'politics,' Miss, then I should have known." Such a revelation of my nullity before the jeering K. was a humiliation indeed.

SEPTEMBER 27

Oh, woe, woe is me! I have not only stopped thinning but I am taking unto myself gross fat. All hopes of peace and rest are vanishing—nothing but the dreary snail-like climb up a little way, so as to be able to run down again! And then these doctors tell you that you will die or *recover!* But you *don't* recover. I have been at these alternations since I was nineteen, and I am neither dead nor recovered. As I am now forty-two, there has surely been time for either process. I suppose one

has a greater sense of intellectual degradation after an interview with a doctor than from any other human experience.

There is an account of a wedding in the Standard, of some New Yorkers. Three presents are mentioned: "A golden dinner-service from an uncle, a golden dessert-service from a brother, and a book from Lady Something Thynne"—how thin it *do* sound. Can you imagine anything so vulgar as the gold? The bride, instead of a bouquet, had a silver prayer-book in her hand. I told H., with disgust! to which he said: "Surely, a lady who can eat off gold ought to be able to pray out of silver!"

K. showed me, with great satisfaction, her seal with a thistle upon it for device. I asked if she had not thought upon the possible reflections of the impious. This let in a new light, to her amusement; and she said it was chosen by her grandfather —"prophetically," I whispered.

OCTOBER 4

'Tis funny how the most elastic accept without a question what came to them before the development of the reactionary moment. A man has committed suicide in St. Paul's, which I allow is inexcusably sloppy of him; but it has caused a delicious fuss and fluster among the shovel-hats. The Cathedral will have to be re-consecrated, they fear; but perhaps they may be able, with their highly developed muscles of evasion, to wash out the stain of blood by an "Act of Reconciliation!" I can never accustom myself to the word "celebration" as a religious function, it is so inevitably confounded in the American consciousness with the reverberations of the Glorious Fourth.

The Australians, also, have ice-water for breakfast, and the husband lets his wife come into the room and seat herself at the table first, like Americans. Since I have heard of these resemblances, the screams of the children are much less terrible.

Imagine my amusement, in Leamington, to find that little Nurse had brought a history of the early Christians from the library, in order to confront me with the moment when the tender offshoot of Rome had separated from its Anglican parent. The finding seemed to evade her, so she concluded, as I became ill, to abandon my conversion then; but yesterday she brought Renan's *Saint Paul* from Cousin Tom, hoping to find therein, mayhap, the historic episode. She is a good little thing in her faithfulness to her friends, whose number is not to be counted, and includes all classes; but she is much more thrilled by the Porters, a chimney-sweep's family at Hampstead than by the maid of the Countess of Buckinghamshire, whose acquaintance she remade the other day. She knew the Sweeps in '85 when we were at the Toynbee-Hall Barnett Cottage through July and August. On Sunday she went to see them, and says they have got on so, and have such linguistic and grammatical embellishments and ambitions for themselves, and, lack-a-day, piano ones for the infant Willy. All this in the face of the influenza and its devastating consequences in the shape of rheumatic fever, etc. Isn't it touching? No drink, you see! The Bachelors, whose income is 3/6 per week (a pension which he gets from the militia band, in which he played the "coronet" for twenty-five years, and abandoned owing to cataracts on both eyes), gave Nurse three handkerchiefs costing three pence apiece, and Mrs. Charlton, our super-excellent charwoman, used to bring a cauliflower and vegetable marrow now and then, out of their allotment garden. They seem not to feel the pressure of poverty to the painful extent of the Duchess of Westminster, who, from a letter which I read somewhere, had to inflict the following humiliation upon herself. She wrote to the committee of some association for the furtherance of Art Education, I think, among young women, that when she had promised to subscribe £20 for five years, she

hadn't realized how irksome it would become, and that she must consequently retract it. Such ignominies must be a large price to pay for being a duchess!

OCTOBER 10

Truth points out the fortuitous conjunction of Archdeacon Farrar, with a stipend of £2000 a year, saying at the Church Congress that the Church would be out of touch with the masses until a Mendicant Brotherhood was established! Some years ago the Bishop of Exeter, I think, justified himself for having confirmed some imbeciles, by relating that one of them, "Silly Billy," had on his deathbed given expression to the following glorious reflection: "What does Silly Billy see? Three in one, and one in three."

William has, for several years past, read the Bible to his boys, and expounded (!) as he went. The other day Billy exclaimed: "But Father, who is Jehovah, anyhow?" This must have been a blow, after three years of complacently supposed lucidity. Some years ago, when Harry was five or thereabouts, William undertook to explain to him the nature of God, and hearing that he was everywhere, asked whether he was the chair, or the table. "Oh, no! God isn't a thing; He is everywhere about us; He pervades." "Oh, then, he is a skunk." How could the word "pervade" suggest anything else to an American child?

Her Yankee Grace of Marlborough, who, it seems, isn't smiled upon by London (surely a sign of grace) enriches her references to herself by the constant introduction of her Graceship into her anecdotes. She was telling of a visit she had made to some Rothschild and how he had given her every object she admired. Her receptivity had finally drawn its line before something, and she left, saying: "Oh, no, *not* that!" But when she reached her own house a footman came to her with a parcel,

saying: "Here is a parcel, your Grace, which his Grace's valet gave me to give your Grace."

What is absorbingly interesting is the extraordinary ingenuity of Providence in utilizing the paltriest instruments for the greatest "shoves." If the irreconcilables only knew it, they would find it more cleanly and amusing to wait serenely for the doomed moment when the extinct survival dances gayly to his own destruction, and, by some grotesque, inevitable act of folly, strips himself of even the animal intelligence. Think, in the last decade, of the undermining of the monarchical tradition by the Prince of Wales and his "semitic bankers and American adventuresses"; the Orleanists with their Boulanger —not even a bag of wind; and the colossal William and his full-length portraits!

How it fills one with wonder to see people old enough to have stored experience never apparently suspecting that of all the arts the art of living is the most exquisite and rewarding, and that it is not brought to perfection by wallowing in disabilities, ceaseless plaints of the machinery of life and the especial tasks fallen to their lot. The paralytic on his couch can have, if he wants them, wider experiences than Stanley's slaughtering savages; the two-roomed cottage may enclose an infinitely richer, sweeter domestic harmony than the palace; and the peaceful cotton-spinner win victories beside which those of the reverberating general are dust and ashes. Let us not waste, then, the sacred fire, and wear away the tissues in the vulgar pursuit of what others have and we have not; admitting defeat isn't the way to conquer, and from every failure imperishable experience survives.

OCTOBER 12

Surely this poor lady's situation is pathetic. Katherine knew at Hyères an English lady who had married a Spanish or French cavalry officer. He died, leaving her with a daughter.

She later married a curate, by name Hobson or Hodgson, by whom she had nine children. One day K. was calling upon her, and the eldest daughter, who was a fantastic miss, suddenly jumped up, seized two photos standing on the table, and presented them to her, saying: "Look on this picture and then on this, and imagine how Mamma, having been the wife of the one, can ever have married the other!"

There, indeed, were the fierce mustachios of the dashing defunct, and the pasty, stodgy Hobson, in melancholy contrast. On the other side of the room was the sister of the lady, the wife of an M.P., reproaching her with the superfluity of the pledges given to Hobson: "How can we talk to the people at the East-end, if you in the clerical line persist in having such families?" Between this upper and nether millstone, the poor lady sat unremonstrant and unmurmuring.

Answer to a Cambridge exam: "Very little is known of the early life of Christ. The little that is known we get from Archdeacon Farrar."

OCTOBER 20

Mr. Booth said last summer that he could never get used to the immutable Englishry of it. The day after he landed it always came again, as a surprise, "as if he had waked up in 'Parents' Assistant.' " William, writing after a snow-storm at home, says: "The light is shrieking away, outside." Howells says of New York: "Such an uproar to the eye."

A curious conjunction of books: K. reading me *Don Quixote*, Nurse, *David Copperfield* and I to myself, Maupassant's *Fort comme la Mort*. Between these two robust ones, *David Copperfield* is feeble enough—Micawber the only substance.

Maupassant's story, *The Coward*—a man shooting himself because he is sure he won't have the right attitude in a duel which he is to fight the next day—is most admirable; how it is the paraphernalia only that master us. The prizes pursued

and the man who attains fill one with joy at never having had a ghost of a chance in the race.

OCTOBER 23

K. says this is a shocking hotel. She is always coming, at the turn of the stairs, upon a waiter and chambermaid, rebounding at sound of her from osculatory relaxations. How different their life from ours! We toil not, to be sure, but do we ever attain the ideal, as they must in the surreptitious kiss?

Nurse went to old Mrs. Bond's funeral in Leamington. The family—daughter and grandchildren—stood by the grave, and, after a long wait a parson came, pulled a book out of his pocket, read over the service, turned on his heel and walked away—not only never spoke to the family, but did not even look at them.

OCTOBER 26

William uses an excellent expression when he says in his paper on the *Hidden Self*, that the nervous victim "abandons" certain portions of his consciousness. It may be the word commonly used by his kind; it is just the right one at any rate, although I have never unfortunately been able to abandon my consciousness and get five minutes rest. I have passed through an infinite succession of conscious abandonments, and, in looking back now, I see how it began in my childhood, although I wasn't conscious of the necessity until '67 or '68, when I broke down first, acutely, and had violent turns of hysteria. As I lay prostrate after the storm, with my mind luminous and active, and susceptible of the clearest, strongest impressions, I saw so distinctly that it was a fight simply between my body and my will—a battle in which the former was to be triumphant to the end. Owing to some physical weakness, excess of nervous susceptibility, the moral power *pauses*, as it were, for a moment,

and refuses to maintain muscular sanity, worn out with the strain of its constabulary functions. As I used to sit immovable, reading in the library, with waves of violent inclination suddenly invading my muscles, taking some one of their varied forms, such as throwing myself out of the window or knocking off the head of the benignant Pater, as he sat, with his silver locks, writing at his table, it used to seem to me that the only difference between me and the insane was that I had only all the horrors and suffering of insanity, but the duties of doctor, nurse, and strait-jacket imposed upon me too. Conceive of never being without the sense that if you let yourself go for a moment, your mechanism will fall into pie, and that at some given moment you must abandon it all, let the dykes break and the flood sweep in, acknowledging yourself abjectly impotent before the immutable laws. When all one's moral and natural stock-in-trade is a temperament forbidding the abandonment of an inch or the relaxation of a muscle, 'tis a never-ending fight. When the fancy took me of a morning at school to *study* my lessons by way of variety instead of shrieking or wiggling through the most impossible sensations of upheaval, violent revolt in my head overtook me, so that I had to "abandon" my brain as it were. So it has always been. Anything that sticks of itself is free to do so; but conscious and continuous cerebration is an impossible exercise, and from just behind the eyes my head feels like a dense jungle into which no ray of light has ever penetrated. So, with the rest, you abandon the pit of your stomach, the palms of your hands, the soles of your feet, and refuse to keep them sane, when you find in turn one moral impression after another producing despair in the one, terror in the other, anxiety in the third, and so on, until life becomes one long flight from remote suggestion and complicated eluding of the multifold traps set for your undoing.

NOVEMBER 7

I must "abandon" the rhetorical part of me, and forget the eloquent peroration with which I meant to embellish the above, on the ignorant asininity of the medical profession in its treatment of nervous disorders. The settling part of me has also give out, and had to be abandoned.

We were going to pitch our tent, with a view to permanence, in Tunbridge Wells, but I have gone into pie; so remaining here at loose ends seemed the only exit from chaos. We have very good rooms, and my bedroom is the only room I have been in, in England, where I have not been tossed and rustled by the wind. It is close to the excellent Henry, whose anxious and affectionate mind is gratified by keeping a daily eye upon the fading flower; for our hopes have sprung up again, the folds of flesh which were beginning to drape themselves about the bones having almost vanished. As dissolution advances I am to be carried to H.'s flat, it not being aesthetic to die in an hotel, though K. says it is conducted with perfect decency, the residuum being carried down the back stairs whilst the people are at lunch or dinner, so that unless your friends or attendants are afflicted with reverberating sorrow, your neighbor never suspects that a little race has been run next door.

They have strange ways here of shutting all the windows and doors as soon as a person dies. Nurse says that the corpse turns black if exposed to the air. They don't bury them apparently for four or five days and ice seems to be rarely used. I am much puzzled to know how they arrange about it, for the middle-class English house has the minimum of bed-rooms and the maximum of progeny and how they are disposed of during these prolonged and painful periods is a dark problem.

They call water on the knee, "fluid on the joint," which for some reason makes one smile.

Middle life brings such interest, as we see unfold gradually the destinies of our friends, and they take the stamp given by the end; and it occupies me more than a little to fancy what friend No. 1 can possibly stand for!—a life lifted out of all material care or temptation, to which all the rudimentary impulses were unknown; a collection simply of fantastic unproductive emotions enclosed within tissue paper walls, rent equally by pleasure as by pain; animated by a never ceasing belief in and longing for *action*, relentlessly denied; all safety valves shut in the way of the "busy ineffectiveness of women." As I look up and find my better half, Katherine, effectually removing certain streaks of grime from the wall paper with a bit of India rubber, my spirits rise in the hope that the unremitting and various nature of her muscular contractions may shed a glamour over her humiliated appendage.

NOVEMBER 8

Developing the decorative sense in the slums has its drawbacks. An aunt of Nurse's has a "marchioness" in her service, the hue of whose linen is not what it should be. She told her she ought to boil her things. "Please, ma'am, when I scrubs 'em, it tears the *lyce*." The objects were festooned about in all directions with rags of *lace*. It can be bought for ha'penny a yard.

'Tis long since I felt impressive, but I confess I never expected to feel as little potent as after this: A friend asked Katherine whether I read much, and K. said, when I was well enough to. "Oh, yes, I suppose Mrs. Sidgwick gives her lists of books." Imagine being classed among those amorphous creatures to whom a book is a book simply, their reading decided by propinquity, and a title remembered.

So revolting to all mankind, my dear Briton, is your pervasive "virtuous" pose of rising superior to the normal man, with your brotherly love, "civilizing processes" and the rest

of it, that until you do things in the name of the Devil, of Stanley, or of whoever may be the inspiring Brute of the moment, you cannot complain at the manifestation of savage joy on the part of other nations at the unmasking of your superior genius for canting Humbug. Retribution cometh swiftly!—the Emir Pacha Relief Expedition bubble has been pricked. What a stench in the nostrils! What pin-points of *result* from it all, save the melting down of 800 Zanzibari porters into 240!

NOVEMBER 9

The Nursling has me more often than not. The other day she said: "You have had a dreary day today, Miss." Whereupon I must needs put on a frill and say, "Oh, no, it hasn't been dreary, it's simply destiny; and *as* destiny nothing is dreary, you know." She said nothing, being skilled in the withering silence. A little while after, the Australian children burst forth in their customary roar, and I said: "What a wretched life that poor nurse must have with those children!" "Yes, it *seems* wretched enough, but you know it is her destiny, Miss." The "as" above reminds me of another.

K. heard of some mind-curers, Charles and Susan Bowles, who are giving lectures. She went to hear them, and found what they said much more coherent than any of those she had heard at home. I thought it would be "fun" to see and hear the process, so "Susan" was invited to give me a treatment. She bade me shut my eyes and say over to myself: "I am a child of God, and as such pure, perfect, and without flaw." My mind, of course, began skipping about the horizon, and every now and then I was recalled by her saying, "Now, bring your mind back to the thought." After it was over, she said I was too intellectual, etc., which methought a delicious fetch. She nobly declined remuneration, because it was such a pleasure to meet a "New England mind," etc. I think she is sincere;

but what a revelation of mental penury in the race that that's the sort of thing that impresses the mass. K. overheard the man Haweis at one of the lectures saying, "We have been trying all this time to raise men up; but you have hit it, for you are bringing the *Spirit down.*" He spake more wisely than he knew.

Harry came in the other day quite sickened from a conversation he had been listening to, which he said gave him a stronger impression of the demoralization of English society than anything he had ever heard. He had been calling upon a lady whom he knows very well, and who is very well connected; two gentlemen were there, one young, the other old; one of them asked about one of the sons who has just failed in an exam. for one of the services, when she said he had just had an offer of a place, their opinion of which she would like to have. Pulitzer, the ex-editor of the New York World, had applied to the British Embassy in Paris to recommend him a young man of good family, to act as his secretary, write his letters, etc.,—but chiefly to be socially useful in attracting people to the house; to act in short, evidently, as a decoy duck to Pulitzer's gilded salons. A certain young man had fulfilled the functions for three years, and had just been married to an American, Pulitzer having given him a "dot" of 30,000 pounds, and it was presumable that his successor would fare equally well. The Englishmen both thought it would be a "jolly" life. She then turned and asked H. what he thought. "I would rather sweep the dirtiest crossing in London." At which rejoinder, staring amazement, H. asked if she knew Pulitzer's history—. Oh, yes, she knew all about him, and her only anxiety was that the son, who was a complete failure, might fail in getting the enviable berth. The snobling, it appears, has a strong taste for medicine, but thinks it a social disgrace to be a doctor, conceiving a social tout to a Pulitzer to be a nobler form of man.

In coming here, H. saw tossing about among a lot of photos of actresses and ballet-girls in a shop, a photograph of the beautiful Lady Helen Duncombe (who has just married some one) lying out on a chair or sofa, with her arms crossed over her head. To this have all the fine heredities brought the present generation of the aristocracy. How they are crumbling and mouldering from within. Harry said he entirely disbelieved the story of the 30,000 pounds marriage present. I remember H. telling me some years ago that Pulitzer came to him to write some stories for the New York World; that the only essential quality for them was that they mustn't have "anything literary" about them. Have you ever read them?

Whilst we are upon the scum, this story shows what a very thin surface of propriety those most *en evidence* must often have to skim over. A certain young man was elected to Parliament by the Gentlemanly Party last year; he hasn't a ragged exterior, but a friend of Harry's told him last winter that she invited him to a dinner (she lives in Paris), and that he stayed on, trying to sit out, apparently, another gentleman who had lingered after the others. This surprised her as she knew him very slightly; finally he got up and left the drawing-room, but she thought she heard him talking to the butler in the antechamber for some time. A few days after, the butler, an ancient family appendage, came to her and told her that the gentleman had asked him to lend him 200 francs as he was leaving the house; that he would return them the next day. He had lent them, happening to have them on hand, like a thrifty Frenchman, but they had not as yet been returned. The lady told him to write for them, which he did, and received an answer that they should be paid in a day or two. Several weeks passed, however, before the money was paid, which it finally was. Imagine borrowing money of a butler!

I remember in old times, in my childhood, how amused I used to be by the T.'s and their "pride" and aristocracy and

"spirited" nature, etc.—which, however, didn't seem to prevent them living at the expense of any one who undertook the job—Bob's scorn of his halter, as he used to call Mr. T., and yet perfect willingness to spend his money should it fall in his way. "Noblesse oblige" doesn't seem to be the performance of noble deeds, but the doing of ignoble ones with social impunity, and with an increase, personally, of your snobbish pretensions.

NOVEMBER 23

How enriching to the soul, at this moment of distended vulgarians, Bismarcks, Williams the second, Stanleys, etc., to come upon a modesty like Moltke's! The great, having fed so exclusively the eye, and ear, seem so absolutely extinct when their lying-in-state is done with, while the unheard of are revealed by the great leveller, and exalted out of all proportion with their meek and lowly estate.

K. smiles indulgently at the manner in which I turn up and rake over the thin soil of Nurse's little substance; but as the gourmet knows none of the satisfaction which bread and cheese yield to the hungry organism, so the well perceive not the tiny flowerets of observation and impression which spring up in the field of restricted vision, full of perfume and color, however fertilized they may be by intention.

Although the soil above referred to is totally without any snobbish germs, being more destitute of that fundamental quality than that of any one I ever came in contact with, man, woman or child, English or American, rich or poor. She has revealed to me the workings of those hitherto mysterious but powerful factors in life, a "sense of authority," and a "sense of your betters," by bringing it home to me that I stand to her as these two absolute quantities. Imagine the inflation for my American human accident consciousness in suddenly finding itself a substance apart, a "better," an "authority," whose quoted word carries paralysis and finality to the arguments of

the steward's room. There is a certain Stock, a maid, "whom I always feel like contradicting, Miss," (a case of what Miss Clarke at Leamington used to call "two temperatures" coming into contact that never can agree), with whom we discuss the questions of the moment and whom we annihilate apparently. "Of course, I always say that I know nothing about it myself, Miss, but I know some one who says so and so. 'Who is that?' 'My patient, Miss James, and *she* must know.' " And no blasphemy has yet been reported from Stock! Let us trust that she breathes a *damn* in her *intérieur*. The amazing part of it is that it is in matters of opinion and her own personality completely, while in little trifles about arranging the room, or what not, she is as obstinate as a healthy mule. Last winter she went upon her holiday, the day was settled, but when the morning came, I thought it best, as an occulist was coming to see me, for her to put off going until the next day. As she was dressing me, it suddenly crystallized within me that two of her teeth—they are all at absurd angles—must come out, so K. led her off to the dentist and had the fangs extracted; she meanwhile absolutely passive and unremonstrant under this arbitrary and sanguinary exchange of relaxations.

The landlady at Leamington used to abuse the radical mayor simply because he had been a poor boy. "Why, he worked for a builder, and can't know anything; now one of the gentlemen would know, Miss, just what we wanted." She despises him simply because he is one of her *own kind*, and couldn't perceive that his rise shoved her up a bit, whilst a stogy fox-hunting squire, in virtue of his having been always ignorant, idle and selfish, she enthusiastically prostrated herself before. It's this vast class in England, the only nation where it exists, which like the cringing dog is ready to lick the hand that chastises, that gives you in time, what you expect so little at first, a sense of unmanliness. It is found in different degrees all through the ascending scale. During the jubilee months the

Prince of Wales came out of Marlborough House one day and came upon a fainting soldier; he stopped and had the man carried into the garden of Marlborough House, whereupon a shower of letters descended upon the Standard describing this noble feat, from colonels, mayors, captains, each with his own version of the cosmic event—what the Prince said, how he stood, whether he sat, and all the rest of it—until I fairly "womited." And if you only saw the great, handsome, godlike creature the officer can be!! Harry saw Stanley Clarke once, receiving his "orders" from the Prince, and his manner was precisely that of Smith before him, and the attitude of the Prince just that of a kind master to an upper servant. Col. Clarke remains a lacquey still, although his wife inherited 70,000 pounds from Sir John Rose. Mrs. Sloane Stanley thus describes her father, "You can't imagine how strange it was to see Father in love, and to see her sitting upon his poor old knee."

NOVEMBER 24

The ways of Providence *is* peculiar. The substanceful Lady Rosebery dies and a ragtag like me is left fluttering in the breeze. It must be a strangely muddled moment when it dawns on the Personage that he or she is not all there. I trust that matters are conducted humanely, and the poor soul let down easily. Imagine having to begin there to learn that you are simply an atom, and not in your essence a future Prime-Ministress of the great little kingdom.

Dr. Ogle tells the following: He once told a story in which he said, "I am in the hands of an unscrupulous Providence." Some half hour after a man came up to him and said: "A little while ago you said, 'I am in the hands of an unscrupulous Providence;' you must have meant to say an inscrutable Providence." The Doctor must have felt himself *then* in the hands of an unscrupulous Providence!

Could there be a more dramatic irony? Parnell, after his years of desperate struggle, within a few months more or less of a superb victory, escaping from the huge paraphernalia of the Commission built up so laboriously to crush him, smirched and of necessity to be eclipsed only for a short time by the loathsome divorce-suit—pushed on by relentless fate, not only to ruin himself in the present, but by a few strokes of his pen to brand himself as infamous for all history.* What a heart-sickening day was yesterday, and how I wept over Parnell's manifesto, with its portent of the possible death and burial of Home Rule; for if tomorrow the Irish pronounce for him, one's ear must turn itself, one's heart close itself against the woes of that tragic land; no cause is sacred enough to be fought with such a base tool—the betrayer of his friend, the betrayer of his allies, the betrayer of his country!! Alleviations come at unexpected moments, and my tears were dried by another *irony!* Renan was reported in the Standard as saying that Parnell should take Gladstone's advice; that he was a great statesman and could by no possibility be influenced by anything but the *political necessities* of the situation, so that it was impolitic to resist him. Oh, the French!—their delicious completeness; a moral subtlety worthy surely of the author of *L'Abbesse de Jouarre.*

I hear that there is one more to be added to the grandchildren! To the virginal bosom 'twould seem as if having entailed human woe upon three hapless souls might have satisfied even a mother's heart; but compassion is, apparently, an impulse unknown to parental bowels. The married, however, through their ignoble state are doomed to shatter all the ideals of the soaring spinster. There is an unknown "lady" quantity here, who has only been married a year, and she has already given her wedding dress to her maid! He is the second venture, to be sure, but wouldn't you have supposed that however

* Refusing to resign his seat after the O'Shea scandal, and accusing Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party of having betrayed the Irish.

indurated a realism he may have invested himself with, some pallid ghost of the bridegroom would have lingered, to be cherished still amid the folds of the gown?

DECEMBER 7

What possible connection can there be between music and religion, and those woeful chords addressed to the Deity at intervals through the Sabbath?

DECEMBER 31*

Unlike Habakkuk, je suis incapable de tout! Katherine exclaimed in despairing accents yesterday: "For Heaven's sake, don't begin upon a subject which makes you rear up in bed!" She is an excellent creature but rarely inspired.

As things are, I am sure that this is altogether the best place for me; but it does violence to a primordial instinct and fills one with a constant sense of shame and weakness to turn one's back and not shape the accidents of nativity to one's purpose, and extract from whatever barrenness the fullest and richest measure of development. It may be primitive, but one seems to have missed what was intended, and to be, so far, a failure.

How grateful we ought to be that our excellent parents had threshed out all the ignoble superstitions, and did not feel it to be their duty to fill our minds with the dry husks—leaving them *tabulae rasae* to receive whatever stamp our individual experience was to give them, so that we had not the bore of wasting our energy in raking over and sweeping out the rubbish. I used to wonder at father's fulminations against what seemed so extinct, little dreaming, until I came here, what vitality the ugly things had. The parson, they tell you, is a link to soap in the slums; but what flavour of godliness can a cleanliness have which involves mental degradation; and what moral elevation can be brought about by a worship propped up

* From this date every word was dictated.

by tortuous verbosity and emasculate evasions? Imagine a religion imposed from without—a virtue taught, not as a measure of self-respect, but as a means of propitiating a repulsive, vainglorious, grasping deity, and purchasing from him, at a varying scale of prices, a certain moderation of temperature through the dark mystery of the future.

JANUARY, 1891

JANUARY 7

The great family event, over which I have been palpitating for the last eighteen months or more, has come off: *The American* was acted for the first time at Southport, which they call the Brighton of Liverpool, on January 3, and seems to have been, as far as audience, Compton and author were concerned, a brilliant success. H. says that Compton acted admirably, and it was delightful to hear and see him (Harry) flushed with the triumph of his first ovation. At the end, he was called for with great insistence, and was pushed on to the stage by the delighted and sympathetic company; at the third bow and round of applause, Compton, who was standing with him, turned and seized both his hands and wrung them; very pretty of him, wasn't it? I am so thankful that the dear Being has had such a success. The "first nights" to come, we shall be less quivering about. The Comptons, who are the best of judges of the pulse of an audience, are radiant about the prospects of the play.

H. says that at about four o'clock he got so nervous that he couldn't eat any dinner, and went off to the theatre and walked about the stage, dusted the mantelpiece and set the pasteboard vases straight, turned down the corners of the rugs (after his usual manner in my apartments), when lo! as soon as the curtain went up, he became as calm as a clock. If H.

should have dramatic success now, it will be a very interesting illustration of the law that you cannot either escape or hasten the moment.

Almost two years ago he got a letter from Compton asking him to dramatize *The American* for him; he was going to answer no immediately when he said to himself: "No, I'll think about it for a week"; and the result has been this beautiful play—for beautiful it is, with its strongly human quality.

As self-revelations are the supreme interest, the following anecdote, in its rounded completeness, is valuable, apart from its comicality. William Archer, the dramatic critic of the World (who, Harry says, is far and away the best of his kind in London), wrote to Harry proposing to go to see the play at Southport. H. discouraged his doing so, on the grounds of the distance and the cold, but he was there, notwithstanding, on Saturday night; and Harry who had never met him before, was introduced to him in one of the entr'actes. After the play was over, he told Balestier to tell Harry that he wished to speak to him at the hotel. On returning, H. sent a message inviting him to his sitting-room. Upon his entrance, Archer murmured some words of congratulations upon H.'s success, adding immediately: "I think it's a play that would be much more likely to have success in the provinces than in London"; and then he began, as by divine mission, to enumerate all its defects and flaws, and asked why H. had done so-and-so, instead of the opposite, etc. To H., of course, heated from his triumph, these uncalled-for and depressing amenities from an entire stranger seemed highly grotesque; none the less so that to the eye, by his personal type (that of a dissenting minister), the young man seemed by nature divorced from all matters theatrical. In spite of the gloom cast over his spirits, H. was able to receive it all with perfect urbanity, and the Comptons etc. coming in to supper before long, he bowed Archer out,

and served him up as a delectable dish of roast prig done to a turn.

But so small is this little world of ours that K. picked up this afternoon a key which fits the Archer lock with exquisite perfection. She was calling upon a friend who was very much interested about H.'s play, and said that a gentleman dining with them the day before had seen Archer, who said it was a most extraordinary and unheard of, almost immoral, thing for a tyro to undertake to write a play, without consulting a competent dramatic critic! Smile not, but be broadly imaginative, and perceive how nobly Archer has really acted. Harry, with unparalleled insolence and bravado, had dared to write a play without asking him how; but he, in the most disinterested manner imaginable, without hope of other reward than the satisfaction of his fabulous fatuity, came notwithstanding, and dealt out for him the full measure of his wisdom; that the play had just been a most brilliant success was, of course, a most trivial detail. How we laughed, and laughed again!

When you come upon these forms of existence, absolutely destitute of imagination and humour, can you wonder at the maddening irritation with which the critic fills the artist soul? —who, whatever he may not have done, has at least *attempted* to create. H. replies: "Yes, but one is so inadequate for it, and would have to be a Frenchman, to hate them enough and to express the irony, scorn and contempt with which one ought to be filled." H., with his impervious mildness, certainly is inadequate to the subject, and remains completely unruffled by the whole fraternity.

JANUARY 10

Apropos of literary inclination, Lady Lonsdale, now Lady Something Else, asked Harry to come see her at a certain hour one day as she had something of great importance to consult

him about. When H. arrived she told him that she wanted to write a book about Boucher and Watteau and wanted him to tell her how to begin, to which H. replied—"there is no difficulty in beginning; the trouble is to leave off!"

The Princess of Monaco told H. that Bourget was dining with her one day, when he sat speechless and wrapped in gloom for a long time. Suddenly bursting into tears, he rushed from the room; on being followed, he was found sobbing, with his face in his hands, and on being asked what the matter was, he explained: "La vie! la vie! la vie est si amère!" (He is now honeymooning in Algiers but still in despair.)

JANUARY 12

Mrs. Burton, the actress, who takes the part of the respectable Mrs. Bread, said, when Harry thanked her, after one of the rehearsals: "I try to do my best; but you must remember for the seven years I have acted for Mr. Compton I have always played the red-nosed lady." Picture the obscure tragedy. All the hardships and miseries of the lot, no tinsels and spangles, but a red nose simply, for consolation. H. says, "Yes, she is thrown every night to the jeers of the British public, like a Roman captive into the arena."

Katherine is a most sustaining optimist; she proposed writing for me this morning. I said: "Why, you won't have time." "Oh, yes, I'm not going until twelve, and by that time you are always back again in bed, fainted."

I read out of the Standard that they had finally decided to have a telephone between England and France, when K. exclaimed: "What courage!—the French might hurl an epithet at them." The little island cowering between the Channel tunnel on the one side and the prospective army and navy of poverty-stricken "Separatist Ireland" on the other, penetrates one with a sense of robustness.

William says in his *Psychology:* "Genius, in truth, is little more than the faculty of perceiving in an unhabitual way." This seems to the sisterly mind, or heart rather, more felicitous than the long accustomed "infinite capacity for taking pains"; but what length of tether does it allow for our greatly esteemed cousin for browsing in unaccustomed fields and along untrodden ways? For *he* only respects himself when he *is* habitual.

This was forcibly impressed upon me by something Mr. Frederick Myers said, in an exceedingly cordial note which he wrote to Harry about the *Tragic Muse*, in which the only sign of Harry's being an alien is that he puts into the mouth of one of his characters, an Englishman, "never, never," and "never in the world"; "for no Englishman ever said that." This is undoubtedly true, for you *can* absolutely assert what an Englishman never has said—it satisfying his highest craving to crib, cabin and confine his fancies within a dozen or so locutions, as if there were a certain absence of decency in playing with verbal subtleties; "very clever," for example, doing service for the infinite and delicate shades of subdivision to be noted upon the intellectual scale, from Lady Dunlo * to Mr. Gladstone; but how could one deny that this or that had been said by a Yankee?—for is his soul ever more rejoiced than when he has made the next man "sit up" by some start into the open, linguistic or ideal?

Ellie Emmet, who is staying with her cousins, the Roses, was driving one day with Mrs. Charles. On the carriage turning into Russell Square, Ellie exclaimed: "This is where Amelia lived"; when a shiver of the unusual brought from Mrs. Rose, "Do you take London in that way?"

I am as much amused, dear Inconnu (please note the sex, pale shadow of Romance still surviving even in the most re-

* Belle Bilton, the music-hall singer who married Lord Dunlo.

jected and despised of man), as you can be by these microscopic observations recorded of this mighty race; they are as grotesque as the following, in which the infinitesimal and the colossal were never more happily contrasted. When I was in Leamington, one of my friends asked Harry if I were not coming to London. He said no. "What a loss to London," was the dislocated rejoinder.

The phrase quoted above, "jamais, jamais de la vie," is taken from the Paris American, and Harry purposely gave it to an Englishman who might be hoped to wander occasionally from the path of rectitude.

JANUARY 21

A friend said to K. the other day: "You always look so serious we can never tell whether you are joking or not. I think there ought always to be a twinkle in the eye." "Yes," said K., "as warning: 'This is a joke.'" "Is it true, then, that Americans think that we don't take jokes?" she pathetically asked.

How picturesque and instructive of the Duke of Bedford to commit suicide at this moment of frozen misery, showing his destitution before the affluence of the slums, of that apparently inextinguishable animal appetite for simple respiration, when all power and splendour are inoperative against the canker of weariness. It makes it a more perfect whole that, as his possessions were spoils of the Church, he should outrage the canon against self-slaughter, for the Church may say: "Here is our revenge."

The meteorological hysteria which every now and then seizes upon them, makes one picture, at last, this mighty race which conquers the world in every clime, a huge soft mass of palpitating dread when confined to its island.

Katherine has all the passion for accuracy of statement characteristic of the child of the "perceiver"; she says her respect

for truth is so profound that she rarely ventures to meddle with it.

I told Nurse that when Harry's play came to London, she should go to see it, and have a seat in the stalls. "I think, Miss, I would rather go in the gallery, and then I could get some of the maids to go with me; and I would be sure not to tell them before that it was written by Mr. James, and then if it did not succeed, it wouldn't be any matter." This simplifies the complexity of existence.

The following postcard reached me on the day after Christmas:—

"CIVIL SERVICE CO-OPERATIVE STORES

Patrons
The Neighbouring Vicars, Curates,
and
Other Civil Servants

You are cordially invited to support the above Stores.

Shares and all particulars may be had in the Vestries of the Churches after Divine Service on Sundays, when the Pew Rents and Subscriptions from Tradespeople and others toward the support of the Clergy and Church will also be received.

Yours faithfully,

A PRIEST

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
S. MARK XII-31.

N.B., from the Kensington weekly paper:—"Shopkeepers are affectionately recommended to you as being 'a set of people' useful for supplying small articles on credit to suit your convenience. They also exhibit 'showbills' in their windows; they help to pay the Rates and Taxes; their competition keeps

down prices; they subscribe to the Church; and they always vote for the union of Church and State. But—

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

S. MATTHEW VI-24"

The Parson is an unfailing emetic!

"In constructing the earlier basis of a model, sculptors generally commence by moulding the form without drapery of any sort, and it was the Queen's incessant fear that her subjects should contemplate the Royal forms when undergoing this preliminary, imaginative 'building-up' that led her to insist upon a special studio being reserved exclusively for work connected with the Royal Family." (From *Truth.*)

Isn't she the supreme grocer?

When I was last here in London, a friend who used very often to come to see me said one day: "I have just been to the 'Wild West' and I do enjoy your country so, it is so free and fresh." As the female of the cowboy, my attractions were explained.

JANUARY 23

Before the year waxes older, I must recount our novel festivities at Christmas. Little Nurse has an exemplary habit of telling me all her experiences, great and small; and since I have been here she has afforded me infinite amusement by psychological revelations of the steward's room. She is allowed to report all mental eccentricities of the lady's maid, the chef, the steward, the waiter, etc., but the line is supposed to be rigidly drawn at all gossip about the "ladies," though I must confess that curiosity often gets the better of my high tone, and I listen, with great receptivity, to the shortcomings of Mrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson; for, alas! I am sorry to say that the lady's-maid's mind, like mine, finds the recital of humanity's shortcomings more succulent than that of its treatment more

than accounts for our preoccupation with the deviation therefrom.

In this way a wide social range was vicariously opened out to us—beginning by a servants' ball in the hotel on Christmas night, tapering down through a party at "Cousin Val's," a bootmaker who has been to Marlborough House to measure the illustrious foot of Royalty, and ending on Saturday night with a comprehensive gathering at the Sweep's at Hampstead, where the exalted Assistants from Marshall and Snelgrove's watched from the other side of the room the inspirations of a carter and a ploughboy.

The Nursling, knowing that she did not shine as a dancer, and being in no way inclined to obscurity, disguised herself for the ball, very successfully, as an old hag, and sang and acted one of those dreary compounds of "Charing," "Betsey Waring," "damp-attics," "roo-matics," known as a comic song. We have long had it impressed upon us that she "knew" music and drawing, but her histrionic genius has lain fallow; so we were much surprised and delighted at its unexpected blossoming. One day, when I told her how anxious I was about the first night of *The American*, she asked, "Should you have felt very badly if I had failed on Christmas night, Miss?" adding, "I never should have held up my head in this hotel again if I had."

The ladies and gentlemen being invited to honour the occasion, K. put on her mouse-coloured velvet gown and went down just before Nurse's song. She was received at the door by one of the "gentlemen" in the office, who escorted her to a chair, when Jennie, our chambermaid, came up with enthusiasm to greet her, and introduced another housemaid. Jessie, our second housemaid, sat beside her, while our three waiters interchanged conversational amenities with her from time to time, all as if they were friends and hosts, till one's heart was melted to hear about it. These aesthetic decencies so wrap

about the iniquities, and so explain and justify their long continuance, that one has flaccid moments of shivering at the raw edges that will be laid bare as democracy sweeps its pope's-head through the festooning cobwebs, and crumbles the sickly-hued mould into dust. Jennie said to Nurse with delight the next morning: "Fancy Miss Loring shaking hands with me before the whole room." Let us pray that our unconscious benefactions outweigh our unconscious cruelties!

This, by the way, allies K. with the Countess of Portsmouth, who says she always shakes hands with the village schoolmistress, because she thinks it's "the best plan." Think of the swindle of being so placed!—rigid with the framework of the Personage, and ne'er a shady corner from the cradle to the grave for the limbering and rejoiceful somersault. But I must get on with my festivities.

Cousin Val's party seemed commonplace with the trail of Royalty and a professional comedian upon it, Ivan Berlin, more woolly than terrible; but real life was found in perfection at the Sweep's, who lives in a little cottage in one of the hollows of Hampstead Heath.

The party consisted of about twenty (ten having fortunately failed), who were placed, in order to fill in, on stools close together round the walls of the little sitting-room, against which they couldn't lean, however, because they were dripping with wet, there being no fire, for fear of too much heat at this frigid season. Upon her stool, Nurse sat from five in the evening until six the next morning, save at the moments when she burst into song, the essence of the occasion being uninterrupted vocalization and an all-night sitting. Nurse at one moment raised the tone by making to the Marshall and Snelgrove contingent a literary allusion to the clammy hands of Uriah Heep; "The others wouldn't have known to what we referred, Miss." They seemed to be differentiated by special songs, one recalcitrant young woman being besought at frequent intervals

through the watches of the night to sing "Joanna in her Shroud," which turned out to be "Joe in the Copper"; and the Sweep coming to Nurse to tell her that a young woman was about to sing one of her songs, and "what could he do about it?"—as if there were a vocal copyright. Over the evolutions of the carter and a gallon of beer, we must sadly draw a veil, but the ploughboy, pitted with smallpox, with features fashioned in one of the least kindly moods of Providence, seemed the rarest flower of benignancy. So preoccupied was he with the welfare of the guests, and making the occasion "go off," that Nurse thought he must be related to the hosts. The last note of a song had hardly died before he would exclaim: "If no one else is going to sing, I know another"; and perched on his stool, his eyes tight shut, clinched hands, and heels tucked under him, he would drone out by the yard, ditties to the refrain of "My com-*ryde* died for me," and the like. Think of the joy in life of this lowly lad, his soul rapturous with song, all instinct and fluid with the grace of hospitality, as compared, for instance, with Lord Wharncliffe, whose ancestral exigencies are such that he turns his back upon his guests, however fair they may be, and takes his own sister, without a grimace, in to dinner, four days in succession. A lady staying with this unfortunate bondsman, pathetically remarked: "Having no title, I had to go in to dinner every day with the same gentleman, and *that* gentleman Mr. Smalley too."

JANUARY 27

The beloved Katherine is under the weather, and looks as meek and mild as a Baptist, and has that touchingness about her which sickness always brings to the purely normal of the animal kingdom.

JANUARY 28

How surprised and shocked I am to hear that Ellie E. whose heart I had been led to suppose was seared by sorrow, is con-

templating marriage again, in the lightsome mood of eighteen,—poor Temple's devotion, his tragic death, his fatherhood of her six children, all forgotten; not even his memory sacred, for she says she "never loved before." What ephemerae we all are, to be sure: experience leaves no permanent furrow, but, like writing on sand, is washed out by every advancing ripple of changing circumstance. 'Twould seem to the inexperienced that one happy "go" at marriage would have given the full measure of connubial bliss, and all the chords of maternity been vibrated under the manipulation of six progeny; but man lives not to assimilate knowledge of the eternal essence of things, and only craves a renewal of sensation.

FEBRUARY 6

K. is booming this week,—seventeen "invites." She greedily accepts all that the limits of the social day permit; and this is the devoted, three-thousand-mile friend; oh, the *poseuse!*

I am on my knees to her perpetually not to bewilder the natives with her jokes when she is let loose; the same entreaty was on the lips of her aunt, Mrs. Asa Gray, when she was with her in England twenty years ago. Mrs. Clough asked her last night if she did not think it morally wrong to "take in" *Truth.*

What a devil of a bore it must be to be the superior person! —those mental anaemics who never read about murders, divorces, or whatever the special squeamishness may be to which they pin their vanity—as grotesque as going to the play and boasting that you shut your eyes tight whenever the villain walks across.

Apropos of the opposite tendency, a most unique process is taking place in the race of Cross,—a passionate identification of themselves with the unworthy; all as a protest, as a sign of their not-to-be-measured allegiance to George Eliot. When one thinks of the cruel violence which they must do to the

strenuous, strictly moral angles of their osseous conformation, it makes one ache to think of their striving after Bohemia through the cigarette, and feeling, I suppose, dear souls, as the chokey smoke permeates their being, as if they, too, like the immortal George, had deviated from the straight and narrow path. The good and maternal Mrs. Otter, whose digestive organs forbid the noxious weed, abandons herself to even stronger measures, and permits herself to say: "There is one man who understands a woman's heart more perfectly than any other—a Frenchman, Guy de Maupassant." As she lives in the depths of Lincolnshire, this makes the brave and the fair of the fens seem more sportive than one had pictured. This spiritual adoption is so ardent; it makes one curious to know if in one generation or so a Darwinian or Spencerian adaptation may not take place in the physical women. Their progression is now altogether by jerks a pulling of the string. How entertaining if, in time, the interrupted current of their speech and motion should take to itself the undulating suppleness and flow natural to the unmanufactured votary of moral relaxation.

How wild can be the fancies of the unimaginative female!! I, even, have exhaled the aromatic perfume of the *défendu* for the nostrils of a Leamington spinster. She was a refined mortal, and, although fifty years of age, embodied still, as K. said, the Wordsworthian maiden, having that wearying quality which always oozes from attenuated purity. It seems that on one occasion I told her that Father hated all forms and ceremonies, which she took as an intimation that I had been born out of the bonds of wedlock: this doubt had devastated her breast for long, until she was driven to ask K., who, with one burst of laughter, restored me to virtue and the commonplace; but she was not so immoral as to keep the joke to herself, as she told the poor lady she would.

The first time she entered my Presence (I use the word advisedly) she said to herself: "They *say* there is no rank in

America, but it is not true, for *this* is rank!" and she reconciled subsequent developments, no doubt, by looking upon me as a royal bastard. I told Mr. Boott last summer when he exclaimed and explained: "You must be a Fitz-James, then"; and we thought we could hear a spiritual chuckle from on high.

FEBRUARY 8

There is a certain mortuary flavor in the late messages, so I judge that my death is booming in the U. S. I hope Helen Paine isn't losing it again. I once told her that I had been very ill, and that it had been thought I was dying, when in grieved accents, she exclaimed: "Oh, why! I lost that!"

To the American, born to "rattle round" in space, who can have no representative value for his own consciousness or that of any one else, the sense of their place, possessed by all sorts and conditions here, is very instructive; and the skill they obtain in keeping the balance of their exact measure of worth, as between butler and baron, is most remarkable. There was a pathetic remnant in Leamington, a decayed gentlewoman, who gave one such an impression of an indestructible essence in proportion to her being a mere human shadow. Fortune had led her down the rungs of her ladder to an income of ten shillings a week; Mrs. Nickleby was a stern logician as compared to her. And she had the mental range of an ant—not a dear little burnished, definite ant, who could tell you if he only would, with such precision, all the architectural tragedies of his career; but a blurred, vague ant, if such a thing is possible. On this little heap of social ruin, however, the *gentlewoman* was impregnably intrenched; and how often have I gazed sadly through the atmosphere of inherited good breeding, and seen unfold itself the endless row of degenerate ciphers by which she is multiplied on this teeming island.

We were talking one day of an American woman who is

very good-natured and amusing, but of the denuded, distasteful type so beloved here, when Miss Palmer said: "She once said a most extraordinary thing to me" and she went on to tell me that at one time she had lodged in a house kept by an ex-butler and his wife; the man was very fine-looking, and used to decorate the Leamington dinner-parties in turn, and his name happened to be Palmer. In a misguided moment the American humorist said: "I should think you wouldn't like to live in the house of that man Palmer, for you might be taken for his sister!" And I am sure every defunct (ancestor?) fortified the accent of the inconceivable (scorn?) with which she disclaimed the possibility of such an incongruous calamity suggesting itself to her. A few minutes later she described a meeting she had been to, where Miss Kingsley, who is considered very excitable, had been "in such a stew," as the Vicar of Tachbrook said, "that she called out to Lord Leigh, 'Come here!' forgetting in her hurry the respect due to rank." To her, the butler, the gentlewoman, and the nobleman were fixed substances, as little interchangeable as the elements; and to her pale gentility it would have been as much out of nature to have hurried the one as to have played with the thought of being the sister of the other, although the misguided Yankee asked: "Why not?—you know he is a handsome man." Can there ever be an international point of view? Feeling themselves to be, primarily, members of a class, and only secondarily human beings, they are free from the responsibilities that the floating Yankee is under to his individual dignity; and they are able to accept, without a squirm, from their betters, every manner of favour, from the loan of the great house down the infinite degrees to nimble sixpence. Apropos, an intimate friend of Matthew Arnold's said to Harry: "You know he is so very clever about getting houses lent to him."

MARCH 4

If K. knows the blessedness of giving, I certainly know the curse of receiving. No matter how great the iniquity she may commit, if I start up to confront her with it, there suddenly stares me in the face three thousand miles of solid home-sickness, my righteous indignation turns to pulp, and I flop back into a tangle of shawls swindled into savourless amiability.

Billy, it seems, teases little Peggy dreadfully; she bears it usually serenely, but every now and then her indignation breaks forth. The other day she said to her mother: "When I speak so to Billy it makes my stomach tremble." Heaven forbid that this should be a portent of heredity, and that her innocent framework should be destined to enclose within its depths a cave of emotional borborygyms, as has been known.

What an incongruity to meet in a London drawing-room a grand-nephew of old Dr. Channing, with a rich wife, having resigned his nationality to become a radical M.P., and asking his hostess eager questions as to the confection of a gown for his daughter who is to be presented this season.

A woman was brought to the London Hospital the other day, with a very bad bite on her arm. The doctor asked her whether she had been bitten by a dog. "No, sir: 'twas another lydy did it."

Jennie, the housemaid, has been to see *The Cabinet Minister*. She prefers a "deep play, with a murder or two in it, and guns going off; something deep, you know,"—the mind stirred in proportion to the muscular stars. Mrs. John Wood she considers a very good actress, "for rough and refined!"

Poets have always had a genius beyond their fellows for irritating the feminine devotee by their ineptitude in pairing themselves. To judge by the wingless widow Clough, Arthur Hugh carries off the cake in this respect. Katherine went the other day to see *The Dancing Girl* with Mrs. Clough. In the course of the play a wicked duke rehearses his villainies, and says how

much better are the lower orders. "I'm so sorry to hear him say that; it is hard enough as it is to keep people in their place, and it does them a great deal of harm to hear that kind of talk!"

MARCH 22

How amusing it is to see the fixed mosaic of one's little destiny being filled out by tiny blocks of events,—the enchainment of minute consequences with the illusion of choice weathering it all! Through complete physical bankruptcy I have attained my "ideel," as Nurse calls it, and we are established since March 12 in a little house on Campden Hill, 41 Argyll road. We decided a little while ago that I could not go out of town, or become the prey of the landlady, so that a house to ourselves was a necessity—and a possibility, with Katherine at hand, who had only to wave her magic wand, and in three weeks from our decision we found ourselves delightfully settled —she, after her usual manner, having levelled all the rough places and let the sunlight into the dark corners of suggestion.

Our "staff" of two consists of a Mrs. Thompson—a cook included in the lease of the house and of the excellent Louisa, who, having left Mrs. Clarke, K. transported from Leamington, and is transforming from a slavey into a house parlor-maid. This domestic exiguity tries Nurse, of course, whose conversation has been greatly decorated this winter with "the staff of sixty-three at the hotel"; but the sorest trial for her is the low intellectual level at the dinner table. The second day she said, "Mrs. Thompson must be a Wesleyan, Miss,—she talks about the Maker; and that is not a High Church expression; and she is always having a 'beautiful dream,' in which some one asks her questions; and she says, 'The strange thing is that I never make any answer, but always simply points upwards—to the Saviour.' " Stranger than the dream is the fact that the constancy of the dramatic pose towards the

sky has no disastrous results to her sublunary savours, which are of a most delectable and body-sustaining description, notwithstanding that her piety is doubled by a most strenuous teetotalism; so that she won't put wine in her sauces (K. says because then she can't eat them herself). It seems to be all there, so the ascending finger, like the electric rod, must conduct some spiritual quickening thereunto. But the truly thrilling thing is to see the simple soul of Louisa shedding her chrysalis of the drudge and learning to flutter her wings in the housemaid's empyrean. The slightest shades of her psychological state are noted with the keenest interest; and the whole household is grouped about her, watching the stages of her development. Her first question was, "Is this the Jack-the-Ripper part?" of London. The first time she went out alone she, of course, managed to lose herself; but, fortunately, just as she was going to "roar" she was rescued by a constable —"them buzzes frightens me awful." Nurse and Thompson are contending over her for Church and Chapel; honours are easy so far, and if Louisa is wise they will remain so.

Was there ever such a repulsive spectacle as those creatures surrounding the deathbed of prince Napoleon, and trying to snatch some word from his unprotected weakness, which they may distort into ignoble concession,—making capital out of and greedily feeding upon his unholy career?

MARCH 23

In arranging and fitting yourself here, you have always to remember and count with the far backwardness in which the simplest evolution retroacts; and in the manner of doing, the rigidity imposed by the long burden of time, whilst in Yankeedom it is simply tomorrow that you must stretch yourself to. The continuity and localness is shown by a van to be seen in Kensington Square, on which is written, "van to and from London daily." Before the bad weather began, K. was dining

out one evening, when they waited a long time for two of the guests who were coming from Wimbledon. They finally arrived, having had numberless adventures on the perilous journey, their cab losing its way from the station, and they losing their wraps; and had the lady crossed the plains, she couldn't have taken more time to thaw out.

If the aim of life is the accretion of fat, the consumption of food unattended by digestive disorganization, there is no doubt that I am a failure; for as an animal form my insatiable vanity must allow that my existence doesn't justify itself. But every fibre protests at being taken simply as a sick carcass, as foolish friends so flatteringly insist; for what power have dissolving flesh and aching bones to undermine a satisfaction made of imperishable things? The winter has been rich beyond compare; the heart all aglow with the affectionate demonstration of friend and brother; the mind deeply stirred by most varied and interesting events, public and private; the spirit broadened and strengthened, let us hope, by a clearer perception of the significance of experience; while from the whole has flowed perpetually these succulent juices which exude, at the slightest pressure, from the human comedy.

MARCH 27

Picture the flutter in the cote, a male introduced in the shape of an intoxicated gardener, who invited Thompsonia, the teetotaler, first to take a drink with him, and then to lead him to the altar. K. most blessedly combines with her petticoats certain male virtues, and trembleth not before the mouse or the drunken man; so the sinner was evicted with decision, and hysteria cut short.

With what joy I think of the vengeance the non-piano-player will have over t'other in heaven. It can surely be nothing less than a long, long draught of his blood. There were fifteen pianos at the South Kensington and twenty-three up-

roarious children, who were allowed to turn the corridors into nurseries, and to scream for hours outside of one's door; so that the old notions about the suppressed British child and the solemn respectability of a London hotel were found to be sadly antiquated. The change that has come, even since I have been here, is most extraordinary; young girls going to dances alone, and the mothers not even invited. Bessie Clarke, Mrs. Stanley Clarke's charming daughter of twenty, told K. that she rode at 8 a.m. in the Park because she had no groom to go with her; and her mother would not allow her to ride alone at twelve, as so many of the girls did. She and Minnie Emmet seemed to be going about alone in omnibusses whenever they wanted to.

This makes it the more natural, of course, that the Misses Chamberlain, not generously endowed by nature or freighted by long descent, should be proportionately hedged about with propriety, and not allowed to go out alone,—Joseph of many screws and colors out-Torying the Tories even here; but the best of all is that he has a copy of the Endicott ancestor of the fair Mary to decorate his Highbury mansion—Brummagem distilled!

The American has been a great success in Belfast as well as in Edinburgh; there must be something human after all in Ulster! I read a notice in the Belfast paper to the Nursling, and said, "That's Irish enthusiasm." "Yes; wasn't it plainly written, Miss?" I felt for the rhetorician. It fills one so at moments with gratitude that fate has placed one just above the line of intellectual penury, for it takes all their little stock to pick out the *objects* in a picture or on a page; and they have no little scraps left over, as we have, for a further movement, nothing stowed for the new to catch on to and lodge,—their minds swept as clean, poor souls, as their denuded cupboards. Think of having to grub and grind all the long days simply to

keep from starving, with nothing stirred within but brute sensations,—no hallowed memories, no cherished hopes, none of the joys of reflection!

APRIL 5

When death has come close, how the emptiness seems palpable and to permeate the very atmosphere, making the sounds therein reverberate so loud! This is a delicious feminine muddle at which K. assisted yesterday. Two friends were calling here—one, typical British matron, the other, typical mind-cured Jamaica Plain. She suddenly overheard the latter say, "You call it here hypnotism; we call it *the* science." "But it must be very dangerous to manipulate such a delicate organ as the brain," was the rejoinder. K. vainly rushed to the rescue, trying to disentangle them from their respective embroilment, by suggesting that hypnotism was not massage, nor was *the* science hypnotism, evoking simply from the Yankee, "They mold the brain so wonderfully now. How is it done? —through the skull, I suppose; and weighing of the brain is so wonderful, too! How do they manage that?" "Post-mortem," murmured K., desiring to throw light upon the dark mysteries of science; but the Yankee only scoffed, "With life left out!"

It is certain sure that good manners *are* corrupted by evil communications. Think of my having sent through Nurse's machinations, an Easter card! A card alone is bad enough, but one with Easter appended! Father must have groaned on high, Easter being his special "ab-horrence," as Nurse calls it. She, I gladly observe, is becoming corrupted by me; she has, however, taken her revenge now. I have found this winter that she actually "celebrates," or "takes celebration,"—whichever it is called—on a full stomach, having told me in Leamington that it would cause a fatal spiritual indigestion. When I heard myself exclaiming, "Your celebrations and the

rest of it are perfect tomfoolery as long as you prevaricate as you do." The poor little soul has no more conception of what prevarication means than she has of the cosmos,—'tis only an automatic defensive movement to protect herself against my despotic power,—a few shillings in my pocket to chink, while she has ne'er a ha'penny!

K. went to Cheltenham this winter to spend a few days with Miss Woolson; she came back in a railroad carriage with Sir Michael Hicks Beach, his wife, and a friend. The gentlemen has been speaking at a Unionist meeting the night before, and they unbosomed themselves after the engaging manner that English gentlemen are so erroneously supposed *not* to do. "You live near the Abercorns, don't you?" "Yes." "Terribly dreary?" "Yes, but very good." "I stayed with them once, and they sat in only one room, it was awfully dull." "You know they are very poor," etc. The ducal circle crouching over one fire seems piteous enough; they must be much colder even than the Bachelors, and have but little to save them from depression; but the coarse strain in the fibre that permits of publicly proclaiming the poverty and dreariness of quondam hosts is one of the shocks and surprises to the democratic mind, so mistakenly under the illusion of the exigencies of long-descended delicacies and refinements. Sir Michael asks for nothing more than that his two sons, who are at Eton, should one of them be in the school Eleven, and the other in the football team. One of the Bensons, who has been living in Iowa, has come back to England to educate his boys; he said he was about sending them to some school in the United States, but thought they would get rabbit-shooting in England, so he brings them here. If they are to be ornaments to their country, 'tis surely wise to take measures to develop their instincts for slaughter.

My good Mrs. Bowyer, in Leamington, used to lament to me over the failure of her son to get into Sandhurst: "When

he was young he was an excellent scholar; his coach writes to me that he hasn't brought away the vices they commonly do from Eton, but that it has wholly destroyed his power of study, as usual." Having learned wisdom, I didn't dilate upon the grotesqueness of sending the young ideas to a seat of learning that acknowledgedly deprives them of what little capacity with which Nature may have endowed them. Once in my innocency, before I had learned what *not* to say lest the Empire totter, I exclaimed, when hearing from a moaning mamma how Eton undermined the morals, "Why, then, do you send your boys there?" And you could almost hear the reverberation of the mental shock as she gasped, "How can we help it?" But George Bowyer, I think, must have a special gift of divesting himself of acquired knowledge, for he had always been very good in French and passed very well, until an unlucky inspiration came to send him to Germany for three months, to fortify his German. At the next "exam" he had not only not learned any German, but had seemingly amused himself in sweeping clean the hitherto well-furnished Gallic cells of his brain.

APRIL 7

Our old landlady at Leamington said to K. "How do you manage when you are so seasick, about going off the ship to get your meals?" "I have them in my room." "Oh, yes, you always know so well about providing; you're not like ladies, are you? You go into things so—" That is, she grasps, among other trifles, the complications of those cosmic objects to the good old lady, the dustbin and the copper and kitchener. She *has* rather been going into things last week. During one twenty-four hours she pursued her devious way, in the afternoon with Doctor Hack Tuke to Bedlam,* in the evening to a "smart" dinner, and the next morning found her at Clap-

* Bethlehem Hospital for the Insane.

ton lifting up her voice in prayer as she knelt among Salvation lassies. It would be curious to know which of the three was the chief centre of lunacy. Her mind may be called "detached," as the *Spectator* Townsend said of Mr. Bryce's: "Bryce's mind is a good mind, not at all a great one; I should say a *detached* mind." From what Mr. B.'s mind is detached remains a secret of the Spectatorial oracle, but K.'s is detached from any personal preoccupation of the situation, and is enabled to "catch on" to the exigency of every passing moment, so that when the slum sister tapped her on the shoulder, instead of striking the customary false note of refusal, she harmoniously addressed herself to the Almighty without a twinge of conscience.

On Easter Monday, bank-holiday, she tended table at a temperance tea given in the Kensington Town Hall. The Vicar of St. Mary Abbott's, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glynn, presided, and his wife, Lady Mary *(née* Campbell), "nursed" the various babies in her lap. There was an eccentric specimen, a little girl, who had arrived through heredity at the sophistication of not liking seedcake. "Her mother was the same before her."

Mrs. Shaen, who was a cousin of Thackeray's, and blushingly thinks herself the original of Ethel, is quite a friend of Katherine's, and as she is a poor-law guardian for Kensington, we hear much that is most interesting. She is (as every one must become that works among the poor) a vehement teetotaller, and on several occasions has proved how infinitely more possessed of moral courage women are than men. She finds her fellow guardians and some licensing justices ready to support her in private, encouraging her to propose reformation, but at the meetings they don't second her motions, and on one occasion lately they left her alone to face the jeers of four hundred publicans, she having objected to the renewal of the license of a public exactly opposite to the gate of the Kensington work-

house, whither three-fourths of the inmates are brought by drink. One poor woman said to her of her husband, "I can get him past eight publics, but I can't get him past nine." To reward her for her pluck and to shame craven man, she had a great ovation from the people at the concert after tea on bank-holiday, when the Vicar said a few words about what she had done.

This reminds me that last autumn at the South Kensington Hotel, Nurse told me one day that the Marquis of Lorne had arrived the day before, that a fine suite of rooms had been prepared for him on the first floor, but that he had taken only one bedroom on the fourth floor, and hadn't brought even a valet with him; and instead of ringing the bell for a housemaid, he went in an ancient dressing-gown to a room where they sat, and there gave his orders. When this was told in the steward's room, "Mr." Woodford, the butler who presided over the deglutition of the ladies' maids, unctuous of manner, Pickwickian of contour, his legs behind him, "his figure not lost, but gone before," exclaimed, "Oh, that's the real kind; you soon tell 'em from the made-up ones." How he would despise any one not a marquis who behaved like that! H. says, "It takes a marquis to make a butler subtle."

While studying the populace in Shoreditch one day, K. beheld a female child thereof purchasing a ha'porth of ice cream, which, being dabbed upon a piece of newspaper, she held on the palm of her hand and transferred with infinite satisfaction to her alimentary canal by means of lingual gymnastics. In the higher social walks, where a glass is provided for the ice, you have the choice of a spoon for an extra ha'penny, but as Nature has been so liberal in instruments, why indulge in such a reckless superfluity?

In view of the facts, the remark in *Truth* is very droll about the introduction that H. wrote for the catalogue of Alfred Parsons' exhibition of pictures—to the effect that, being a dis-

tinguished member of the Savile Club, "Mr. H. J. naturally writes a laudation of his friend Mr. Parsons' pictures," etc.—the truth being that H. loves not the Savile Club and goes there about once a year, and Mr. Parsons isn't a member at all.

APRIL 12

H. said one day that Burne-Jones, Sargent, and Alfred Parsons are the most complete artists he knows in their point of view, and in their natures the best of men.

It is unusual to see a creature like H. with so strong, almost completely artistic inclination, having absolutely a physical repulsion from all personal disorder. 'Tis a sad fate, though, that he should have fastened to him a being like me; and you can't exaggerate the beautiful patience with which he listens to my outpourings on *Questions* (Heaven forbid that I should ever be so base as to descend to *Subjects)* from which he is so detached, and which absorb my raw-boned, relentlessly moral organization. I can hear, as of yesterday, the ring of Father's voice as he anathematized some shortcomings of mine in Newport one day: "Oh Alice, how hard you are!" and I can remember how penetrated I was, not for the first time but often with the truth of it and saw the repulsion his nature, with its ripe kernel of human benignancy, felt. Alas! through all these years that hard core confronts me still, though I have moments of indulging myself with the thought that through the heavy hand of Time, the sap of generous and gentle impulse may stir, although it give no sign in the rich blossoms that strewed the path.

This brings back to me one of dear old Wilkins' * Micawber's jokes: Mr. George Bradford had opened a school in Newport, and one day Mr. Emerson was asking him about it in the presence of Wilky, who was paying a visit at the Emersons' in Concord. "And what sort of a girl is Alice?" asked Mr. E.

* Her brother Wilky.

"She has a highly moral nature," replied Mr. B. Whereupon in great amusement, Mr. E. exclaimed: "How in the world does her father get on with her?" But how shall one relate that long alliance, made on one side of all tender affection, solicitous sympathy, and paternal indulgence?

APRIL 13

K. is so excessive in the normal that she seems to me at moments to be barely a rudiment. The anaemic are so fed by the vanity of emotion and sensation that they become like bloated fungi of the morbid.

APRIL 19

I must congratulate *The Speaker* on having emancipated certain paragraphs, which it entitled *The Week*, from the glorious mission of destroying Howells. With all one's admiration for his special genius, it made him mightier than was justified by reality to have a London weekly find him so potent as to think it essential to devote paragraph after paragraph to despising and condemning him. It was a diseased possession, for he loomed so to their imagination that when the things he *had* said gave out, they divined what iniquity he *would* commit under given circumstances. When it was not Howells it was the wisdom of Jenkins of Tennessee, or Tompkins of *Mizzourah*, that was dragged from its native obscurity to be held up to the reprobation of Great Britain. In their wildest dreams could Tompkins or Jenkins have ever hoped for such glory? The editor, too, devoted two wrathful columns to—whom do you think?—poor old Marion Harland, whose namby-pamby tales I used to read, in infancy, in *Godey's Lady's Book*, when I chanced upon it at the Perry's in Newport, thirty years ago. How truly topsy-turvy to have this faint ghost from a long forgotten literary (!) past suddenly "walk" as redoubtable quantity, to be crushed by the thunders of a London weekly, bap-

tized a "gentleman," too. But finally the ingenuous editor has discovered that even in the heart of London there is a bibliography which 'twere more important to record; so the United States has to take the back seat, and its literary vices appear no longer as the most central and powerful factors of the moment.

APRIL 22

We have been much interested in the last months in the sad little story fallen to our knowledge through a nursing friend of little Nurse's; Lady Alexandra Leveson Gower, the only daughter of the unspeakable Duke of Sutherland, has been lying very ill close by, in the house of her uncle, the Duke of Argyll, and she has just died. Her mother died two or three years ago, when her father married immediately an abomination in the shape of a woman. The young thing, only twenty-five, was so borne down by the sorrow of her present and the memory of her mother's outraged past, that she went to St. Bartholomew's to try to distract her mind by nursing. There is something touching in hearing of the tender soul so artificially reared, stretching forth its little tendrils to entwine and lose itself in common things. But she only stayed three months, and left very ill. Although the Queen has called to ask for her, paternal and avuncular dukes, fraternal and cousinly marquises, lords and ladies of all degrees have perturbed themselves about her, passed with peaceful joy from amidst the vain shadows. Will there be no stirrings of remorse in that father's bosom for the brutalities that rent that delicate fibre?

She made a very instructive remark to our differently constituted standard. She said to her nurse that she had had a great deal of sorrow, and could not live with her father because he had married some one whom "the Queen would not receive." This was, of course, a convenient formula for use to the nurse, but it was also an absolute standard of the possible and impossible bred in her bone. It opened up to one con-

genitally escaped from the chance of any such *entravement* of his personal prerogative a new insight.

But of all the repulsions, the greatest is that of a religion subscribed to in conformity to an outward standard of respectability,—not the spontaneous inspiration of the aspiring souls; a God with fixed and rigid outlines, to be worshipped within a prescribed and strictly formal ritual,—not a Deity that shapes himself from moment to moment to the need of the votary whose bosom glows with the living, ever clearer knowledge of divine things; a faith propped up by a resounding rhetoric descended from the ages, and by the vain repetitions of men,—not a faith which is the sacred secret of every soul within which it springs impregnable, whose communion is the common joys and sorrows, the simple sights and sounds, and whose ritual shrouds itself from vulgar speculation in the individual mystery.

APRIL 23

It has been so thrilling this winter to have that terra incognita, the stage, opened up to us, and to be able to project ourselves into the consciousness of the playwright, and to learn all the conditions which enchain him. Harry is the most adorable creature for "telling,"—and then the things that he sees! Compton told K. that he had at once told him things about the members of their company that they themselves, after years, were only beginning to learn. The Comptons also dwelt very much on the fact that, save a little excision, when they came to rehearse *The American*, they had not suggested an alteration; this, it seems, is very unusual. Mrs. Kendall says in her little book that plays have usually almost to be made over.

When one learns within which the poor author has to carry out his purpose, any sort of a play becomes a *tour de force*. To tell a story within a given number of minutes, so that each syllable has to be measured, is hard enough; and then to tell it

so that the commonest mind can understand *au fur et à mesure;* that each act should end with a "curtain," and, of supreme importance, that the actor-manager and his wife, if she exists, should have the chief parts and form a situation at the finale,—is an Herculean task.

The actor-manager *has* to marry his wife, though as a comedy actress she may have, in order to attain this end, to transform herself into a tragedy queen. And this is Art! Can you imagine anything more ludicrously British than to risk your very salvation rather than break grotesque shackles consecrated by the *far back,* the sacred inherited inanities?

H. came in a few days ago, all heated with a most sympathetic interview with John Hare, who not only accepts play number two, *Mrs. Vibert,* which H. wrote before Christmas for Miss Genevieve Ward, but accepts it with enthusiasm and calls it a "masterpiece of dramatic construction." His talk was most intelligent and his view of the English public all that can be desired. He talked a great deal about the cast, and repeated, "It is meant for the Français." *Lady Bountiful,* which he has just brought out, has fortunately fallen, and he apparently would bring out H.'s play now, but that he wants, for a rest, to revive an old play, and he has promised to bring out another new play next. So H. won't come until the autumn or winter, I am afraid. He seems to be emancipated from the managerial necessity of fitting the play to his company, and is blessedly not possessed of an acting wife.

I was surprised to find that H. didn't seem to see how much more dependent this play will be, for success, upon the actors than *The American,* or the comedy that he has just written—it depending altogether upon the subtlety and art with which the delicate psychologic situations are introduced, and will only appeal to that limited public which suspects that art and subtlety exist. H. says that *Lady Bountiful* is put on the stage in the most exquisite manner; the English surpass the French so enor-

mously in this way. I suggested that the French substitute the acting. "Yes, of course; here the acting is simply thrown in." "It adds so much," as the young American girl said to Lizzie Putnam, of the mountains of Switzerland.

H. said, that whilst rehearsing with the Compton troupe, it was all very well to be superior to the *mise-en-scène*, but with such inferior instruments that it was an enormous support, and that he fell back upon and "clung to every button."

APRIL 24

Truly nothing is to be expected but the unexpected! Mrs. Chamberlain being out of town, a great box of flowers, which comes to them from Highbury, was forwarded to K. yesterday. Nurse opened it and laid the lovely things across my knees; in the midst I discovered a tidy little parcel, which I opened, and lo! I, in my obscurity, found myself suddenly in the exalted presence of two of Joseph's historic "buttonholes." Nurse hastened to decorate my humble person with the ugly things, ugly as orchids only can be, and I felt that life *was* worth living. A few minutes after, I looked up *The Standard*, and found that the creature had been making a speech somewhere, the concluding lines of which were to the effect that only a few Irish wanted home rule, to make money out of it; how is that for base?

There are rumors of a dissolution.* I dread it immensely—the public stagnation of the last months has been such a rest.

One of the things no man can understand in Englishmen is their political relations. They eagerly seize on every occasion, in Parliament and out, to call one another liars, scoundrels, etc., under the thinnest parliamentary disguises, if any, and then they walk off arm-in-arm together to dine. This excites the loudest national applause, and *The Standard* was lately moved to a leader on the subject: "In what other nation would such a

* Of Parliament.

thing be possible?" etc. In none, thank Heaven! Even the French duel, with its supremely ludicrous elements, makes upon one an impression of manliness, as compared with a lily-livered creature slinking off to dine with the man that has just called him a scoundrel. If it is meant, the first movement, one would imagine, would be to knock the man down; if he is simply a liar of degraded sort, making political capital, one's stomach would surely turn at his soup. Ah, but the concessions to expediency that are consistent with being "a bold and noble Briton" are manifold and great!

APRIL 25

How flattening-out but useful, when you have complacently taken it for granted that you are having "an influence for good" over a daughter of the people, to find that she all the time was rolling down hill outside the domestic beer-barrel. It is such a shock and outrage to your vanity to find how you have been made game of, until reason shows you that you have endowed the creature out of your own consciousness with all sorts of qualities and decencies which she never pretended to have, and that, just as the ignorant perceive and observe nothing because there are no germs within, inherited or acquired, we, with our exotic perceptions fancy we discover in the coarsest weeds possibilities of the fairest bloom, and feel wronged when we are pricked by the thorns or stung by the nettles.

APRIL 26

We are so absurdly happy in our decidedly silly little house,—which 'twould seem so easy to have arrived at without so many links in the chain, but each one had to be forged at the inexorable smithy of endurance, where no man's measure is ever scamped; I had to get a little worse in order to lose all conscience about absorbing K. as a right, and then I had to get a little more money, which came to the moment, in the closing

of poor old Cousin Henry W.'s tragic life. I had feared a constant terror of burglars, but ne'er a scare have I had yet.

The tone of the household is quite sublimated, full of a serene interchange of amenities; the only contention being over the protoplasmic soul of Louisa. Whether, at the end of our lease, 'twill have taken a ritualistic or baptismal shape, no sign has yet been vouchsafed. Nurse makes her a bonnet, whereupon Baptisma makes her an apron, etc., whilst the cold-blooded Unitarian fish and impassioned devotee of natural religion upstairs gaze in holy terror (!) at the shameless machinations of ecclesiasticism. K. says that I have "the most paying" (I suggest "bloated") religion of the five, as the three indispensable elements are all united in my own person—"Allah, the Prophet and the Votary."

Poor little Nurse is so sunken in her superstition that, although she has heard my scoffs for five years, she can't yet grasp that the Church has no existence for me, so that when Louisa has been led away to Chapel, she comes and makes some excuse to me, when I most discouragingly reply: "An excellent place for her to go."

Given what she is, she is the best little creature in the world, and has fitted herself with most exemplary patience to all my acute angles, and no groan escapes from her. When all the foundation gave way under me last summer, and I clung to her, as a drowning creature to a straw, I had such an impression of the richness of life, in finding security in anchoring myself to her long, narrow, Fra Angelico surface, covering simply half a dozen faithful, kindly instincts uniting me with the simple and the good so that the blessed peace fell upon me which comes from escaping from the fantastic, and burying one's self in the vast ruminating mass. In the old days, when, month after month and year after year, I used to have my "attacks," and Mother and Father would watch by me through the long nights, I used to cry out to them to know what would become

of me when I lost them; and here was the answer to my doubting heart; a little girl, then toddling about a Gloucestershire village, was, in a foreign land, to hold out her hand to my necessity, perform all kind offices, and give me an ever deeper sense of the exquisite truth that human good outweighs all human evil, and that only from amidst the clouds shines out the true illumination.

MAY 3

Bob writes that Ned, who is very good about his studies, is destined by the good little Mary to be a "ministrant at the altar"; given the strain of Father that is inevitable in his blood, this is irresistibly funny. The altar, too, is to be after the Episcopal order, that jerry-builder architecture of the soul, with none of the historic splendor of the Catholic Church to lend it romance and authority, nor the grim, heroic nudity of austere and masculine and moral sinews.

MAY 7

K. went, on the third of May, to the eight hours demonstration in Hyde Park. She thinks it fortunate that I was not there, as I should have been reduced to a fountain of water, the immensity of it was so overpowering. The whole question is such a turbulent sea of doubt, upon which one is tossed without pilot or compass, that I have had to close my emotions thereto. The whole system of things is hideous and to be swept away, but just now the English workingman, as someone said of the scenery, is "so petted and pampered" as compared to his fellows in less fortunate lands, and when one needs him for a job, he is perpetually and exasperatingly seeking relaxation in a whole or half holiday that the "unemployed" becomes to one's belief a fantastic creation. He seems compact of that quality which continued residence here only forces more and more upon one

—the absence of grit in all classes, and the construction and acceptance of life on a weak-kneed basis.

H., last summer, gave such an interesting account of the people whom he had seen on the Continent, in Bavaria and Italy chiefly, and one got such an impression of the toiling, unrequited, nameless millions going silent, with unrecorded virtues to their graves, whilst their enduring heroism is the mainspring without which the shrieking, iridescent scum would vanish like the morning mist.

What a spectacle, the Anglo-Saxon races addressing remonstrances to the Czar against expelling the Jews from Russia, at the very moment when their own governments are making laws to forbid their immigration.

Nurse took me to the window today, and lo! Spring has been at her tricks! We have a good scraplet of garden, which, with those of our neighbors, gives us a delightful glimpse of sky and many a feathery bit of green. K. has expended twenty shillings' worth of seeds and twenty pounds' worth of energy between our walls, and I dream that, as the season advances, I may occasionally be carried by my slaves through the bloom. How fortunate it is that we have so many aesthetic stomachs, so that when lying in a shaded room, we can chew and re-chew the cud of past contemplations; a slant of light, or a whiff of perfume, or the rustle of wind, and the illusion of the shimmering vista, the murmuring pines and the damp, divine earthiness is before us in perfection.

MAY 9

It is not often that we have the gratification of hearing our theories confirmed and justified out of the mouth of the subject; but an authoritative stamp and seal was given to one by Miss Clough, Mistress of Newnham, when K. was lunching there the other day. What more than anything else makes

this estimable race seem so completely foreign to us, as if we could not have had possibly a common descent, is the microscopic subdivision of their knowledge. It is impossible to predicate that supremacy in one accomplishment will shed not a radiance, but raise to the simplest level of intelligence the whole man; for he carries his gift, which he so often has in great perfection, in an artificial compartment, through the walls of which radiates no germinating ardour; and he leaves the rest of himself, with a trusting, childlike candour, just as nature made him. One had supposed that he was a conscious victim; from Miss Clough's pronouncement it seems it is what they strive to make 'em—the general intelligence and absence of particular development which she observes in the American girls who come to her being entirely subversive of the established law that a child's mind should be dedicated to and perfected in some one study alone—to mathematics or language, etc.—whilst all other fields are left fallow to the seeds of accident. This is why things end so short off when you are talking. You ask some question cousin-germane to the subject, when all the machinery stops and they, without a squirm, proclaim absolute ignorance. Such candour appeals, no doubt, to the Most High, but it discourages and interrupts the social flow to a greater degree than the hit-or-miss flutter and flap we give to the wings of imagination when we feel underfoot the distressful ooze of doubt.

It is all very simple and explains itself; they stand to themselves as "mathematics"—not relative but absolute, and rest placid and content therein, whilst the quivering Yankee catches up, in the ravelled edges of his culture, simply an approximate knowledge of many things. You are so impressed, at first when you come, by the rounded smoothness of intellectual interchange, and are amazed until an illuminating ray is projected and you see that you can make no call of any sort upon the individual for a movement of inspiration, that his substance

only in exceptional cases justifies the surface of inherited education and fortunate opportunity that has fallen to his lot; but who, I should like to know, ever saw an over-educated Yankee? —save always the egregious Norton.

Every spring the first classic or senior wrangler excites in their mind as boyish an enthusiasm as when he was first invented; and all these centuries that they have seen him sink into impotent obscurity don't dim his glory or open their eyes to the fact that an excresence of one order of knowledge rarely dissolves itself into the practical wisdom of life. Mary Porter told me one day that, at the other end of the scale, the inability of the people who had been trained to do one thing, never turning their hand to another, complicated the situation so. At the moment, she was very much concerned about some men who had been box-makers; the fluctuation of trade had cut off their work, and all these poor creatures had to sink into dockers, pitiable dregs.

Instances of this sort are infinitely multiplied; one or two more are marked enough to be worthy of mention. The estate agent "off" whom we took this house has a large and important business; but when K. gave for reference Baring Brothers, he knew them not—this winter, when the world has rung with their downfall! It makes this cessation of his business consciousness just outside their radius the more remarkable.

The Monday after the eight hours demonstration in Hyde Park, K. went to a club in Shoreditch where she goes to amuse the infants of the People, and she asked a Miss Cathcart, whose whole life is devoted to the workingman, and who has a great deal to do with organizing their clubs, what she heard the men say about the question, and whether she had the impression that the call for it was genuine or not. She was entirely vague, had never heard it talked of and apparently had no sort of interest in it; she believed that she had heard that there was going to be a meeting in Hyde Park.

From the vast seething problem of poverty, she had fallen upon and made her own the club organizing and amusement department, attaining great success, but had no little trickle of interest in the question as a whole.

Harry yesterday was calling at Mrs. Humphry Ward's, who has just moved into a beautiful new house in Grosvenor Place, said to be one of the products of *Robert Elsmere*. Miss Pater was there also, and Harry, looking over at the beautiful trees in Buckingham Palace Gardens, was moved to address to her a lament over such a lost enjoyment in the heart of London, despised by the Queen and denied to the people, when she timorously said (with her eyes fixed upon them), "Where are they?" H. said: "Why, *there*, before your eyes!" To which she replied: "Oh, yes! I suppose they would be." And this is a lady who is said by her family to be a "mine of silent learning."

I now bethink myself that all this long preachment might have been epitomized in an utterance which H. made one day —that "the English are the only people who can do great things without being clever."

MAY 31

To him who waits, all things come! My aspirations may have been eccentric, but I cannot complain now that they have not been brilliantly fulfilled. Ever since I have been ill, I have longed and longed for some palpable disease, no matter how conventionally dreadful a label it might have, but I was always driven back to stagger alone under the monstrous mass of subjective sensations, which that sympathetic being "the medical man" had no higher inspiration than to assure me I was personally responsible for, washing his hands of me with graceful complacency under my very nose. Dr. Torrey was the only man who did not assume because I was a victim to many pains, that I was, of necessity, an arrested mental development, too.

Notwithstanding all the happiness and comfort, I have been going down hill at a steady trot; so they sent for Sir Andrew Clark four days ago, and the blessed being has endowed me, not only with cardiac complications, but says that a lump I have had in one of my breasts for three months, which has given me a great deal of pain, is a tumor; that nothing can be done for me but to alleviate the pain; that it is only a question of time, etc. This, with a delicate embroidery of "the most distressing case of nervous hyperaesthesia," added to spinal neurosis that has taken me off my legs for seven years, with attacks of rheumatic gout in my stomach for the last twenty, ought to satisfy the most inflated pathologic vanity.

It is decidedly indecent to catalogue one's self in this way, but I put it down in a scientific spirit, to show that though I have no productive worth, I have a certain value as an indestructible quantity.

JUNE 1

To any one who has not been there, it will be hard to understand the enormous relief of Sir. A. C.'s uncompromising verdict, lifting us out the formless vague and sitting us within the very heart of the sustaining concrete. One would naturally not choose such an ugly and gruesome method of progression down the dark valley of the shadow of death, and of course many of the moral sinews will snap by the way; but we shall bind up our loins and the blessed peace of the end will have no shadow cast upon it.

Having it to look forward to for a while seems to double the value of the event, for one becomes suddenly picturesque to one's self and one's wavering little individuality stands out with a cameo effect; and one has the tenderest indulgence for all the abortive little *stretchings out* which crowd in upon the memory. The grief is all for K. and H., who will *see* it all, whilst I shall only *feel* it, but they are taking it, of course, like archangels,

and care for me with infinite tenderness and patience. Poor dear William, with his exaggerated sympathy for suffering, isn't to know anything about it until it is all over.

JUNE 5

As canker i' the rose, so lurketh disappointment in the tumour. I had always supposed that I could throw myself back upon a tumour with perfect moral security, but lo! I find that the wretched thing is simply absolute, as tumour—commonplace and well-intentioned as curtailing life, but stirred up to all sorts of unusual discomforts by *my* being brought to bear upon it, so that I am as much tortured as ever to decide as to the degree of anguish, as compared to all other tumourous victims, I must undergo before I apply the pacifying anaesthetic. It seems that Sir A. C. said that, although I might die in a week or so, I might also live some months. This is a strain; as Katherine says I have looked "prepared" for a week, and I am sure I shall not be able to keep that up for some months.

I tease the Nursling to death to explain to me by what hocus-pocus my unshriven soul is to enter Paradise, as she ardently, although inarticulately, assumes that it will. I think that it is all covered in her *fort intérieure* by that mystic but all-accounting-for word "American." When she says, on Sunday, "I shall be late today, Miss, because I want to see the procession," how can her Anglican manoeuvres suggest anything but the ordinances of our Fourth of July!

I cannot make out whether it is an entire absence or an excess of humour in Destiny to construct such an elaborate exit for my thistledown personality, especially at this moment when so many of the great of the earth are gobbled up in a day or two by a microbe. Let Baptisma return from a prayer-meeting tipsy, and I should be blown into space; or Louisa be found in dalliance with the postman; or Nurse insist on hanging her cross *en évidence* outside of her apron, I having sent it to Cov-

entry upon the pretext that it banged my fleshly nose, as she tended the couch of pain, little suspecting that the real offending was to my spiritual nostrils. But life is so helplessly grotesque, with its disproportions and inconsistencies! Could the sham of it all be better expressed than by the fact that the being who presents the *image* of Robert Elsmere has houses and lands heaped upon her by the gaping millions, whilst he that lives the life has that little which he already has, taken from him.

JUNE 6

Katherine has so strongly the irritating Yankee propensity of doubling up like a jack-knife in your hand when appealed to for moral indignation. She is a trial, especially towards 2 A.M.

JUNE 16

What a cunning trick of Fortune to bring him of Berlin here, at this moment, to enhance the princely pose of "Uncle Wales" through the Baccarat Scandal; for, however little one may admire that Imperial Barnum, he wallows not in the ignoble. Such an exhibition of sordid greed as it has all been isn't lessened by hearing incidentally that the Prince never pays except when he is asked, and that the Princess plays very high, and never pays at all because she can't be asked. Some diplomatist, I have forgotten who, told H. that the Prince was very much disliked in Paris in society because he was so fierce about being instantly paid; and that lately he had taken every sou from some young French nobleman, so that he was utterly ruined.

I see a new volume of Anatole France out, which will never be read by me! For a long time past I have only read what reads with the eyelashes,—anything that stirs interest or reflection letting loose the fountain of tears. Sir A. Clark asked K., when she saw him after his pronunciamento, if I did anything; she said I went on just as usual, and did any little thing

I could in the way of reading or dictating. "That's right, don't induce her to give up anything; even if she is to die next week, why shouldn't she go on just as usual?" I suppose he imagined that we had entered into an elaborate system of "preparation." What a job it would be for any one who undertook it, though!

I have been always greatly struck and disgusted with the nagging little methods that Providence uses for our spiritual evolution. To think of grudging me the spectacle of the development of H.'s dramatic genius by not hastening it a year or two; that supreme interest might have lightened those unspeakable years in Leamington, which have honey-combed all my moral being with their weary strain of the long, desolate "keeping up."

The difficulty with H.'s plays is going to be, according to Hare, the absence of actors for them, their natural home being the Français. I asked him how he explained his suddenly finding himself in possession of a dramatic construction so perfect. He said that he had always felt sure he could write plays, but hated so the process of hawking them about.

Within the last year he has published *The Tragic Muse*, brought out *The American*, and written a play, *Mrs. Vibert* (which Hare accepted), and his admirable comedy; combined with William's *Psychology*, not a bad show for one family!—especially if I get myself dead, the hardest job of all.

This playing business is going to multiply H.'s benevolent entanglements in a sad way. Besides the people from home whom he visits, the sick and bereft perpetually renewed, whose hands he holds, now all the dishevelled ladies come to him, to set their halting plays upon their legs, which amounts to his rewriting them. Apropos of actresses, he says Miss Robins is the most intelligent creature, next to Coquelin, with whom he ever talked about her art.

JUNE 17

We were quite grateful for the Englishry of this: K. saw the other day a very smart lady in a victoria driving in the crowd at the canonical hour, down Piccadilly, to the Park, and so far carrying out to perfection the lesson of the day, but with that homely burst of nature to which the most encrusted here are subject she was satisfying the cravings of the stomach by eating with the utmost complacency, in the eye of man, a huge, stodgy penny-bun. The perfection in all her appointments in the way of carriage, etc., with the absence of subtlety in her palate as shown by the placid consumption of the bun, and complete indifference, at this very visible moment, to exhibiting her features distorted by the ugly process of masticating such an adhesive substance, had an incongruity very characteristic of the soil. They seem, in matters of taste, to have no sense of gradation. H. is always saying this, but it jumped at my eye from the first, and is therefore an original, if not unique utterance. H., by the way, has embodied in his pages many jewels fallen from my lips, which he steals in the most unblushing way, saying, simply, that he knew they had been said by the family, so it did not matter.

I remember, when I was at H.'s during the Jubilee Year, having one of those longings to commit sin that come over us every now and then. All but gastronomic vice being denied by my miserable sex, I sent Nurse to Gunter's for some *éclairs*, and word was sent back that "they were a kind of *BISCUIT* that had to be eaten fresh, so they had to be ordered the day before." I laughed and thought of little MacElroy's in Harvard Square twenty years ago. They now have arrived at the sophistication, and you can often find them here; but our cousins are not *previous*.

One might say that they were prehistoric, or, at least, mediaeval in the perfect absence of modulation of the sleeping

arrangements, the knowledge of which has unfolded itself gradually with increasingly repulsive details. The first summer we were here (1885) we had a tiny cottage in the most beautiful situation at the top of Hampstead Heath; besides the servants' department, it consisted simply of four very small rooms, into which we (K. and I) squeezed for two months. As it was such early days, with us, we were quite overwhelmed by surprise to learn that before the Toynbee Hall Barnetts (who were our landlords) had hired it, it had been occupied by a gentleman blessed with a wife and five children; our wonder didn't naturally diminish when we found that his predecessor had possessed nine olive-branches; I suppose there was standing room in the house for them, but we were perfectly certain that they were laid away in tiers at night, each with its little drapery neatly folded up beneath it. These people were highly respectable and educated, and were, I believe, artists. Although we long ago abandoned the attempt to solve the problem of how the multifold offspring was disposed of through the watches of the night, we have been simply appalled by having more and more light thrown in upon the loathsome sleeping arrangements of their servants! I am, of course, speaking only of the "middle class" houses. They live in such comfort and luxury, indulge and feed their servants to the last degree, but give them nowhere to lay their head; for the butler and footmen actually sleep in the pantry and scullery, where the china and glass you eat off are washed every day. In large houses the butler does it in order to protect the plate; conceive of having plate with nowhere to put it, except in the butler's bedroom! The visions which the dullest imagination calls up at these thoughts are too horrible to be hinted.

Dr. Ogle, the Registrar-General, told K. that the rich people subscribed to build St. George's Hospital in their neighbourhood, as they had to have a place to send their footmen when they were laid up with scarlet fever in the scullery.

When the servant is fortunate enough to have a bedroom, it seems to be immersed in the bosom of the family.

Constantly in reading police reports, which to a foreigner are so seductive and instructive, the most curious domestic arrangements are revealed. The other day a Mr. Antrobus, whose father I think is a very rich banker, was found shot in his room; and the evidence brought out the fact that the butler and the valet slept in the next room, which communicated by a door with his. They seemed to be sprinkled about anywhere. K. had some strange experiences in looking for this house; out of the thirty she saw this was the only attractive one; and there was only one other possible. The absence of cleanliness and the smallness and disproportion of the bedrooms to the reception rooms were universal. She saw a largeish house in Palace Gardens Terrace with four reception rooms and eight master's bedrooms; when she asked the lady-housekeeper where the servants' rooms were, she said: "Downstairs, next the kitchen." "How many?" "One." At K.'s exclamation of horror, she replied: "It is large enough for three,"—maids, of course; there was the pantry and scullery for butler and footmen.

JUNE 24

I suppose we were perpetually coaling up, as it were, and taking in unconsciously, information for future application. Half a dozen times a day I find myself saying: "I must ask K. about that," or, "I must find out about this," with the idea that some day I may need the knowledge, when suddenly I am stopped by the thought that the "some days" are over for me,—a thought natural and simple and of a most desirable complexion. It seems more like the gentle dropping of natural things than the taking up of spiritual ones; as it comes nearer it will doubtless seem more positive. Owing to my curious (given my inheritance and surroundings) complete absence of intellectual curiosity—philosophies and systems, theologies and

sciences having ever been as dry as husks to the living emotions and moralities—these last possess me with such an unquestioned and sustaining force that they function unconsciously, I suppose; and I don't have to pick them up now with parson and prayer-book.

This turning away one's mind so persistently from what bores it, and allowing one's being to absorb itself in one motive, the active principle conceived in youth and never modified, show a restricted nature, not admirable or generous in its impulses, but highly practical and time-saving, in so far that it never runs you off the track; and one soon learns the bearing of one's little compass. So many seem to pass their lives starting afresh on every side track.

As one's inconsistencies, or rather those of one's brother, lend to life its chief charm, I should, if not so obscure, give a handful of people a rejoiceful occasion to scoff, as in all probability an Anglican priest will supervise my obsequies. I am to be taken to Woking, and if Harry were only like his French *confrères*, he could easily record the sublimity of my past, and save me from the humiliation of admitting that the parson has some *raison d'être* after all; and that however superior one may be, raw edges grate upon one sadly. Having been denied baptism by my parents, marriage by obtuse and imperceptive man, it seems too bad not to assist myself at this last and first ceremony; perhaps the impish part of me will hover about to enjoy the highly decorative rhetoric, to say nothing of the joke against the "not as other man" part of me. When Mother and Father died, we fell back upon the compromising and amorphous Unitarian shepherd, for whom no sheep has too varied a fleece; but he is hard to find in these pastures.

A week before Father died, I asked him one day whether he had thought what he should like to have done about his funeral. He was immediately very much interested, not having apparently thought of it before; he reflected for some time,

and then said, with the greatest solemnity and looking so majestic: "Tell him to say only this: 'Here lies a man, who has thought all his life that the ceremonies attending birth, marriage, and death were all damned nonsense.' Don't let him say a word more!" But there was no Unitarian even elastic enough for this. What a washed-out, cowering mess humanity seems beside a creature like that!

JULY 15

I have a delicious consciousness of wide spaces close at hand; and this morning a letter came from Harry, who is in Ireland recruiting from influenza, bringing such a foretaste of Heaven from amid the divine absence of the Respectable in that inspired and inspiring race! Imagine the emancipation that it will be, after seven years of this stifling land, where "form" is the god of gods!

One day, talking about some good reviews of William's *Psychology*, which reprobate his mental pirouettes, and squirm at his daring to go lightly among the solemnities, H. said: "Yes; they can't understand intellectual larking." I remember *The Spectator* once describing some of Father's flights from the commonplace as "coarse."

William has had four requests already to translate his book into German. There is a review of reviews in *The Nation*, written apparently by a district schoolboy or a minister in the Green Mountains, which makes Father out such a double-dyed materialist that it is astonishing that a son of his should have any spiritual glimpses.

The comic and the tragic alternate: picture my hearing that Jules Lemaître is not only vicious and repulsive in his ways, which one had taken for granted, but is so base and degraded in his life that my feminine construction would have prevented my ever having offered him again mental hospitality.

SEPTEMBER 3

It is very gratifying at this mortuary moment to learn how many people have been "struck and impressed"! But I can't help thinking how cheered and sustained I should have been had they only been inspired to bare their indented bosoms in the earlier stages of the weary journey.

These long pauses do not point to any mental aridity; my "roomy forehead" is as full as ever of germinating thought; but, alas! the machinery is more and more out of kilter. I am sorry for you all, for I feel as if I hadn't even yet given my message. I would there were more bursts of enthusiasm—less of the carping tone through this; but I fear it comes by nature, and after all, the excellent Islander will ne'er be crushed by the knowledge of the eye that was upon him through the long length of years; and the monotone of the enthusiast is more wearisome to sustain than a dyspeptic note.

Like a sheep to the shambles, I have been led by K. to the camera. Owing to some curious cerebral condition, Annie Richards was heard to say, "Alice has fine features." K. seized the "psychic moment" of titillated vanity and brought the one-eyed monster to bear upon me; such can be a woman's inhumanity to woman.

I shan't be able to enjoy quite as much martyrdom as I expected, for I shall, after all, have seen a bit of *The American;* for Harry brought a sample of Madame de Cintré's ball-dress the other day, he having been to choose it with Mrs. Compton.

SEPTEMBER 7

Mes beaux restes have returned from the photographer in refulgent beauty! so very much flattered that my heart now overflows with mansuetude for that admirable Katherine, so wise of counsel, so firm of purpose, so gentle in action.

SEPTEMBER 8

It was very interesting the other day to have K. come across a young American girl who is studying at one of the colleges here, and to have her confirm in every respect Miss Clough's opinion of the unspecialized, unprepared, intelligent American student. She had done very well indeed at home, but found herself overwhelmed with mortification of her ignorance of what she supposed her chosen branch of knowledge. She found her fellow students kind and friendly and desirous to help her, but the dullest companions; for outside of their special interests their minds were perfectly blank and indifferent and absolutely without any general curiosity, one of them recommending as a novelty of which she probably had not heard, and by which she might be shocked, *Jane Eyre* to read; another, whose name is known in two hemispheres, asked her what she spoke when she was in Paris, English or American, and whether New York is a seaport. All the American girls find the climate and the food terribly trying for the first year or two. She confirmed our impression of the necessity the Briton is under to eat *immediately;* that he can't feel a pang without complete collapse. She also said that there is no need to make rules regulating the walking together of male and female students, for as all the latter would presumably be governesses or teachers, any man student would rather throw himself into the Cam than be guilty of the bad form of walking with any one of them, however pretty and attractive she might be and desirable as a companion outside of university recognition. Such things illustrate why every American, the longer he stays in England, becomes more and more completely a foreigner; for what American young man could enslave himself to a consideration born of such unmanly snobbery?

"Nurse, I don't think that cook Henderson can be a good friend for Louisa if she talks about followers, as you say she

does, all the time." "It's the housemaid, Miss, who is her chief friend." "Is she a good girl?" "Oh, yes, Miss, she seems very nice, only she's very dressy; she's downstairs now in a heliotrope gown trimmed with gold braid." "How dreadful, Nurse!" "But you know Miss, we can't protect Louisa from everything."

Louisa went to a Band-of-Hope banquet (picnic) on the "Ups and Downs" (Epsom Downs), fortunately the day *after* a bad headache; for, as she said, she "could never carry agony with her to a place where she expected such enjoyment." She told us afterwards that she rode the donkeys with great perfection because she was used to riding in processions in Coventry as a child, "dressed up in colours." "Lady Godiva used to ride with nothing on, but now she wears tights, and Peeping Tom is there too." "Oh, yes, it is the real Lady Godiva, and always has been the same."

SEPTEMBER 20

A letter from dear old Mr. Child is good to get, as coming from him, but how little all assurances of one's own immortality seem to concern one now. And how little to have gained from the experience of life, if one's thoughts are lingering still upon personal fulfillments, and not rooted in the knowledge that the great immortalities, Love, Goodness, and Truth, include all others; and one need pray for no lesser survivals! References to those whom we shall meet again make me shiver, as such an invasion of their sanctity, gone so far beyond; for ever since the night that Mother died and the depth of filial tenderness was revealed to me, all personal claim upon her vanished, and she has dwelt in my mind a beautiful, illumined memory, the essence of Divine maternity, from which I was to learn great things—give all, but ask nothing.

OCTOBER 3

A dreary letter to Harry from Mr. Godkin, set to the futile tune of which the old cow died so many centuries ago—"everything going to the dogs here." How humiliated one would be to come to the end confessing one's vision so feeble that the mists of evil were impenetrable! But an impossible strain upon humanity is the asking that it should reflect any illumination other than the individual or personal one.

Hold up a minute and let us ponder whether Edwin's dreariness isn't heightened by a too clear perception of an absence of grace in his acceptance of my photo!—a personal reflection indeed!

DECEMBER 1

I came across this: "Since drink fell away from me"; such a perfect example of the squashy evasion of "Sin" characteristic of the contemporary mystic, "chrome" mystic as the jargon goes.

It is psychologically interesting to see any one so humourous as Labouchere revealing such an infantile simplicity by the length to which he pushes the wingless pose, and so nullifies completely his idol, effectiveness.

It is curious to see "subjects" and "questions" slipping from out of the mental grasp, as the physical degeneracy advances; one lays them aside and turns from them as naturally as from any muscular exertion; so that the General Electric, the "Race," etc.,—those slight topics to which I felt myself so adequate and tossed about so lightly—lie dormant under their present expansion.

DECEMBER 4

If it were possible, with death so close at hand, to take anything which concerns one's ephemeral personality with seriousness, I might pose to myself before the footlights of my last

obscure little scene as a delectably pathetic figure; for I have come to the knowledge within the last week or so that I was simply born a few years too soon. As, however, this discovery in no way dims to imagination the glorious possibilities of my immortal being, I shall keep the occasion cheerful by contemplating simply the truly human and topsy-turvy aspect of the situation.

Three or four weeks ago, the treacherous fiend Morphia, which while murdering pain destroys sleep and opens the door to all hideous nervous distresses, disclosed its iniquities to us and I touched bottom more nearly than ever before. K., under the suggestion of William, turned to the hypnotic Tuckey, the mild radiance of whose moonbeam personality has penetrated with a little hope the black mists that enveloped us. And now the vast field of therapeutic possibilities is opened up to me, just at the moment when I have passed far beyond the workings of their beneficent laws, save most superficially; and the "aggravating" quality of this retarded discovery is made the more complete and "this-worldly" by the agent taking to itself the form and direction which, from experience, I learned twenty-four years ago was the some-day-to-be-revealed secret—of suspending for the time from his duties the individual watchdog, worn out with his ceaseless vigil to maintain the sanity of the modern complicated mechanism. That the golden solution of the complex riddle should be a mechanical process of inconceivable simplicity is only another of the myriad beautiful illustrations that highest Divine order is brought out by humblest means.

The young Balestier,* the effective and the indispensable, is dead!—swept away like a cobweb, of which gossamer substance he seems to have been himself composed; of simply spirit and energy, with the slightest fleshly wrapping. We are sorry indeed for the far-reaching loss; and the irritating sense of

* Wolcott Balestier, Kipling's brother-in-law.

waste pursues us. Rarely, I suppose, has a life so short, only of twenty-eight years, touched so many others for good. Poor Harry has gone to Dresden to see what he can do for the mother and sisters. I was so happy in the thought that this was going to be a life long companionship for him, and secure in his having, at last, a business friend, whom he sadly needs. I ne'er saw the youth, but I wonder if we shan't soon meet in that "twilight land, sweeping past each other" like Vedder's ghosts. Will he pause and ask, "What is your name?" And I shall say: "I do not know, I only died last night"—à l'Aldrich?

The difficulty about all this dying is that you can't tell a fellow anything about it; so where does the fun come in?

DECEMBER 30

The American died an honourable death on the seventy-sixth night. It seemed, as far as the interest and enthusiasm of the audience went, a great success, but owing to a disastrous season for all the theatres, and Compton being new and impecunious, the run was shorter than we hoped. I have to thank the beautiful play for all the interest and expectancy with which it has filled the last two years. The excitement and brilliant success of the first night, then the subsequent anxiety for a week or two about the "run," when failure brushed us as she flitted past, seemed too heavy a load of emotions and impressions for my weakness to profit from; but as I have lived on I have had time to assimilate the apparently indigestible mass, and see all in its right proportions; it has explained so many hidden mysterious impulses—putting one in touch for the first time (and quadrupling one's indulgence) with the huge mass of strugglers after the concrete—that one seems to have added a new story to one's worldly storehouse. Then the whole episode was so shot through with the golden threads of comedy that we grew fat with laughter. The best moment was one afternoon when

H. with the strangest amused, amazed, disgusted-with-himself expression, and said that he had just got a telegram from Compton telling him that the Prince of Wales was coming to the theatre that night, and wanting him to "dress" a couple of boxes with "smart people." In the most pathetic voice, H. exclaimed: "Here I am, having put away my self-respecting papers, come out to do it! I'd do anything for the good Compton, but it will make me charitable to the end of my days." We stared at ourselves in our nakedness, and wonderingly found satisfaction within the germ at our core of the basest Tranby Crofter, moved to a common impulse of prostration before his tawdry idol! 'Twas truly an instructively blushful moment. Another fortunate accident was Harry's arriving at the theatre at the nick of time to hear the accomplished artist that acted the Marquis, ask Compton, on his seventieth night of acting, "why he was so anxious to give the letter to Madame de Cintré, in the fourth act." This is the sort of material H. has had to work over, and he has toiled like a galley-slave. He has been so manly, generous, and unirritated by all the little petty incidents and exhibitions; so entirely occupied with the instructive side that one has had infinite satisfaction in him. He has had the most delightful relations with all the company, and he says the Comptons are an inconceivable respectability; he has never even heard Compton say "damn" at the most exasperating crisis!

JANUARY, 1892

JANUARY 1

As the ugliest things go to the making of the fairest, it is not wonderful that this unholy granite substance in my breast should be the soil propitious for the perfect flowering of Katherine's unexampled genius for friendship and devotion. The story of her watchfulness, patience, and untiring resource, can-

not be told by my feeble pen, but the pain and discomfort seem a feeble price to pay for all the happiness and peace with which she fills my days.

It must be allowed, however, that she has one most serious defect; she is most unbecoming to the race of man, and when he takes the shape of the British doctor, the spectacle of impotent paralysis which he presents is truly pitiful. Baldwin did keep his shape and colour, but even the great Sir Andrew Clark faded visibly to the eyes.

When will men pass from the illusion of the intellectual, limited to sapless reason, and bow to the intelligent, juicy with the succulent science of life?

JANUARY 4

The gain isn't counted to the recluse and inactive that, having nothing to measure themselves by and never being tested by failure, they simmer and soak perpetually in conscious complacency. Although Sir Andrew Clark, like Professor Hagan, is "all fair and blooming without," there's a skeleton within and we saw its ghastly grin!

When we were in Bournemouth, eight years ago, there was a young American who went up to London to consult him. Sir Andrew was a couple of hours after his appointed time; as he entered the room and was announced, he immediately added: "the *late* Sir Andrew Clark." During *our* wait, I said to K.: "You bet (as Mary Cross says in every one of her notes, to make us feel at home and encouraged) he will make the same exclamation when he comes into this room," when, hark! the door opens and a florid gentleman enters, and "the *late* Sir Andrew" falls upon our ears, followed by the self-same burst of hilarity, rippling down to us through all these years. Imagine the martyrdom of a pun which has become an integral portion of one's organism, to be lugged through life like the convict's ball and chain. Do you suppose he vainly tries to

escape it, or is he passive in its clutches; or can it be possible that some memory of the joy still survives which irradiated his being the first time he heard it fall from his lips in the spring-time of his practice?

Sir Andrew is doubtless good and kind at heart, but they are all terrible, with that globular manner, talking by the hour without *saying* anything, while the longing, pallid victim stretches out a sickly tendril, hoping for some excrescence, a human wart, to catch on to; but it vainly slips off the polished surface, as comforting and nourishing as that of a billiard ball. In order to show K. how *en rapport* and sympathetic he was with my nervous state, he described his own sufferings in that way, and gave an account of his own pathetic youth, which never knew a woman's kiss "until I was married"; this shows a rare ante-nuptial delicacy in the chaste Andrew.

Mr. John Cross told K. a curious fact: that numbers of ladies come to Sir Andrew and never pay a fee. In answer to Mr. Cross's objection that perhaps they were nervous and forgot it, Sir Andrew said: "I should think so if it happened the first time only, but it occurs again and again. It is only *rich* ladies that do it; the poor ones always pay." Etiquette prevents his sending any bill and he is too shy to ask for his fee, so in this respect, as in many others, the poor pay for the rich.

JANUARY 6

It is reassuring to hear the English pronouncement that Emily Dickinson is fifth-rate—they have such a capacity for missing quality; the robust evades them equally with the subtle. Her being sicklied o'er with T. W. Higginson makes one quake lest there be a latent flaw which escapes one's vision; but what tomes of philosophy *resume* the cheap farce, or expresses the highest point of view of the aspiring soul more completely than the following:—

"How dreary to be somebody;
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!"

Dr. Tuckey asked me the other day whether I had written for the press, I vehemently disclaimed the imputation. How sad it is that the purely innocuous should always be supposed to have the trail of the family serpent upon them. The domestic muse isn't considered very original—Mr. Cross, the Georgian widower, asking K. whether William got his psychology from Mr. Frederick Myers, and Mrs. Litchfield (née Darwin) speaking of having just read Miss Burney's letters, asked whether Mr. Henry James had read them, and "was it out of those books that he got the characters for his novels?" When I held my *salon* in Bolton Row, she came to see me, and asked what was the matter with me: I said "They call it latent gout." "Oh! that's what we have; does it come from drink in your parents?" It occurred to me that the Darwinian mind must be greater in science than in society.

Some friend was gushing to K. over Mrs. Charles Kingsley's devotion to the memory of her husband, and gave in proof of it that she always sat beside his bust and has his photograph pinned to the adjoining pillow. As the last expression of refined sentiment, could anything be more grotesquely loathsome?

JANUARY 30

On Friday K. said to the bandmaster: "Why do you come back every week when you know you are never allowed to play?" "How should we know that the lady wasn't dead yet?" was the propitiatory reply. We have five braying torments every Friday.

The success or failure of a life, as far as posterity goes, seems to lie in the more or less luck of seizing the right moment of es-

cape. Poor "Collars-and-Cuffs" has had that chance; his diaphanous and vapid personality will be draped about for men by the film of romance arising from the dramatic contrast of the moment. In the tender feeling aroused by his days of suffering, the poor vacuous soul took on quite a human shape.

FEBRUARY 2

This long, slow dying is no doubt instructive, but it is disappointingly free from excitement, "naturalness" being carried to its supreme expression. One sloughs off the activities, one by one, and never knows that they're gone until one suddenly finds that the months have slipped away and the sofa will nevermore be laid upon, the morning paper read, or the loss of the new book regretted. One revolves with equal content within the narrowing circle until the vanishing point is reached, I suppose.

Vanity, however, maintains its undisputed sway, and I take satisfaction in feeling as much myself as ever, perhaps simply a more concentrated essence in the curtailment. If I could concern myself about the fate of my soul, it would give doubtless a savour of uncertainty to the fleeting moments, but I never felt so absolutely uninterested in the poor, shabby old thing. The fact is, I have been dead so long, and it has been simply such a grim shoving of the hours behind me as I faced a ceaseless possible horror since that hideous summer of '78 when I went down to the deep sea, and its dark waters closed over me, and I knew neither hope nor peace, that now it's only the shrivelling of an empty pea-pod that has to be completed.

A little while ago we had rather an amusing episode with the kind and usually understanding Tuckey, who was led away into assuring me that I should live a good bit yet. I was terribly shocked, and when he saw the havoc that he wrought, he reassuringly said: "But you'll be comfortable, too!" At which I exclaimed: "Oh, I don't care about that, but it's so

(boo-hoo) *inconvenient!*" and the poor man burst into a roar of laughter. I was glad afterward that it happened, as I was taken quite by surprise, and was able to test the sincerity of my mortuary inclinations. I have always *thought* that I wanted to die, but I felt quite uncertain as to what my muscular demonstrations might be at the moment of transition, for I occasionally have a quiver as of an expected dentistical wrench when I fancy the actual moment. But my substance seemed equally outraged with my mind at Tuckey's dictum, so mayhap I shall be able to maintain a calm befitting so sublimated a spirit. At any rate there is no humbuggy "strength of mind" about it, 'tis simply physical debility—'twould be such a bore to be perturbed.

It is taken for granted apparently that I shall be spiritualized into a "distinct messenger," for here comes another message for Father and Mother; imagine my dragging them, of whom I can only think as a sublimation of their qualities, into gossip about the little more or the little less faith of Tom, Dick or Harry. I do pray to heaven that the dreadful Mrs. Piper won't be let loose upon my defenceless soul. I suppose the thing "medium" has done more to degrade spiritual conception than the grossest forms of materialism or idolatry—was there ever anything transmitted but the pettiest, meanest, coarsest facts and details, anything rising above the squalid intestines of human affairs? And oh! the curious spongy minds that sop it all up, and lose all sense of taste and humour.

A young woman in a confectioner's shop in Geneva tells a friend of some perambulating potentate that he had come into the shop in the morning and she had fed him with cakes. "How did you feel?" said the friend. "I blush to say that I felt an emotion."

Nurse tells of a navvy of a most foul-mouthed description who was once in hospital. He was to go under chloroform and she and the assistant nurse were very much perturbed as to

what he might say; so one of them stood by his head to cover his mouth with a handkerchief should he curse, when, to their amazement, he began to babble of Jesus!

How wearying to the substance and exasperating to the nerves is the perpetual bewailing, wondering at and wishing to alter things happened; as if all personal concern didn't vanish as the "happened" crystallizes into history. Of what matter can it be whether pain or pleasure has shaped and stamped the pulp within us, as one is absorbed in the supreme interest of watching the outline and the tracery, as the lines pardon for eternity.

MARCH 4

I am being ground slowly on the grim grindstone of physical pain, and on two nights I had almost asked for K.'s lethal dose; but one steps hesitatingly along such unaccustomed ways, and endures from second to second. I feel sure that it can't be possible but that the bewildered little hammer that keeps me going will very shortly see the decency of ending his distracted career. However this may be, physical pain, however great, ends in itself and falls away like dry husks from the mind, whilst moral discords and nervous horrors sear the soul. These last, Katherine has completely under the control of her rhythmic hand, so I go no longer in dread. Oh, but the wonderful moment when I felt myself floated for the first time, into the deep sea of divine *cessation*, and saw all the dear old mysteries and miracles vanish into vapour! That first experience doesn't repeat itself fortunately, for it might become a seduction.

Katherine can't help it, she's made that way—a simple embodiment of Health; as Baldwin called her, "the New England Professor of doing things."

The End

Final Entry by Katherine Loring

All through Saturday, the 5th, and even in the night, Alice was making sentences. One of the last things she said to me was to make a correction in the sentence of March 4th "moral discords and nervous horrors."

This dictation of March 4th was rushing about in her brain all day, and although she was very weak and it tired her much to dictate, she could not get her head quiet until she had had it written: then she was relieved and I finished Miss Woolson's story of *Dorothy* to her.